



Home Sweet Home by LolaWednesday

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Summary: It was abundantly clear Billy Hargrove hated his new living situation, but what about the other two people that had been unwilling dragged to Hawkins. Jaime Mayfield was more than happy with her life back in California, and is more than a little pissed from being dragged away from all her friends and the beach. On top of it all, her step dad's son makes her and Max's lives as difficult

1. Chapter 1

Chapter One

"So this is Hawkins High School."

It was everything Jaime imagined it would be. A drab place, full of uninteresting people who she had little interest in getting to know. Just looking at the school made her miss California even more, everything about Hawkins was the complete opposite of her real life and she hated her mother for dragging her away from the sun and her friends.

"Real shit hole, matches the fucking smell of cow shit." Billy grumbled from where he was reclined on the hood of his Camaro beside his step sister, as he inhaled sharply on his cigarette. "Look," He chuckled as he pointed at a small group of girls who were staring at him longingly. "The cows fucking come to school."

Jaime rolled her hazel eyes, it was typical Billy, nothing unusual there. If anything since their parents had announce their move to Hawkins Billy had became even more insufferable, especially towards her younger sister Max, which was the root of most of their fighting. Max was nothing like Jaime, she was smart and into video games, where as Jaime was more into parties, boys and clothes. But Max was still her sister and there was no way she was just going to let Billy treat her like shit because he felt like he could.

"You know as well as I do, that one of those 'cows' is going to end up in the back of this car with in a few days." Smirked Jaime, plucking the cigarette from Billy's fingers, taking a long toke ignoring the outraged expression on Billy's handsome face. "Make sure you clean it thoroughly before me or Max gets in though, I don't want to catch anything."

Again Billy laughed cruelly. "Like you're not crawling with fucking diseases. You forget all the guys you fucked were my friends, I know all about how much of a slut you are."

Pulling a compact mirror out of her handbag, Jaime busied herself re-applying her favourite soft pink lipstick making a point of ignoring Billy as much as she could. Satisfied with her make up, Jaime turned to smile at the boy beside her on the hood, making sure to flip her long auburn hair over her shoulder as she did. It was an on going game between the two of them, to see who could push the other the most. "Billy, that sounds a lot like jealousy. Thing is I can't work out if it's your friends your jealous of, or me." Swinging her long legs off of the car Jaime hopped down on the ground and righted her denim mini skirt, proud of the angry look of indignation contouring Billy's face. "See you at lunch."

Giving a small wink and a wave, Jaime strutted through the parking lot towards the doors of Hawkins High to find the admissions office where she and Billy had been instructed to go to collect their weekly timetables. As much as she hated to admit it Billy was now the only person she knew her own age that she could be bothered to give the time of day, but she wasn't going to let him have that power over her, she would much rather walk in alone as the blatant new kid than give Billy the satisfaction of knowing that she needed him. It wasn't although either of them blended in well anyway, alone or together they stood out.

"You're a fucking bitch, you know that." Billy hissed into Jaime's ear just before reaching the admissions office. The dig at his sexuality had been like a punch to the gut, she knew his Dad was constantly calling him a faggot, and she knew he hated it. "Not my problem if you're a fucking slut, just like your Mom."

Before Jaime could remind Billy just how much she disliked the names he called her Mom, a plump middle aged woman stepped into the office, her blue eyes watching the two teens skeptically from behind thick lensed glasses. "You must be the new students I was informed about. Mr Billy Hargrove and..." She paused a moment to check a sheet of paper. "Miss Jaime Mayfield. The principle thought it would be a nice idea to put you in as many classes together as we could. We know it's hard starting a new school, it'll be nice for you to have your sibling beside you."

"She's not my sister." Bit out Billy, his jaw clenched. He hated it when people referred to Max or Jaime as his sisters, their stupid mother

might have married his equally stupid dad but that didn't make them his sisters.

"Well," The plump woman mumbled, flustered by Billy's response. "Here are your timetables, enjoy your first day at Hawkins High. I'm sure you'll make lots of friends."

Snatching both timetables from the woman's hand, Billy stomped out of the admissions office while he could hear Jaime making a polite goodbye. Ever the good girl. Everything about Jaime screamed Valley Girl; the short skirts, the tight tops, the thin heels which he had no idea how she walked in. But for whatever reason, Billy couldn't stop from watching her, like if there was a God the red head had been made his step sister to test his self control.

"Do you even know how to hold a civil conversation? Fuck, Billy." Jaime chastized, falling into an easy stride beside Billy as they headed down the bustling corridor. "Wanna skip?" Taking hold of the sleeve of Billy's leather jacket, Jaime didn't wait for him to answer before dragging him back in the direction of the school parking lot. "I don't like the first two lessons."

When it came to skipping school Billy did not need asking twice. Shaking the weak hold Jaime had on him, he swept around her taking the lead back to his car. Billy Hargrove was never second in command. Weaving through the hordes of students walking in the opposite direction they were heading, Billy winked at a few girls who were eyeing him lustfully. It was going to be too easy keeping busy with the girls of Hawkins High, none of them had ever seen anyone like him before.

"God, can you keep it in your pants for two seconds?"

Smirking, Billy gave Jaime the same wink he had given the other girls, resulting in her flipping him off. "What? Thought you were feeling left out?"

A/N/ Stranger Things 2 was awesome, and I thought Billy deserved more screen time than he got. So I thought I'd try my hand at a ST story. Hope if anyone reads they enjoy it, leave

comments so I know that theres interest for me to continue :)

2. Chapter 2

Chapter Two

Any meal in the Hargrove house was never a very social event, all three children wanted to eat and get back to their bedrooms, or out of the house entirely, as quickly as they could. But still Susan Hargrove would try her best to make dinner at least bearable, try and drag as much conversation from the three of them as she could. Especially with the move being so fresh, all three of them had withdrawn into themselves and only ever seemed to talk to each other, and even then it was only if they had to.

"So how was your first day at school? Make lots of friends?" Susan asked to no one specifically, just hoping to get a response from one of them.

When no one answered, Neil looked up from his dinner and placed his fork noisily on the edge of his plate. "Your mother asked you a damn question."

Beside her, Jaime felt Max tense at Neil's demanding voice, in the short amount of time they had been living with Neil they had been witness to his temper on many occasions and although it was mainly directed at Billy it still scared the sisters. "It was okay, nothing special." Jaime answered, giving Max's hand a reassuring squeeze under the table. "They put me and Billy in the same classes."

"Not man enough to face a new school alone?" Sneered Neil, his attention fixed solely on his son. "Need your sister to hold your fucking hand? It's fucking pathetic."

That was not the direction Jaime had meant for the conversation to go in when she had mentioned she and Billy being in the same classes, but then Neil never needed a real reason to abuse Billy. Thinking quickly on her feet to attempt to defuse the situation before it escalated, Jaime offered the only excuse she could think of. "I asked them to put us together." In unison Max and Billy turned to look at her in shock. "I was nervous about starting a new school and not

knowing anyone, so I asked them to put me with Billy."

Neil's eyes shot between the two teenagers critically, as he tried to decide if Jaime was indeed telling the truth. Mind made up, he finally answered before going back to the meal in front of him. "You make sure to tell us if he's been dicking about in lesson."

"I will Neil." Jaime smiled falsely, suddenly losing her appetite. If there was anyone in the world she hated more than Billy, it was his dad. The man was a bully, and that was a kind description of him, when Jaime had first met Neil Hargrove it all suddenly made sense why Billy was the way he was. Before their parents had got married, she and Billy had moved in some of the same social circles back in California and even then Billy had been a complete asshole. But the second she met Neil everything made sense.

"Do you think you'll try for the cheer squad?" Susan asked in her usual chipper voice. "I'm sure they'd be happy to have someone fresh and exciting on the squad."

Opposite Jaime, Billy scoffed earning a swift kick to his left shin under the table. "What? It's just tits and ass jumping up and down." A wide grin spread across his face when Jaime flipped him off, it was just too easy to get under her skin.

"You'd know all about tits and ass, huh? You don't know shit Billy, so shut that ever running mouth of yours."

For the second time since dinner had started Jaime felt her younger sister tense. "We're gonna take Max to the arcade. Come on Billy." Quicker than lightening Max shot out of her chair and bolted to the front door, leaving behind her skateboard in her hurry to leave. Max had never been great with confrontation, and living with Neil meant it was a constant occurrence. "Billy, come on." Moving around the table, behind Neil, Jaime stood beside Billy silently willing him to get up and leave instead of inflaming the already intense situation.

Flicking his tongue over his lips, Billy threw his chair back wanting nothing more than to tell his dad exactly what he thought of him, but a soft hold on his elbow was stopping him. When it came to his dad there was never a chance he could win, and Neil made sure he knew

that, but at some point something had to give and then Billy would show his dad exactly what sort of man he was.

"Look after your sisters."

Not bothering to give his dad a response, Billy marched out of the house to his Camero where Max was waiting for her older siblings patiently. "Fucking get in then!" He barked, lighting a cigarette and inhaling the smoke deeply. "I had plans for tonight before you fucked it all up." Snapped Billy when Jaime climbed into the passenger seat.

Jaime snorted, stealing the cigarette from Billy before he could take another toke. "Your plans were shit, getting to second base with some country bumpkin does not constitute a good plan."

"Fuck you." Growled Billy. "And get your own cigarettes, or don't you want mommy knowing her perfect little cheerleader isn't such a princess after all?"

It was nothing new for Billy and Jaime to forget that Max was there, most of their journeys she went completely unnoticed until they reached their destination. If she was honest Max preferred it that way, with Billy occupied with her sister it meant his sadistic attention was off of her. Jaime stood up to Billy, she wasn't afraid of him, but he terrified Max just like his father did. That was probably why he picked on her more than Jaime, she was an easy target, and if Max's suspicions were correct Billy had a crush on Jaime. Not that she'd ever ask him.

It was subtle the little quirks between the pair, but even Max had started to notice something odd between the two of them, when she had heard Neil and her mom discussing the strange behaviour it had solidified her own suspicions.

"Can you both stop arguing for five minutes?" Asked Max in exasperation, the bricking giving her a headache.

"You want to walk, you little shit?" Snapped Billy, turning to glare at the younger girl in the backseat of his car. "I didn't even want to be your fucking taxi, you can thank your sister for that." Still staring with hatred at Max, Billy pushed his foot down harder on the gas pedal making the car speed faster down the quiet road. "Feel free to

jump out."

If it had just been her and Billy, Jaime would have had no issue with her step brothers reckless driving, but she knew that it scared Max shitless. "Billy would you slow down, you're scaring her!" In a typical Billy move, he turned on the stereo blaring out rock music as loud as the speakers would allow him and made hand gestures indicating he couldn't hear her, while he kept his foot firmly on the gas. "Billy!" Jaime screamed over the music. "Slow down!"

But Billy had no intention of slowing down, it was his car and he'd drive it how he damn well pleased. "Can't hear you!"

"At least look at the road!" The road outside the window was whizzing past so fast it was nothing more than a blur, if someone stepped out Jaime was sure they'd hit them. Glancing back quickly at her little sister, Jaime noted that Max had turned white with fear, her eyes wide and terror filled. Spinning back around to face the right way, Jaime did the only thing she could think of; unclipping her seat belt, she carefully climbed across onto Billy's lap and took hold of the steering wheel. If he wasn't going to drive while looking at the road then it left her no choice but to do it for him.

"What the fuck are you doing Mayfield?!"

That got his attention. But underneath Jaime there was little he could really do, even with his hands trying to shove hers from the steering wheel it simply wasn't working. "What way is the arcade?" She called over her shoulder to Max, prenteding like Billy wasn't there.

"Erm, next left." A flustered Max answered, not sure if it was Billy or her sister that was going to get them all killed. "I don't think you should be-" But Max didn't get to finish, the car swerved sharply to the left making her scream loudly as she whipped around at the sudden change of direction. "Can you both cut it out!"

"I will when he does!"

Much to Max's relief the car instantly began to slow down, finally one of them had admitted defeat. It wasn't until she looked out the window that she realised it wasn't defeat, they had arrived at the

arcade and that was the only reason Billy had stopped. Shoving the passenger seat forward, Max all but flew out of the car thanking God that she had even made it to the arcade alive. "It shuts in an hour."

Without replying, Billy hit the gas pedal and screeched away from the arcade, no matter what his dad thought there wasn't a chance in hell he was going to sit outside the arcade for an hour while Max played her stupid nerd games. Especially not when he had a hot girl sat on his lap. Since announcing the move from California Jaime's appetite for destruction had increased to the point where it almost matched his own, so when Max wasn't around Jaime would really let her hair down.

"Don't be a pussy Hargrove, this car can go faster than this!" Even being unable to see Billy, Jaime could practically feel the smirk he was giving at her request. When it was just her and Billy he fed her rebellious side, it was a miracle their parents hadn't picked up on what bad influences they were on each other.

With a slight jerk the Camaro picked up speed, tearing down the quiet towns streets, the roar of its engine echoing through the darkening air. There didn't seem to be a cop car in sight, not that Billy cared, but it made everything simpler when they weren't around. "Pull in at the gas station, I want some beer." As instructed the car turned down the road which led to the gas station, surprising Billy alittle, usually Jaime would put up some sort of fight before doing as he asked. But they did only have an hour, so perhaps she didn't want to waste it? Unable to see the door handle, Billy had no choice but to wait for Jaime to open the door and move from his lap before he could even think about getting out of his car. What felt painstakingly slow, Jaime swung her long legs from the car and removed herself from his lap, and much to Billy's appreciation her denim skirt had risen even higher up her thighs.

"Thought you wanted beer?" Moving around to the front of the car, Jaime hopped up onto the hood and leaned back on the windscreen, careful to not scratch the paint work with her stilettos. The car was Billy's baby, and if she scratched it she'd be walking everywhere. "You can't smoke here, it's a gas station!" She yelled at Billy's retreating back as she noticed a plume of smoke rise above his head. "Ass." Jaime mumbled to herself when Billy completely ignored her,

excuse her for not wanting to get blown up.

Through the large glass windows that lined the gas station, Jaime could just about see Billy scanning the refrigerators for the beer he wanted while the poor man working there eyed him fearfully. In Hawkins Billy had become a big fish in a little pond, and there was now only one authority he answered to and that was his brutish father, who Billy had become exceptionally good at hiding things from. Even Jaime's mom cowered away when Neil went off at his son, it was obvious she didn't agree with how her husband treated him but no one had she spoken up about it. Jaime had only spoke up once, never again. The first time she had witnessed the beating Neil gave Billy she had stepped in, but that had only made Neil punish his son further, and in the week that followed Billy had made it his mission to make her life as miserable as possible.

"Get in." Ordered Billy when he approached the car, a six pack under his arm and the cigarette Jaime had told him to put out hanging from his lips. With eager eyes, he watched as the red head slid down the hood of his car, everything she did was so sinful and she didn't even realise what she was doing to him. "Back to your shithead sister I guess."

"Don't call her that, or do I need to tell your dad you brought beer?" There was no way she'd ever tell Neil, but Billy didn't need to know that.

Billy sneered, cracking open one of the cans as he started the ignition. "Didn't think you were a fucking snitch. A bitch, yes."

"Spare me Billy, I've heard it all before." Jaime shot back having slipped into the passenger seat, she'd had enough thrill driving for the night, and she didn't want Billy to think it was okay for them to drive dangerously while Max was in the car.

"Drivings gunna be easier without your fat ass blocking the road." Teased Billy, taking a large gulp of beer from his can and then offering it out to Jaime, who accepted it immediately. "Why'd you even say we'd take her to that fucking arcade?"

The real reason that Jaime had offered up Billy as a personal taxi

would never be said outloud, although she was sure Billy knew why she had done it. All three of them wanted to be out of the house as much as they could, especially when Neil was going to explode at Billy for no good reason. But it was something that didn't need to be said. "We had nothing better to do, gets us away from that hell hole too."

"Whatever, Princess. Just don't think that I'm your sisters personal fucking driver when every you both feel like it. Unlike you I actually had plans tonight." It was true he had a 'date' with an average looking girl who clearly put out on the first date, but he was more than happy to spend the evening with Jaime. Not that he'd ever admit it. Unknowingly she had set the bar high for other girls, and in the deadass town he was stuck in he was positive he'd never find a girl that matched his step sister. It was damn right cruel that he had to share a house with her, to see her wrapped in nothing but a towel when she got out the shower, or have her walk down the corridor in nothing but a skirt and bra because she'd left her top in the bathroom. It was Billy's own personal hell. "You heard about the Halloween party?"

Jaime nodded her head yes. "You going to go?"

"Free booze and easy girls, what a dumb fucking question. Of course I'm going." Lighting a cigarette he passed it over to Jaime, then lit on for himself and let out a snigger. "Don't need to ask if you're going, no way you'd say no to a drunken fumble in a random bathroom."

Staring out the window and inhaling deeply on her cigarette, Jaime quickly masked the hurt Billy's remark gave her. "Yes, I'm going. But we are not going together. I don't want people thinking we're brother and sister, I have a reputation to uphold."

A/N/ Thank you Ariwolff14, Nirvana14 and NgliwentThruUrPurse for your feedback. In answer to the question if she will have any other romances except for Billy, she will but nothing too serious.

Thank you for the follows/favourites and to those who just read the first chapter. Remember to leave your feedback, it helps me to keep motivated :) and to just hear what you thought.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter Three

Halloween had come around quickly, bringing Tina's party with it. It had been the buzz of Hawkins High for the entire day, as everyone excitedly talked about what costume they were going to wear and how much they planned on drinking. Jaime had joined in with the excitement having met a girl called Carol who she could just bear to be around, she was nothing like her real friends in California but she was the coolest person she had found in Hawkins so far.

Staring in her full length mirror, Jaime righted the bunny ears she had just placed on her head. It wasn't the most original costume, in fact it was the one she had worn the year before, but she was sure no one in Hawkins would be wearing it so it would do.

"You look like a slut." Billy said from the doorway, where he was leant casually while he smoked a cigarette.

"It's a costume Billy," Replied Jaime in a sickly sweet voice. When she had put on the playboy bunny costume she knew that Billy would have something to say about it, but what did she care? It was Halloween and it wasn't as though she would normally wear just a tight leotard and tights. Drawing her eyes away from her reflection, Jaime eyed Billy disparagingly. "At least I'm not half naked, that is not a costume Billy. That's just you flaunting yourself like you always do, or is your costume a conceited asshole?"

Sucking his teeth, Billy stepped further into Jaime's bedroom wanting nothing more than to smack the smug look from her face. "Five bucks says you put out with the first guy who shows the slightest interest in you. Ten bucks you get knocked up."

"Fuck you." Jaime spat, shoving Billy aside so she could get to her vanity to spritz herself with the perfume her mom had got her for her birthday. It was rich that Billy thought she was a whore, when it was him that jumped any girl with a pulse. Jaime doubted he even knew if he'd got one of the many girls he'd been with pregnant. "I thought I

told you we weren't going together?"

"Yeah well, change of plans." Billy had intended on going to the party alone, nothing put girls off like arriving with another girl even if she was supposed to be a step sister, but his dad had instructed him that he was to take Jaime to and from the party and he didn't need the hassle of a fight. "You come with me, or you stay home."

That was just what Jaime needed, a drive to the party with Billy and his never ending comments about her slutty costume. Dropping onto her double bed, Jaime slipped her feet into her black stilettos completing her outfit. Her original plan had been to head over to Carol's and go with her new friend to the party, but if Billy was taking her she knew it was by Neil's command and Jaime, as much as Billy pissed her off, didn't want to see her step brother take another beating. "I just need to call Carol, tell her I won't be going with her. Unless you want to pick her up too?" It was a long shot, but worth at least asking.

"I'm not a fucking taxi Jaime, tell your little friend to get her own damn car and meet you there." Answered Billy as he toyed absentmindedly with some of the make up on the vanity, before stubbing his cigarette out on it. "I'll meet you in the car. Hurry up or I'm leaving without you."

Only a few minutes into the party and Jaime was stood on the lawn watching Billy hang upside down as he downed a keg, already she was bored. Carol had yet to show up and still being the new girl she hadn't spoken to many people, and as she scanned the party she came to the conclusion that there wasn't really any one she particularly wanted to talk to. Tired of watching her step brother try to certify himself as top dog, Jaime sauntered into the house, weaving through the large mass of teenage bodies dancing to music in search of the punch bowl.

"We got ourselves a new Keg King, Harrington."

Jaime just heard Carol's boyfriend, Tommy, taunt over the loud music, earning her attention. In front of Billy was a boy wearing black sunglasses and possibly the bounciest hair Jaime had ever seen,

he was obviously the King Pin of Hawkins High and the person Billy was determined to de-throne. It was pathetic really, how Billy was always so desperate to be on top, but it was entertaining to spectate. As another boy joined the taunting of Harrington, he took his sunglasses off revealing his face properly to Jaime for the first time. He wasn't bad looking, not her usual type, but compared to the other boys at Hawkins High he was heads and shoulders above them. Beside him was a thin, mousey looking girl, who Jaime assumed was his girlfriend, that was no real issue though. If Jaime wanted something she got it.

"You going to introduce me Billy?" Jaime asked, once the girlfriend had scampered away from the conflict. When Billy didn't say anything, instead staring at her like she had two heads, Jaime smiled at his rival and introduced herself. "I'm Jaime, Billy's my step brother."

For a moment Steve stood dumbfounded that the redhead talking to him was Billy's sister, until in the corner of his eye he noticed Nancy getting a little heavy handed with the punch. "I'm sorry...I have to go."

That was a first, usually all it took was a hello before Jaime had a guy wrapped around her little finger. Had she lost her touch? Following Steve with her eyes, Jaime watched with disbelief as he scampered straight over to his mousey girlfriend and tried to pry a cup of punch from her hand. It made no sense, why was a guy like him interested in a girl that looked like that? It wasn't until the warmth of a body pushed into her back, that Jaime remembered the three boys she had been left with.

"Looks like Harrington only likes virgins, so you are shit out of luck." Billy laughed cruelly down Jaime's ear, with the flick of his head he dismissed Danny and the other boy and smirked smugly to himself when they immediately followed his instructions.

Crossing her arms, Jaime allowed Billy to stay pressed against her back while she stared at Steve and his girlfriend still trying to figure out where she had gone wrong. Maybe she had come on too strong for a small town boy? "Care to make a wager Hargrove?"

"I'm listening."

"If I can get a date with Harrington within a week, then you leave Max alone for the rest of the year. No scaring her, no being an evil bastard. You play nice." Jaime was confident that the bet was an easy win, Steve Harrington would be a piece of cake to win round away from his little hick girlfriend.

"And if you don't, what do I get?"

It was a dangerous question to answer, Jaime wouldn't put anything past Billy, he was sadistic and cruel but there was no chance she wasn't going to win. "What do you want?"

Instantly Billy felt his jeans grow uncomfortably tight, there were many things he wanted, but they were off the table thanks to his idiotic father marrying her mom. So what did he want? "If you can't get the shithead Harrington to go on a date with you, you're my bitch. I say jump, you say how fucking high. No argument, you do as you're told like a good little girl."

Spinning around to face Billy with a smirk on her cherry painted lips, Jaime held her hand out for him to shake. "Deal. Now watch and learn Billy." Pushing off of Billy's bare chest, Jaime moved to the punch bowl and dunked a cup in filling it to the brim before chugging the lot. Over the rim of the glass, Jaime could see the girlfriend had finally managed to drink some punch without Steve stopping her and had disappeared into the crowd leaving Steve alone in the kitchen with her. No time like the present.

"I didn't catch your name."

Steve reluctantly pulled his gaze away from the crowd, where he had been trying to keep an eye on Nancy, and looked at the girl stood next to him. "Steve, Steve Harrington." It was all he managed to say before returning to look for Nancy.

"Do you want help looking for her? Is she your girlfriend?" Smiling sweetly at Steve, Jaime noted with glee at the genuine smile that spread across his face. It may not have been one on one, but it was definitely a step in the right direction. Grabbing hold of his hand,

Jaime led him into the mass of bodies, making sure to pass Billy as she did so. It had the desired effect, as soon as Billy clocked Jaime holding Steve's hand his face dropped, obviously he had thought the bet impossible.

"You're brother is glaring at me more than usual!" Steve yelled over the music, more than aware of Billy's cold eyes following him through the room.

"He's not my brother." Corrected Jaime, picking up her pace so Billy couldn't scare Steve off, that was the last thing she needed when baby steps were being made. "Just ignore him, he's a complete ass to everyone. Including me."

Steve nodded his understanding. "Can you see her?" He had been scanning the room, but still couldn't see Nancy anywhere and with her being so upset about Barb's parents it was beginning to really worry him.

A few feet ahead of them Steve's girlfriend and turned into what Jaime assumed was the dining room, but he didn't need to know that. Adding a few minutes onto their search so she had some alone time with Steve, wasn't going to kill his girlfriend. It was a busy party, nothing was going to go wrong. "Lets try outside, maybe she needed some fresh air. The punch is pretty strong and I saw her knock one back like water." God she was good.

Leading Steve outside, the cold october air bit at Jaime's bare skin and made goosebumps erupt on her arms. She didn't know how long she'd be able to stomach staying out in the cold, but there was enough time to put in some leg work. "Is everything okay?"

"I really don't know." Steve sighed in defeat. "She has a lot going on, and I don't think she'd handling it well. I don't want to bore you though, it's a party you should be having fun."

"I'm the new girl remember, this party wasn't much fun for me anyway." It wasn't a lie, Jaime hadn't exactly been having the best night and apart from Billy, Steve was the first person she had spoken to properly since arriving.

"Hawkins is different to California, huh?"

That was an understatement, Hawkins was like a morgue compared to California but Jaime couldn't come and say that out right. "It's different, yeah. But it's not so bad, I mean I got to talk to you."

A soft blush crept up Steve's neck and onto his cheeks, it was the first compliment he'd had in awhile. With Nancy being how she was, there always seemed to be an underlying tension between them and it was nice having something nice said about him. "So, Billy's your brother." Steve coughed in an attempt to steer the conversation away from himself. "That's got to be tough to deal with."

Jaime laughed lightly. "He's not my brother, but he is difficult to live with. Treats my little sister like shit, well you've seen him he treats everyone like shit. Do you have a cigarette?"

"I don't smoke, honestly I'm surprised you do."

"Why?" Teased Jaime, giving Steve a gentle shove to the shoulder. "Because I look like a cute girl nextdoor? Steve Harrington are you stereotyping me?" Jaime couldn't have been more obvious with her flirting if she'd tried, it wasn't her usual style but it was worth a shot. And the flustered expression on Steve's face indicated it had worked a treat. "Lets go back inside, I don't think your girlfriend is out here." There was no point in pushing it to far, calling it quits for the night was the best thing to do without it coming across like she was trying to muscle his girlfriend out the way. "Come on."

Once back inside Tina's house, it didn't take long for Jaime and Steve to spot Nancy back over by the punch bowl knocking back another drink, which Jaime guessed by the way the brunette was stumbling was not the only one she'd had. "I guess this is where I leave you, enjoy the party Steve Harrington." Giving Steve a fleeting kiss on his cheek, Jaime grinned triumphantly as she strutted back through the crowd more than confident that Steve was watching her as she walked away. Jaime one, Billy zero.

"What are you so happy about?" Sneered Billy, even though he'd been watching the little exchange between Jaime and Steve with displeasure. It never ceased to amaze him how quickly Jaime could

get a boy under her thumb, Steve had been with her all of five minutes and was already making puppy dog eyes at her, and he had a girlfriend. Some men were so pathetic, there was no way Billy would ever let some girl do that to him, he'd rather die than be submissive.

Plucking the drink Billy was nursing from his hand, Jaime threw the remaining contents down her throat, wiping any droplets from her chin with the back of her hand. "You've lost Billy, it's not even been an hour and you've already lost. I give it a few days and Steve Harrington will be driving me to school, not you."

It hadn't even entered Billy's mind that Jaime would actually want to date a loser like Steve long term, he had assumed it was just one date for the sake of their bet and boredom. Lighting a cigarette, he laughed bitterly as he took a sharp toke. "You're a bigger slut than I gave you credit."

Stealing the cigarette, Jaime languidly dragged on it and blew the smoke out into Billy's face. "Goodbye Billy, enjoy the party."

Hours later Billy found himself stamping around the nearly empty house in search of his step sister. After leaving him pissed, without a drink and cigarett-less, he hadn't seen Jaime for the rest of the night. At one point he had caught a glance of her dancing on the dining room table, but he hadn't stopped to spectate her make a fool of herself. However, now it was one in the morning and they needed to get home before their parents realised they had broken curfew, because if they did realise it wouldn't be Jaime who'd have to put up with the consequences.

"You seen a redhead dressed as a playboy bunny?" Billy asked Tommy for what felt like the hundreth time.

"Your sister? No man, last I saw she was falling up the stairs with Carol." Said Tommy, gesturing down to his wasted girlfriend. "But as you can see, she's here."

That was all he needed, to lose his step sister at the first party they went to, his dad was never going to let him leave the house again. "I'm guna kill that stupid bitch." Billy fumed to himself more than

Tommy. Angrily, he stormed up the staircase hoping that Jaime was passed out in one of the bedrooms, or even the bathroom, he just wanted to find her and go home. "Jaime! You dumb bitch, where are you?!" Throwing open the first door he came to, Billy growled in frustration when the room was empty. "Jaime! I will fucking leave you here! I swear to god!"

As if on queue, another door opened and Jaime fell through it, a drunken smile curved across her smudged red lips. "Don't get your knickers in a twist, I was taking a piss." Jaime giggled, unsure what was so funny. "Let's go then, Mr I'm In A Hurry." On wobbly legs, Jaime stepped closer to the top of the staircase preparing herself for the struggle of getting down them. But, before she could master the first step a strong arm wrapped around her waist pulling her back from the staircase.

"You really think I'm going to take you home with a broken leg?" Billy grumbled, trying to ignore the feeling of Jaime's body against his own. He must have done something really bad in a former life to deserve having her as a step sister. "I'll throw you over my shoulder. Come here."

Slipping out of Billy's hold, Jaime backed away from him still grinning like an idiot. There was no way she was being shoved over anyone's shoulder, the motion alone would make her stomach empty. "I don't think so B-Billy, I know you're desperate to touch me but I'm capable of walking."

A sly smirk crept across Billy's face. He was desperate to touch her? Two could play at that game, and it was a game Billy was very good at. Scanning the hallway quickly to check that there was no unwanted eyes watching, Billy stepped closer to Jaime noting with pleasure that her breathing quickened at his close proximity. "Princess, I could have you any time I want. Thing is, even for me you're too much of a slut." Happy with how flustered he had made Jaime, Billy took the opportunity to grab her and sling her over his shoulder.

"Put me down!"

"I will, when we get to my car!" Billy barked at Jaime's shouts.

Having made it successfully down the stairs, he heaved his unwilling step sister through the living area past a bemused looking Tommy, and out into the frigid cold driveway where his Camaro was parked. Unceremoniously, he dropped her into the passenger seat, slamming the door behind her. "I'll be reminding you of this next time you call me an asshole." Roaring out of the driveway, Billy tried his best to keep his eyes on the road and off of the legs that had been draped across his lap. "I'm fucking driving here!" Shoving at Jaime's legs, he tried to bend them back onto her side of the car but had no luck. "Jesus Jaime, move your damn legs!"

Pouting like a child, Jaime put her legs back comfortably where they had been resting before Billy had tried to move them. "I'm comfy, and you're always staring at my legs. What's the problem?"

"Am I fuck!" Protested Billy as he pushed his foot flat on the the gas pedal, wanting to get the journey over with as quickly as possible. "Shut your fucking mouth Jaime, you're drunk and talking shit."

"Sssure I am."

Reaching into his jean pocket, Billy pulled out his crumpled pack of cigarettes and popped on in his mouth, needing something to stop him throttling his drunk step sister. Rocketing down the winding road which led to their house, Billy drummed his thumbs on the steering wheel actively trying to ignore the long legs on his lap and the girlish giggle that Jaime was emitting.

In the distance Billy could see the outline of the house, so he slowed right down not wanting to wake his dad with the Camaro's loud engine, then he just had the impossible task of getting Jaime inside without waking anyone up. He needed a plan before even attempting to get into the house, Jaime was loud at the best of times and a drunk Jaime was even worse. Pulling in next to his dads car, Billy shut the engine off and closed his eyes trying to think of a suitable answer to his problem. "We're go in through your window." He announced after a few minutes. "Fucking be quiet, understand?"

Giving Billy a salute, Jaime pulled her legs back over to her side of the car, before unfolding herself from the vehicle. Being sat for so long had only made her drunken state seem to worsen, if possible she

felt even more wasted and the world had unfairly began to spin. Kicking her heels off onto the front lawn, Jaime stumbled over to Billy and leant the majority of her weight onto him for support. Lord knew how she was going to climb through a window. Allowing Billy to lead her around the side of the house to where her bedroom window was, Jaime couldn't help but admire the muscled chest she was leaning on.

"Stand up." Ordered Billy seriously, doing his best to prop Jaime against the wall so he could make swift work of the window. It was something he'd done plenty of times back in California, so it didn't take him long to get the window open. "Come here." Grabbing hold of Jaime's waist, Billy hoisted her through the small window giving her a hard shove when everything but her lower half was through. After hearing the soft thump of Jaime's body hitting the floor, Billy stealthily got himself through the window being careful not to step on the redhead once he was inside. "*Get up!*"

Suddenly, Jaime was yanked to her feet making her head rush at the sudden motion and the room spin slightly. As her eyes managed to re-focus, Jaime found herself staring straight into Billy's eyes, he really was handsome. Absently, she began tracing her fingers over the hard muscles of Billy's chest and abdomen, enjoying the feel of his hot skin against her cold finger tips.

"You owe me."

"Maybe I do..." Jaime replied reluctantly. She wasn't sure if it was the feel of Billy's soft skin or the large amount of alcohol she had consumed, but she felt an ever growing urge to kiss Billy. That was not okay though, that could not happen.

"You know I'm right, Mayfield." Billy's lips were so close to Jaime's he could feel her warm breath tickling his cheeks.

For the second time that night, Jaime asked a risky question. "What do you want?"

"I'm sure I'll think of something." Pleased with the state he had worked Jaime into, Billy was more than happy to leave her panting for more. But, before he could even take a step Jaime had thrown

herself into him, pressing her full lip hungrily against his. Initial shock froze him to the spot, but when she didn't pull back to throw some snide comment at him Billy took that as a hint to enjoy himself. Giving Jaime's chest a hard shove, the redhead fell back onto her bed, and Billy wasted no time climbing ontop of her, letting his hands roam her body freely. Beneath him Jaime moaned and didn't make any move to stop him, her hands clawing at his leather jacket, yanking it from his shoulders. Pulling back, Billy shrugged his jacket off and instead of returning to Jaime's sweet tasting lips, turned his attention to her neck, kissing it viciously. But after a moment or two, something stopped him from continuing. Jaime was drunk, and he didn't want to be seen taking advantage of his wasted step sister like some pervert.

"Why have you stopped?" Panted Jaime, when her body went cold from Billy's sudden withdrawal.

"See you in the morning." Sighing in frustration, Billy lit a cigarette trying to ebb his irritation at being the good guy for once and stomped out of Jaime's room. What kind of man was he turning down a willing girl? No wonder his dad thought he was a fag.

A/N/ Thank you Ariwolff14, RomanticBlonde, guest and Great for your comments. I'm glad your enjoying so far, hearing your feedback helps me write more :)

4. Chapter 4

Chapter Four

The first thing thing that Jaime felt when she woke up was pounding her her temples, it was rhythmic and unrelenting, her hangover was going to be hell. The second was a swirling feeling of regret; even the vast amount of alcohol she had consumed wasn't enough to erase from her memory what had happened when she had returned home. Images of her and Billy on the her bed suddenly flashed in her mind, what the hell had she done? Had some one spiked her drink? It was the only logical reason, because there was no way Jaime would willing kiss Billy.

Letting out a low groan, Jaime heaved herself off of her bed the small movement making the pain in her temples intensify, and her stomach churn. Thank God it was the weekend because school would have been out of the question.

"You're up." Max said from the door, which was ajar. "Mom and Neil are getting groceries, and Billy's still asleep."

Jaime silently thanked some higher being that Billy was still in bed, she was not ready to face him yet, because if she remembered what happened then he definately did. "I'm going to take a shower." Jaime announced, grabbing a sweater and some running shorts, there was no need to get dressed up, she had no intention of leaving the house all day.

"You look like shit. What time did you even get home?"

In all honesty Jaime had no idea what time she had got home, the night had merged into one blurred mess, with kissing Billy being the only thing she was certain about. Moving over to the vanity, Jaime took a quick glance at her reflection coming to the conclusion that Max hadn't been wrong, she did look like shit. What remained of her red lip stick was smudged across her cheeks and neck, the half up hairstyle she had taken hours to create was a matted mess and she was still wearing the bunny costume. All in all she looked like a washed up street walker, not her best look.

"You think Billy will take me to the arcade today?"

Down the hall a door clicked open, followed by the clicking of a lighter. "I'm not taking you anywhere you shit, get your mom to drive you around for once. I'm not your fucking babysitter." Growled Billy, his voice still thick from sleep.

Max knew that would be his answer, she had been hoping that Jaime would convince Billy to drive her, but it appeared that he was just as hungover as her sister so Max resigned to being stuck at home all day. "What's on your face?"

Popping her head around her bedroom door, Jaime looked Billy over curious at what Max had noticed. But when her eyes rested on what Max was referring to Jaime's stomach dropped; on Billy's lips and chin, was the same shade of red lipstick that was smudged all over Jaime's face. Bolting down the corridor faster than she knew possible, Jaime darted to the bathroom not wanting to give Max time to connect the dots.

"Don't use all the hot water like you did yesterday, you dumb bitch!" Billy's voice shouted through the locked door.

"Fuck you!"

Turning on the shower, Jaime blocked out anything else Billy might have to say with the spray of hot water. A shower would make her feel better and clear her booze soaked head, Jaime need to wrap her head around the Billy situation before he could say anything to her. It was a one off moment, spurred on by all the punch she had drunk and that was what she'd tell Billy when he started making snide comments about it. Avoiding him was out of the question, avoiding Billy in general was impossible and Jaime had given him a massive reason to harass her more.

The steam seemed to be having the desired effect, Jaime could already feel her muscles relaxing under the hot water and the pounding in her temples was easing to a dull ache, with her hangover becoming manageable the day ahead didn't seem like it was going to be such hard work, until a loud banging on the door brought Jaime crashing back to reality.

"I need to take a leak!" Jaime stayed quiet, praying that if Billy didn't think she'd heard he'd just go away. "Open it, or I'll kick it down! Mayfield! I know you can hear me!"

"I'm in the fucking shower!"

"Then get out and open the fucking door! I'll put my foot right through it! One! Two!"

Admitting defeat, Jaime hopped out of the shower wrapping a towel around her dripping body and clicked the latch off the lock. "Happy?" She spat, opening the door to face a smug looking Billy. "Be quick, I'm not finished."

"Princess, don't stop on my account." Smirked Billy, folding his arms across his bare chest, making himself comfortable against the door frame. "You were up for it last night."

Subconsciously, Jaime pulled the towel tighter around her body feeling overly exposed being so bare in just the soft towel. Had she been fully dressed and not completely hungover, Jaime would have been able to offer some cutting retort but her brain was not playing ball and the residue of her lipstick on Billy's lips was distracting her. "I have no idea what you're talking about." Jaime mentally kicked herself for the stupidity of her comeback.

Billy was barely listening, too preoccupied with the skin that wasn't concealed by Jaime's towel. His eyes followed a droplet of water that was trickling down her throat towards her chest. Pushing off of the door frame and taking a step closer to the redhead, Billy kicked the bathroom door shut softly successfully trapping Jaime in the small room.

"What are you doing?" She asked fearfully. All the magic the shower had worked on Jaime's tense muscles had been made obsolete the second the door had clicked shut, her body went rigid as Billy took another stride towards her leaving them almost nose to nose. "Get out."

"What was that? You want me to leave? You sure about that Princess?"

Jaime had never been more sure of anything in her life, she wanted Billy out of the bathroom, hell she wanted Billy out of the house. "I'm sure, now get the fuck out." Much to her surprise, Billy shook his head with a scoff and went straight back out of the bathroom door, leaving Jaime alone and confused. Before she could begin to process what had happened, he hadn't even used the bathroom, the door flew back open and Billy pounced on Jaime. His lips were demanding and rough, just how they had been the night before, and despite her best efforts Jaime couldn't stop a soft moan escaping.

"Well," Billy chuckled, breaking away from Jaime's enticing mouth. "For someone who claims they wanted me to leave, you sure as shit welcomed me back."

"Fuck you."

"Fuck me Mayfield? Fuck me?" Pressing himself as close to Jaime as he could, Billy gripped her by her chin tilting it upwards. "Fuck you." Grasping hold of the back of Jaime's neck, Billy yanked her in for another searing kiss, smirking when Jaime returned it with just as much passion. Spurred on by the desperate way Jaime was digging her perfectly manicure nails into his shoulders, Billy swung her around and pushed her against the door. Still it wasn't enough for him, he'd had to go to bed alone and frustrated, hooking his hands under her thighs Billy lifted Jaime from the floor and let out a low growl when her long legs wrapped around his waist.

Reaching down between them Jaime heard Billy let out a sharp hiss when her fingers grazed low on his stomach in search of his belt, but the noise seemed to bring her slamming to her senses to what they were actually doing. "Billy stop."

Reluctantly Billy pulled himself away, placing Jaime back onto the cool bathroom tiles. He hadn't thought it was possible to be more frustrated than he'd been after their little encounter after the party, but Jaime had gone and proved his theory wrong. "I know now that you're a slut drunk or sober." Billy sneered as he shoved Jaime away from the door needing to get some space between the pair of them. "Don't forget out bet!"

"Get ready to lose Hargrove!"

A/N/ Thank you Ariwolff14, Guest and Nirvana14 for your feedback and to the new follows/favourites on this story. I know this chapter was kinda short after the last one but I wanted to get something posted :)

5. Chapter 5

Chapter Five

"You have to admit he's pretty hot. Even if he is your brother."

For the entire morning Jaime had been enduring listening to Carol go on, and on about Billy. Not only was it getting tiresome, but it was acting as a constant reminder of what had happened between her and Billy. "One, he's not my brother. Two, you're making me want to throw up."

Carol shifted forward on the bench she and Jaime were sat on, to get a better look at Billy as he played basketball. "If I wasn't with Tommy..."

Jaime had no desire to hear what Carol would or wouldn't do if she wasn't with Tommy, in fact she was sick of just hearing Billy's name and wanted the subject changed all together. There was more pressing matters on her mind than Billy's sweaty bare chest; already almost three days had passed since she had made the bet to get a date with Steve, and since their brief meeting at the party Jaime had made no head way. Because of that, she had convince Carol to go with her to sneakily watch the boys play basketball knowing that Steve would be there. "You're supposed to be helping me with Harrington, I won't lose this bet."

"You're way hotter than Nancy, but Steve's turned into a pussy since getting with her. It's pathetic how he follows her around like a little puppy, really I can't believe I was ever friends with him. And I can't believe you *want* to go on a date with him."

On the court Billy was doing his upmost to show Steve up, making a point that he was not only the best player but the new king of Hawkins High. Every now and then though, his eyes would wonder over to the benches where he'd noticed Jaime and Carol sneak into the gymnasium. Jaime hadn't been speaking to him much since their run in, the car journeys to and from school had become very quiet, but the more she ignored him the more Billy wanted her attention.

After slamming another shot straight through the basket, Billy turned to the two girls and threw a wink at them making Carol smile seductively at him and giggle to Jaime, who looked anything but impressed.

"I'm literally going to vomit." Jaime groaned, flipping Billy off as he continued to look their way. In his self obsessed head Billy would be convinced that she had gone there to watch him, Jaime was sure of it, so she was more than happy to do any little thing she could to remind him how much she hated him. Again Jaime groaned, instead of putting Billy off, the obscene gesture seemed to have invited him over to have a chat.

"Enjoying the game?" Asked Billy when he had stopped at the bench the two girls were sat on, flashing a dazzling smile at Carol.

"Sweaty boys aren't really my thing." Jaime retorted, wanting to get rid of her step brother as quickly as she could. He was hindering her reason for being in the gymnasium at all, mission Steve Harrington couldn't move along effortlessly with Billy hovering around.

"Depends how you get sweaty, am I right Carol?"

Jaime audibly gagged at Billy's innuendo, not in the least bit shocked by his response, or at the fact he was obviously flirting with his friend's girlfriend even though Tommy was only a few feet away. Flicking the ends of her high ponytail over her bare shoulder, Jaime laughed sweetly, her hazel eyes locking on to Billy's blue ones. "The way you've been rubbing up against Harrington the entire game, I'm beginning to think you like being sweaty with him." Jaime watched with glee as Billy's face turned from a cocky smile to an expression of utter contempt, taking a dig at his sexuality was always a winner. "Oh I'm sorry, did you not want Carol knowing which team you bat for?"

"Enjoy walking home, bitch."

"I'm sure Steve will drive me!" Jaime yelled at Billy's retreating back, happy that she had successfully sent him scurrying away. Turning back to Carol, who didn't look like she entirely understood what had just happened, Jaime directed their conversation back to the matter

at hand. "So, how do I get Nancy Drew out of the picture?"

For a moment Carol didn't answer, unsure what would get rid of Nancy Wheeler, but after a few seconds a sly grin pulled at the corners of her mouth. "Last year when Steve popped Nancy's cherry, she went really weird and started hanging around with Jonathan Byers. He's such a weirdo. Anyway, Steve got like crazy jealous, so maybe we could push Nancy towards Jonathan again?"

Now there was a plan that Jaime could get behind, it would be a piece of cake to manipulate a mousey girl like Nancy, Jaime had been getting people to what she wanted for as long as she could remember so some small town girl was going to be easy. "Okay, so is there any history between Nancy and this Jonathan guy?" The more information she had the more successful Jaime was likely to be, because if it back fired then there wasn't a chance in hell Jaime would be able to win the bet.

"I'm not sure, her nerd of a brother is friends with his nerd of a brother and they spent alot of time together last year when Jonathan's brother was missing. Do you think I could borrow that top some time?"

"You can borrow anything you want if I win this bet." Jaime said in exasperation. Carol was not understanding how seriously she needed to win, and if Jaime had been able to even speak to Steve since the party it would have been easy, but she hadn't seen him all day and panic was starting to set in. "Help me tie a knot in the back of this sweater." If all else failed showing more skin was a definate way to get a boy to notice her. Behind Jaime, Carol made quick work of knotting the sweater making it show a panel of her flat stomach along with the vast amount of leg her pleated skirt was already exposing, if that didn't get Steve Harrington's attention Jaime didn't know what would. "Watch and learn."

Leaving Carol in their seats, Jaime sashayed down the bleachers and out onto the basketball court, where both teams were having a break to catch their breath and grab a drink. Every boy that she passed looked Jaime up and down eagerly, their eyes filled with hope that she was going to stop to talk to them, but she didn't stop until she reached Steve. "I'm beginning to think you're avoiding me." She

teased, noting the way Steve's eyes dragged from her white stilettos all the way up to her face. "I haven't seen you since the party."

"I'm not avoiding you." Steve laughed. "I don't think I've actually had a single class with you today, which would explain why I haven't spoken to you."

"As long as you're not avoiding me, I thought we were on the way to being friends."

Behind the bottle of water he was gulping down, Steve smiled. "I'd like that-"

"Hey, Harrington! Your little girlfriend not putting out?" Having witnessed Jaime very clearly trying to make some movement on their bet, Billy wanted to make it as difficult as he could for his step sister. "Well you're in luck Harrington, Jaime always puts out. She fucked pretty much every guy she knew in our old school. Maybe you should get her to give your girlfriend some pointers?"

Jaime sighed deeply, her eyes rolling, as Billy strode cockily over to her and Steve looking pleased as punch. There had been no ground rules laid out for the bet, nothing to prevent Billy from intercepting as much as he liked, and in that moment Jaime realised it was a mistake not have set some rules. "Ignore him," She said, plastering a smile over her face as she returned her gaze to Steve. "He's just jealous that people actually like me and want to talk to me, instead of being intimidating into it."

Sniggering, Billy wrapped an arm around Jaime's shoulders holding her tightly in place, prohibiting her from leaving. "Isn't that your girlfriend over there Harrington? Doesn't look too happy to see you talking to the local slut." Billy had clocked Nancy entering the gymnasium, and it seemed like the perfect opportunity to shine a spot light on the blossoming friendship between Steve and Jaime. If there was anything that would prevent Jaime from getting close to Steve and winning the bet, it was his sweater wearing girlfriend. With a smug grin, Billy watched as Steve ran off to speak to his girlfriend outside of the gymnasium, his plan had worked a treat.

"You're an ass." Jaime hissed, dislodging Billy's arm from her

shoulders and wiping her uncovered shoulder clean of his sweat. "But it doesn't matter how much you try and get in the way, I'll still win Hargrove."

If possible Billy's smirk grew wider still. "When I win, I think the first thing I'm going to have you do is tell that dipshit exactly why you took such an interest in him. See who wants to talk to you then."

"No wonder your dad beats the shit out of you." It was bellow the belt and Jaime knew it, but if Billy was happy to deliver low blows then there was no reason for Jaime not to. Never before had she or Max ever mentioned what Neil did to Billy out loud, and watching Billy's jaw clench tightly it was something he had never expected. Before Billy could respond, Jaime strutted off of the court and back up to Carol, informing her that they were done watching the boys. Billy's wrath was inevitable after what Jaime had just said, and although she couldn't avoid it forever she could atleast postpone it.

After their argument in the gymnasium Jaime had been expecting a tedious drive back home when school had finished, but Billy had been uncharacteristically quiet the entire ride. Apart from the odd snide remark at Max, Billy silently smoked a cigarette while he drove down the quiet roads at his usual high speed. Even Max had noticed something was wrong and voiced her concerns once the three of them had arrived home, and Billy was out of ear shot.

"What's up with him?" Asked Max, following Jaime into her bedroom needing some clarification on why Billy was acting so strangely.

It was no mystery to Jaime why their step brother was behaving so oddly, but she didn't want to tell her younger sister what she had said. There was nothing remotely okay with how Neil treated his son, and even Max who hated Billy more than anyone didn't thought it was horrible, so telling her that she had thrown it in Billy's face was not an option. In fact the more time that had passed, the more Jaime regretted saying it all together. She hadn't meant to say it, it had just slipped out in the moment. "I'll speak to him."

Jaime didn't see any other option but to apologize for what she had said. With that in mind, she left Max alone in her bedroom and took

the few steps down the hallway to Billy's bedroom and knocked softly on the wood. "Can I come in?" When there was no answer Jaime knocked again, but louder. "Billy, can I please come in?" Again there was no answer, so Jaime pushed the door open gently, taking a deep breath before closing it again behind her.

"What the fuck do you want?"

In front of a mirror, Billy was lifting weights with a cigarette hanging from his mouth while Guns and Roses blared out of his stereo. All afternoon he had been going over and over what Jaime had said, getting more and more pissed off as he did, the spoilt bitch had no idea what she was talking about. The abuse hadn't started when Susan had come on the scene, Neil had been a complete fuck to Billy for as long as he could remember, if anything Billy had been hoping that a new woman would make his dad ease up on him, but he'd had no such luck.

"Why don't we take Max to the arcade, and I'll get us some cheap booze?" As apologies went it wasn't great, but it was something that Jaime had never done before when it came to Billy and a straight up apology didn't seem like the right way to do it. "Please Billy," She spoke when he didn't answer her, and continued lifting his weights although she wasn't there. "I'm sor-"

"I don't need your fucking pity Mayfield." Growled Billy. "And no I'm taking your shit head of a sister to the arcade. I have a date tonight, remember the one you fucked up last time? So you can both fuck yourselves."

It was nothing that Jaime hadn't expected, so luckily she had a plan B. Quickly darting out of Billy's room and back to her own, Jaime scabbled around under her bed until her hand touched the item she had been searching for. Pulling the full bottle of vodka out from under her bed, Jaime trotted back to Billy's room, showing him the bottle with a smirk. "Wanna get wasted before your date? Most of the girls who go to that shithole school are dogs, so I think you're going to need it."

With a clatter, Billy dropped the large weight he was lifting onto its stand and threw a smirk at his step sister. "Pass it here then."

Catching the bottle with ease, Billy unscrewed the cap and glugged back a significant amount and let out a long breath as the alcohol left a burning trail down his throat. Glancing over at Jaime, who looked relieved that he had taken the peace offering, Billy's face suddenly hardened. "You say anything like that again Mayfield, and I'll make you wish you were fucking dead. Understand?"

Jaime had no intention of ever saying anything remotely like it again, so the threat was unnecessary, but she didn't doubt how serious Billy was being. "You don't scare me Hargrove." As bad as Jaime was feeling, she had apologized and she wasn't about to bow down to everything Billy said. Snatching the vodka out of his hand, Jaime took a large swig as she moved over to Billy's bed and propped herself up against his pillows. "So who's your date with? Don't say it's Carol!"

Lighting a fresh cigarette, Billy let out a deep laugh before passing it over to Jaime. "Fuck no, girl's a tramp."

"I thought you liked easy girls?" Teased Jaime.

"I do, but I don't want fucking AIDS and I'm sure Carol has it."

Despite herself Jaime couldn't help but laugh; Carol wasn't as much of a slut as she had people believe, but if Jaime was right putting out with a handful of guys had helped her secure Tommy and popularity, which Jaime couldn't hold against her. "Don't be an asshole, Carol's actually alright. And aren't you friends with her boyfriend?"

"Friends is not the term I would choose." Billy had no intention of having friends, mindless followers yes, but not friends. He had all the friends he needed back in California, and there was no way he could just replace them with the dimwitted hicks that went to Hawkins High. Dropping down on the bed beside Jaime, Billy plucked the bottle from her hand, taking a drink and then passing it back to her. "Only a few days and you've lost the bet." It might be only one date, but Billy was glad that Jaime was having difficulty securing one on one time with Steve, if she got a date with him then the boy he was successfully pushing off of the Hawkins High throne would have something over him. Not that Billy wanted to go on a date with Jaime, he didn't do 'dates' just a quicky in the back of his car, but a date with his so called 'step sister' would be leverage for Steve.

"Actually I'm progressing nicely, it would seem that there's trouble in paradise. Me and Carol saw Steve and Nancy arguing outside the gym while you busy flaunting your body." Jaime had thanked her lucky stars when she and Carol had caught a glimpse of the two love birds arguing, it left the door wide open for Jaime. "I think by the end of school tomorrow I'll have a date with Harrington, and you'll be Max's bitch."

There was no way anyone male would turn down a date with a girl like Jaime, not even a loser like Harrington, and as Billy watched the red head stretch her long, bare legs out on his bed Billy suddenly felt envious that Steve would get a shot with Jaime. Girlfriends were not Billy's thing, but that didn't mean he wouldn't like to get Jaime in the back of his Camaro for a night, and that was something that was actually possible for Steve. "You obviously haven't seen his girlfriend."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Well, she's all virginal sweetness, and heavy sweaters. And you," Dragging his blue eyes up Jaime's body hungrily, Billy paused to admire the shortness of her skirt. "You're short skirts and tight tops. You're not Harrington's type, he wouldn't know what to do with you."

As the vodka coursed through her system warmly, Jaime felt more bold than usual, the alcohol that fuelled her bad decision making after Tina's party pushing her to do the same thing again. "And I'm guessing you would know what to do with someone like me?" Jaime asked innocently.

"We both already know the answer." Turning to face Jaime, Billy blew smoke above his head while his fingers slid along Jaime's thigh. Passing the cigarette over to the redhead with his free hand, Billy admired how well Jaime could match his little games, she hadn't even flinched at his touch and it was spurring him on to take it a whole lot further. As if she was reading his mind, Jaime leant closer to Billy her full lips only a breath away from his. It was almost too easy to get her eating out the palm of his hand, just like all the girls Billy spoke to, but instead of pressing her lips to his she blew a cloud of smoke into Billy's face completely blindsiding him.

"Keep dreaming Hargrove, I'm not like whatever skank you're taking out in the back of your Camaro." Satisfied with how angry and perplexed she had made Billy, Jaime hopped off of the bed taking the bottle of vodka with her. "Enjoy your date."

A/N/ Thank you to RomanticBlondie, Ariwolff14, Nirvana14, Ladey Jezzabella and XxXLIFEafterDEATHXxX for your feedback and to everyone who had followed/favourited, and also to those just reading :)

6. Chapter 6

Chapter Six

For the second time in a week Jaime and Carol had snuck into the gymnasium to watch the boys play basket ball, it seemed to be the only place that Jaime could corner Steve, and with the time rapidly running out on the bet she needed as much time with Steve as she could get. Carol was swiftly turning into the best co-conspirator, informing Jaime the moment she saw her that Nancy and Steve were officially over making there no better time to make a move. Now all Jaime needed to do was stop Billy from sticking his nose in and messing it all up.

"Wanna hang with me and Tommy tonight? We're thinking about getting some beer and driving out to Lovers Lake." Asked Carol, as she sucked absently on a stawberry lollipop. "I think Billy's bringing Susan, you know from English, she's such a skank. You could invite Steve?"

Jaime could see why Carol was suggesting that she invite Steve to Lovers Lake, but with Billy there it was a certainty he would make it as difficult as he possibly could. "Maybe, but I don't really fancy watching Billy dry hump some slut in the back of his car. You know you'd think he'd be more cosiderate, I have to sit in that car."

"Well I wouldn't mind fooling around in the back of his car." Carol giggled, eagerly eyeing Billy as he played shirtless down on the court.

Both Billy and Jaime were by far the most interesting thing to happen at Hawkins High, and she thanked her lucky stars that Jaime had shown an interest in becoming friends with her above everyone else. The sibling were like two exotic creatures that the students at Hawkins High had never seen before, and apart from instantly boosting Carol's popularity, Jaime let her borrow anything she liked from her closet and Carol had never known one girl to have so many clothes.

"I'm going to barf if you say one more thing about Billy." Jaime

groaned, looking into her compact mirror as she meticulously applied another layer of her favourite soft pink lipstick. Happy with the result, she snapped the mirror shut and turned her attention back to the basketball game. Since she and Billy had started taking their little games further, Jaime suddenly found herself looking at her so called step-brother in a different light. Even before their parents had gotten married Jaime had appreciated the way Billy looked, and it hadn't completely changed after the wedding, but after Tina's party a whole new format had evolved between them and Jaime wasn't entirely sure if she herself wouldn't mind a drunken night in the back of his Camaro.

As if reading her mind, Billy glanced up at Jaime and gave the red head a knowing smirk that had her flipping him off.

"I'm sorry but look at those abs. I would literally kill my mom for making him my brother." Instantly hazel eyes snapped onto Carol, glaring in disgust at what she had said. "I'm sorry," She apologized. "No more, I swear."

"He is not my brother, I only have a sister." Corrected Jaime, more than a little tired of people referring to Billy as her sibling.

On the court the boys had finished up their game, and had begun to filter off into the locker room to shower before leaving school for the day. Wiping sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand, Billy found his attention being pulled back to the two girls sat on the bleachers, more specifically Jaime. He knew that she was there to make the final move on Steve, her time was running out quickly, and the new sweater dress that her mom had brought for her was entirely for Steve's benefit that much was obvious. It was sinfully short, Billy had found himself subconsciously staring at her long bare legs the entire drive to school, and it burned him that it was all being wasted on a complete loser like Steve Harrington.

Jaime and Carol had both risen from where they were sat, and in that moment Billy decided there wasn't a more perfect time for a chat with Steve. "Harrington, you see Jaime over there with Carol?" He said, tilting his head at the girls and receiving a confused nod from Steve.

"Yeah, what about her?"

"Would you? Fuck her. I heard that little girlfriend of yours had run off with some other guy, and you know what they say, plenty more bitches in the sea." Smirked Billy gleefully at how uncomfortable he was clearly making Steve. "She's had lots of experience, I mean shit loads. From what my friends told me she's talented, but you do need to get checked after."

"Checked after what?" Asked Jaime. She had only caught the end of Billy and Steve's conversation but she was pretty sure she knew exactly what Billy was talking about. "Is he bothering you?" Turning her attention to Steve, Jaime actively ignored Billy's presence hoping it would encourage him to leave.

Steve laughed awkwardly. "No, just guy stuff. Nothing important."

"You hear that Billy?" Jaime smiled spitfully. "You're not important. So, why don't you do me a favour and go take a shower. I want to be able to breath on the ride home." Raising her perfectly manicured hand, Jaime wiggled her fingers waving Billy away. "You can go now."

Carol's eyes bulged at the cold way Jaime was acting towards her step brother, and then cringed when Billy smirked cruelly back. When they had gone over to speak to Steve, and successfully win the bet, Carol had not been expecting a stand off between the two siblings and even with her massive love of drama Carol suddenly felt incredibly awkward, as though she was witnessing something she shouldn't be. "Steve," Carol said, breaking the icy silence. "Jaime wants to know if you'd like to get a milkshake or something with her tomorrow?"

Both Jaime and Billy's heads snapped over to Carol, eyes wide in shock that she had just out right asked Steve on a date for Jaime.

"Sure, that'd be nice."

Quickly masking her shock, Jaime plastered a wide smile over her pretty face. "Pick me up at two. You can give me a guided tour of Hawkins, show me everything it has to offer."

The hidden meaning behind Jaime's statement didn't go unnoticed by Billy, the two teens had already teared around Hawkins and seen everything the dead end town had to offer, there was only one thing his step sister wanted to be shown around and that was the back of Harrington's car. Clapping a hand down onto Steve's shoulder, Billy steered the other boy away from Jaime and Carol and towards the locker room.

"I'll be waiting by the car! Don't make me wait!"

Billy's jaw clenched as Jaime shouted out to his retreating back, the bitch was pushing her luck with him and if she wasn't careful he would snap, and that was something he'd make sure she didn't enjoy.

When Jaime woke on Saturday at midday, the only thing on her mind was her date with Steve. She had officially won the bet, and Billy was officially Max's bitch which Jaime knew would please her younger sister greatly. After taking a quick shower Jaime had started the long task of putting her long hair in the perfect half-up style, it was the perfect way to show off her face but not have all her hair up. If past experience was anything to go by boys loved her long hair.

"Not going to gloat?" Billy spoke from the doorway to her bedroom, his arms folded across his broad chest. "Because getting a date with Harrington is without a doubt something to brag about."

"I'm not listening." Sang Jaime, moving from her vanity to the bed to look over the outfit she had selected for the date for the third time; a denim mini skirt and cropped strappy top was Jaime's signature look back in California, and paired with her favourite white stiletto's she was sure it was something Steve Harrington would have never seen before.

Over Jaime's shoulder Billy scoffed. "That's what you're wearing?" There was nothing wrong with the outfit that Jaime had chosen, in fact Billy more than approved of it and it was something he was accustomed to seeing the red head in, but Harrington was going to bust a nut when he picked her up and that was simply a waste of such a hot girl. "I could let Harrington know what a slut you are, tell him about our little get together after Tina's party?"

"You wouldn't dare." Hissed Jaime, they hadn't spoken about what had happened after the party, or what happened in the bathroom the following day and she had been happy to never mention it again.

Pushing off of the doorframe and sauntering up to his step sister, Billy sneered down at Jaime with glee. "Try me." His blue eyes drank in the way she flicked her long auburn hair off of her shoulder leaving the soft, inviting skin bare for him, it was taking all his self restraint not to lick the newly exposed skin and leave a dark bruise there for Steve to find. Dragging his gaze down away from the delicious looking skin, Billy took in the rest of Jaime's body. The silk camisole and matching shorts that Jaime always seemed to wear to bed left a large expanse of her pale skin bare, and as much as Billy loved looking at her long legs they also mocked him, made him overly aware of what he wanted but couldn't have.

"Get out, I need to change." There was no rush for Jaime to get dressed for her date, but she wanted Billy away from her, and there was no way he would just leave if she asked. Oh no, he enjoyed torturing and annoying her too much.

"By all means," Smirked Billy, dropping down onto the double bed leisurely. "Get changed."

Letting out an annoyed huff, Jaime stood staring at the teen boy on her bed with hands on her hips, god he was so infuriating. But, Jaime Mayfield was never one to turn down a challenge, and least of all not to someone like Billy. Grabbing the items she had laid out for her date, Jaime dropped them at her feet before pulling the silk camisole over her head and throwing somewhere to her right and soon they were followed by her shorts. Jaime could practically hear Billy getting hard, and she had to stop herself from laughing, it was too easy, really it was. As slowly as she could, she wiggled into the tight denim and then pulled the strappy top over her head.

"Are we done here?" She asked sweetly, turning back to face Billy. When he didn't move, instead just staring at her with his usual smirk, Jaime again moved her hands to her hips in annoyance. "Get out, you're boring me Billy." Why did he always have to be so difficult? It was probably because he had lost the bet and was bitter about having to be nice to Max for the rest of the year, but that didn't make Billy's

attitude any less tiresome. "Leave, now."

Much to Jaime's surprise Billy moved fluidly from her bed, and past her towards the door. But before she could celebrate her small triumph of getting rid of her annoying step brother, a strong pair of hands touched her thighs and ghosted to the hem of her skirt.

"You don't need these." Billy whispered, his voice thick from lust, as his hands disappeared under the small amount of denim and hooked around the top of Jaime's panties before slowly pulling them down her long legs until they pooled at her feet. "We both know you're going to put out."

Unsure of how to react, and not wanting to show any form of weakness, Jaime had no choice but to step from her discarded panties and keep her eyes fixed on the far wall while Billy pressed his bare chest into her back. It was payback, she was sure of it, for leaving him high and dry in his room before he went for his 'date'. "Now will you get out?"

Knotting a hand the long auburn hair that was tickling his cheeks, Billy gave it a sharp tug pulling Jaime's head upwards as he did. It was almost funny the way she wasn't fighting him off, and there wasn't a doubt in his mind that if she shoved her forwards onto her bed right that second that she'd let him do whatever he wanted to her. Jaime didn't want a shit head like Harrington, she needed someone like him. "Enjoy your date Princess."

A/N/ Happy new year! I hope everyone had a good Christmas and New Year, I needed a break after Christmas but now I am back. I'm sorry it's been such a wait for an update, and I want to say thank you to all the comments, follows and favourites and to those who are just reading. I hope you all enjoy this chapter :)

7. Chapter 7

Chapter Seven

Two o'clock came and went, and Jaime's patiences along with it. She had never in her entire life been stood up and the unfamiliar feeling wasn't settling well with her. Why hadn't Harrington showed? He had seemed more than keen to take her out, and with Nancy out of the picture there was nothing stopping him. Then the penny dropped. Billy had gotten to him.

For over an hour Jaime had led back on one of the couches in the living room, waiting for Billy to return from supposedly dropping Max off at the arcade, and when he did return she was itching to rip him limb from limb.

"I thought you had a date?" Susan said as she brought her husband a cold beer. It was unusual for any of the children to remain in the house on the weekend, and if any of them were to stay it was always Max. Since moving from California Susan had watched with great sadness as her two daughters retreated into themselves, Jaime more so than Max, it seemed that the only people that her eldest daughter could stand was Max and Billy. The latter was being to bother her; not only had Susan noticed how close Billy and Jaime had become but Neil had also clocked it, and he was worried which in turn caused Susan to fret. The date that Jaime had told her mom about had been a great relief to her, it was the perfect thing to get Jaime back to normal and to put some distance between her and her step-brother, but it apparently hadn't panned out.

"Where's Billy?" Asked Jaime, the boredom of waiting for his return fully setting in. "If he took Max to the arcade he should have been back ages ago."

As if he had heard his name, Billy sauntered through the front door which slammed shut behind him. Immediately his blue eyes fell on Jaime and an all consuming feeling of glee filled his chest, Harrington had stood her up. "Thought you had a date with Harrington?" He asked with a smirk, not bothering to hide the

amusement from his voice. It had all worked out too well, and without him even having to intervene.

"Fuck you." Spat Jaime as she pulled herself up right and off of the couch, ready to slap the smug look clean off Billy's handsome face.

"Language Jaime!"

Storming past her mom and towards Billy, Jaime ignored her mom's chastizing and grabbed the top of her step-brothers arm, yanking him out of the living room and into her bedroom away from their parents ears. "What did you do?" All the humiliation she had initially felt at being stood up, and then the conclusion that Billy was behind it had left Jaime feeling white hot rage. She had won the bet fair and square, yet Billy had to play dirty. "Were you jealous? Did you want a date with Harrington?"

If he hadn't been so amused by the fact that Jaime had been stood up Billy would have made the red head regret questioning his sexuality, but instead he just chuckled to himself as he lit a cigarette. "I didn't do shit. Seems I didn't need to, you chased off Harrington all on your own." Dragging his eyes up and down Jaime's body Billy winced as he inhaled sharply on his cigarette. "Slut obviously isn't his flavour of choice."

Unable to hear anything else that Billy had to say, Jaime stomped up to him until there was only a slither of space between them. Plucking his cigarette from his hand, Jaime made quick work of stubbing it out on the surface of her vanity before shoving her perfectly manicured finger under Billy's nose. "I fucking hate you. You couldn't stand I beat you, so you messed it all up. It's pathetic Billy, really pathetic."

"I'm pathetic? I'm fucking pathetic? Shit Jaime look at you! Crying because a shithead like Harrington stood you up, I thought it was just a bet I didn't think you actually wanted to date such a fucking loser." Grasping hold of the hand that Jaime was holding in front of his face Billy moved it down and tugged Jaime into his body with a soft thud. "Were you that desperate for a grope in the back of a car? I'm more than happy to oblige."

"Let go of me. Or do you want me to shout for your dad?" There was

no way Jaime would have actually called for Neil, but he was the only real power held over Billy and with the way she could feel his hard muscles against her body Jaime wanted space between them, and fast.

"No you won't." Dropping his head, Billy spoke in a softer tone making sure to brush his lips against the shell of Jaime's ear. "I won Mayfield, and I'm here to collect."

What did he mean collect? Collect what? In all the panic to win the bet and then the anger at losing Jaime had completely forgotten what Billy actually won, or at least she did right up until that moment. Flipping her auburn hair over her shoulder Jaime plastered a smirk across her full lips, and let out a melodic giggle. "I am not having sex with you Hargrove, I don't believe in charity."

In front of him Billy watched as Jaime clearly thought she had the upper hand in the situation, he didn't want to have sex with her, well not at that very moment with their parents a few feet away. Oh no, Billy was going to enjoy his winnings for the long haul so that by the time he did decide to make his move Jaime would be begging him to. Smirking back at Jaime, who's smile faltered slightly when she saw her step-brothers grin, Billy traced the edge of Jaime's lips as he spoke. "I don't want to fuck you, but I don't have any doubt that you'd let me. You see Princess by the time I've finished having my fun you'll be begging me to like a good girl, and maybe I'll give you what you want."

Despite herself Jaime felt a shiver run down her spine, what the hell was wrong with her? Jaime put it down to the boredom that Hawkins brought her, there was no way she'd be so easily flustered by someone like Billy even if he was gorgeous. "I would never beg someone like you Billy, you're beneath me."

Again Billy chuckled. "In a few days that's where you'll be begging to be." Much to his enjoyment Jaime's face fell at his words, and Billy took that as his queue to leave. Arguing was like foreplay to them and it would work Jaime up more if he left her. With that in mind, Billy pushed Jaime's warm body away from him and stepped out of her bedroom. "We're going to have fun Princess."

A/N/ Sorry about the wait on an update, my daughter has had some health issues so I've had no time to write. This chapter is short and I'm sorry for that but I wanted to get something up, and my updates should be more regular again now. I hope you all enjoy it :)

8. Chapter 8

Chapter Eight

The loud sound of rock music drifted through from the livingroom and into Jaime's bedroom as she lay on her bed painting her nails. She and Billy had been left incharge of looking after Max for the day while their parents went out, which neither teen was taking seriously. Max didn't need a babysitter as far as Jaime was concerned, she was a smart girl and it wasn't as though anything interesting happened in Hawkins anyway.

Bringing her left hand up to her lips Jaime blew on the fresh varnish and inspected her work. It was perfect as always. But even the new cherry red varnish her mom had brought her to cheer her up after Steve was a no show did nothing to diminish the boredom that Hawkins brought her. Back in California there would have been no chance she'd be at home babysitting her more than capable sister, oh no, she would have been at the beach with her friends getting drunk on cheap alcohol while multiple boys tried to gain her attention. God she missed those days. Now she was reduced to sulking in her room trying to drag out painting her nails.

"Max, are you geting that or what?"

Jaime had barely registered the doorbell over the loud music and her self pity. It wouldn't be Carol, she and Tommy had a free house so they were otherwise occupied, and Jaime highly doubted anyone would be knocking for Billy.

"Okay!" Max yelled as she flew past Jaime's open door.

"Swear to god Max!"

Rolling off her bed, careful not to smudge her nails as she did, Jaime followed the path her sister had just taken and headed into the living room where she knew Billy was. It might have been a foolish move considering Billy had won the bet and she was officially his bitch, but she was bored and poking at Billy was one of the only things that

Jaime had enjoyed since moving to Hawkins.

"You're right by the door, why couldn't you get it?" Asked Jaime when she stepped into the livingroom. Taking in Billy as he lifted some ridiculously heavy weights a sly smirk curved across her face. "Oh now I see. You have to lift weights to compensate for other things."

Dropping the weight onto its stand with a clatter, Billy turned to face Jaime his cigarette still hanging from his mouth as he smirked. "You feeling brave Mayfield? That why you've stopped hiding from me in your bedroom?"

Hiding was not what Jaime was doing, it was just easier to keep herself away from Billy while he was still suffering from a God complex over her. Jaime hid from no one, Billy included. "Please," She laughed. "I'm not scared of you Hargrove. The only thing you do is repulse me."

Inhaling sharply on his cigarette, Billy stepped closer to Jaime not missing the way her hazel eyes drifted to his sweat coated torso. "Repulsed is what you did to Harrington."

Jaime's jaw clenched at the mention of Steve, although she hadn't wanted to really date him it still stung that she had been stood up. No one stood her up, no one. Yet Steve had, and it had left Jaime feeling insecure like her sex appeal had been left behind in California. Plastering a cold smile across her pink lips, she plucked the cigarette from Billy and dragged hard on the end of it, successfully drawing her step brothers eyes to her lips. Boys were so simple, it almost made her feel sorry for Billy. Almost.

"No smart ass come back Mayfield?"

Taking one last toke before answering, Jaime blew the smoke out slowly into Billy's face. "It's sweet really, that you're so happy Harrington was a no show. Kinda pathetic too. The way you watch me is so obvious, maybe Harrington felt sorry for you and that's why he didn't turn up? You've always looked at me like a lost little puppy, but since moving to this shit hole town it's become sad and pathetic. At least I only play with you because I'm bored."

In front of her Billy's face contorted with rage making Jaime smirk widely. She couldn't have been happier by his reaction and it was making the Steve drama slip to the back of her mind. Billy was a much bigger fish than Steve, and keeping him in his place would entertain her a lot longer than rubbing a date with Steve in his face. "No smart ass come back Hargrove?"

Before Billy could tell Jaime exactly what he thought of her and her pathetic attempts at regaining the upper hand, Max stepped back through the front door and slammed it abruptly behind her. "Who the hell were you talking to?" He asked, moving to block Max's path through the living room.

"Mormons."

"Mormons?"

It was obvious Max was lying, and it was equally as obvious that Billy wasn't buying it, and even though Jaime had no idea why her sister would lie about who was at the door she wasn't about to let Billy intimidate her little sister. "Leave her alone, she doesn't answer to you."

With Billy's attention now off of her Max pushed past his arm and disappeared back into her bedroom, slamming the door behind her and leaving her sister to deal with Billy. She only had a few minutes before he turned his attention back to her, which meant she needed to be quick at getting to Lucas.

"You answer to me though. You're my bitch Mayfield." Smirked Billy, crossing his arms across his chest as he leant on the turquoise fire place. "I say jump, you say how fucking high."

"I say fuck you." Jaime hissed, stalking away from her step brother and back to the solitude of her bedroom. But apparently Billy didn't get the hint, she had barely crossed the threshold before he was resting on the door frame leisurely and lighting a fresh cigarette. "Get out."

Billy had no intention of leaving, in fact he had barely registered Jaime asking him to, he was far to distracted by the long bare legs

laid out tantalizingly on the bed. The short denim skirt Jaime seemed to always be parading around in left most of her long legs bare, and it was both a curse and a blessing to Billy. He was more than happy to stare at her legs all day, but because she was supposed to be his step sister it meant being overly discrete about it which was something he had never been a fan of. If Billy wanted something he took it but it wasn't that simple with Jaime. Not only would his dad and Susan go insane, Jaime herself was hard work and wouldn't just give it up easily. That being said Billy had never enjoyed the chase more.

"I said get the fuck out Hargrove." Still Billy didn't move, or even say anything, so Jaime reached over to her bedside table and grabbed the first thing she could and launched it at Billy as hard as she could.

Quickly Billy ducked out of the way just before empty glass could hit him, and it smashed across the floor in tiny shards. Glancing behind him at the mess Jaime had created he scoffed, he had always found girls hissy fits amusing, but before he could shoot a snide remark Jaime's way she had stormed across from where she'd been laid on her bed and was shoving him backwards.

"I said get the fuck out!"

"Oh I heard you loud a clear the first time Princess, thing is I just don't give a shit what you want." It was nothing short of hilarious to Billy as Jaime tried as hard as she could to push him out of her room, there wasn't a chance in hell she'd be able to move him unless he wanted her to.

It was obvious that Jaime stood no chance against Billy's strength, so she resorted to a new tactic and began slapping at his torso as hard as she could. If she couldn't physically remove him from her room then she would make it painful for him to stay there. With every hit she landed Jaime saw Billy's smug grin growing, he was barely fighting her off, just batting her hands every now and then as though she was nothing more than an insect and it was infuriating her. Did he have to best her at everything? When had she become such a loser? But there was one thing sure to wipe the smirk clean off of his face; as fast as she possibly could Jaime pulled back her right hand and slapped Billy as hard as she could across his cheek.

For a moment Billy just stood froze to the spot from shock, and by the look on Jaime's face she was almost as suprised as he was that she'd had the balls to actually hit his face. A low growl rose from Billy's throat, and before Jaime could prepare herself he had shoved her chest so hard that she stumbled back until the back of her legs bumped into her bed. "You really wanna go down this road Mayfield?"

As predicted Jaime didn't respond to his threat, but what Billy hadn't anticipated was the all to feminine smile that pulled at the corners of Jaime's full lips as she flicked her long auburn hair over her shoulder.

"You really think that I'd be stupid enough to think you'd actually hurt me? You're a pussy Hargrove, all talk and no action."

Jaime's words burned in Billy's ears taunting him the way his dad constantly did, and the next thing he knew he was shoving Jaime again but this time she fell back onto her bed in a dishevelled heap. For a split second he watched with glee as real fear flitted across her hazel eyes, but Billy didn;t take time to bask in his glory as he was climbing ontop of the redhead despite his brains protests.

Neither of them spoke, just staring at each other waiting for the other to make the first move. It wasn't what Jaime had imagined happening when Billy had followed her into her bedroom, usually they would argue and he would storm off, but things between them had taken a shift since moving and Jaime found herself not wanting him to leave. However, there wasn't a chance in hell she was ever going to make the first move, that wasn't her style.

Leaning closer to Jaime's enticing lips, Billy kept his eyes firmly on her darker ones to gauge her reaction. When no spiteful words spilled from her mouth Billy took it as a sign that she didn't want him to move, in fact she was waiting for him to make his move. Painfully slow, wanting to drag it out as much as he could, Billy brushed his lips against Jaime's and couldn't help but smirk when she tried to fully close the space between them. Unable to control himself any longer, Billy crushed his mouth against Jaime's kissing her hungrily. Long legs wrapped around his waist pulling him closer, not making any moves to stop him, and Jaime's fingers clawed at his vest desperate to pull it from his body.

Pulling back, Billy yanked the vest over his head and threw it over his shoulder before making quick work of the tight, white jumper Jaime was wearing. The skin on skin contact only seemed to spur Jaime on, her nails clawed at his back dragging him back to her wanton lips, giving him no time to admire her half naked body.

Not willing to play around any longer Jaime reached down for the bulge in Billy's shorts and found it with ease. Above her Billy's eyes flew open, obviously he hadn't expected her to be so forward, making Jaime smile seductively up at him.

"Kids, we're home!"

9. Chapter 9

Chapter Nine

"Fuck!"

Flinging Billy from her, Jaime flew off her bed in search of her discarded top. If their parents found them her life would be over, well and truly over, and she was not willing to make that sacrifice. "Would you move!" Jaime hissed, behind her Billy was taking everything at a painfully slow pace like being caught wasn't an impending issue. "If they catch us-"

The bedroom door swung open slowly revealing Susan, who's face suddenly became confused when she noticed that Jaime wasn't alone in her room. "What's going on in here?" She asked skeptically as she took in the two teens, it wasn't right how close they had become and it certainly wasn't right that Jaime had a boy in her room while she and Neil were out of the house. "Jaime?"

"Jaime wanted to know if I'd drive her to Carol's. I said no," Billy gestured at the shattered glass that covered the floor outside of Jaime's room in explanation. "As you can see Susan, it didn't go down well."

Susan looked between the glass and her eldest daughter, mentally adding up the story that Billy had told her gauging whether it was plausible or not. "Jaime," Susan finally said, deciding that they were telling her the truth. "You know I don't like boys in your bedroom while I'm not home."

"Billy isn't a boy, Mom." Two sets of eyes shot over to Jaime in confusion, making her hazel eyes roll. "Well obviously he's a boy, but he also lives here. You know you married his Dad, he's my step brother, not like he snuck in my window." If only her mom knew the irony of her words, if the situation hadn't been so tense Jaime would have laughed, but the last thing she wanted was her mom finding out that Billy had indeed snuck in her window once and that it was in no way brotherly.

"All the same, no boys while me and Neil are out. And clear up your mess."

Leaving her room Billy smirked his usual smug grin making Jaime want nothing more than to throw another glass at his self satisfied face. No doubt he would use the moment over her for a while, remind her how he swooped in with an award winning excuse that kept her from getting in trouble. God she hated him. Getting to her knees, careful not to kneel on any of the scattered glass, Jaime began sweeping the shards into a neat pile with the dustpan that her mom had left in the hall. Why did she have to clean it up anyway? It was Billy's fault that she'd thrown the glass, so rightfully he should have been the one cleaning it up. Throwing the brush across the hall in a huff Jaime's eyes landed on a pair of sneakers, a cold scowl forming on her pretty face. "This is your mess, you should clean it up."

The angry expression coupled with the denim skirt that was riding up Jaime's thighs was doing nothing to help Billy's self restraint. "I think I like you on your knee's Mayfield." He teased, kicking the dustpan with the tip of his sneaker so the glass scattered across the floor again. "You should be like this more often."

That was the last straw, getting to her feet Jaime slammed the small brush into Billy's chest dropping her hold on it. "Fuck you." There was no way she was cleaning up the glass again, she was done, and that included with Billy. He might have won their bet but there was no way Jaime was just going to let Billy talk to her as though he was better than her. "You can get on your knee's. From what I've heard you do it quite alot in the boys locker room." Pleased with the murderous look on her step brothers face, Jaime sauntered back into her bedroom and slammed the door behind her.

"Get out here you bitch! Some of us have a date that's actually going to show up!" Billy's voice shouted from behind the door.

A date was news to Jaime, Billy hadn't mentioned anything about it, usually he would tell her at least six times. If her memory was correct Billy had been on a date nearly every night since they started at Hawkin's High, clearly the girls had no problem sharing one boy. It was pathetic the way all the girls fawned over Billy, like he was some movie star, some girls had no class.

"Mayfield! You hear me? Clear your own shit up!"

After a few moments the soft noise of someone moving could be heard from the otherside of the door making Jaime smile to herself. Billy couldn't be more predictable, in the end he always did what she wanted and that was exactly how Jaime liked it. He was no different to any boy that Jaime had ever met, they were all easy to control, at the end of the day she always got her way.

Two hours went by without any further disturbance from Billy, enjoying the peace Jaime had managed to paint her toy nails in matching cherry red and red the pile of magazines she had been meaning to start on days before. All in all she wasn't having the worst night, she would have preferred being out on the beach getting drunk with her friends but beggers couldn't be choosers.

"Open the door right now!"

Apart from the on going fights between Jaime and Billy there hadn't been any drama in the Hargrove-Mayfield house for a few days, so when Neil's loud shout carried through to her bedroom Jaime couldn't help but poke her head out and see what was going on. "What's going on?" She asked, moving towards Billy's open bedroom door where her mom and Neil were stood. Jaime didn't need to be able to see Neil's face to know that he was pissed off baadly at something, and it was no shocker that Billy was taking the brunt of whatever it was.

"We can't find Maxine." Susan explained, turning to face her eldest daughter. "Do you know where she is?"

"Where is she?" Neil asked Billy unfazed by Jaime's appearance.

Max was gone? Jaime hadn't seen or heard her leave, the last thing she remembered was Max disappearing to her room after some unknown person knocked on the door. How had she not noticed that her sister had gone? Guiltily her mind drifted to what she and Billy had been doing while Max had supposedly been in her bedroom, it wasn't like she could tell her mom and Neil why neither of them noticed Max's absence. But it was totally out of character for Max to

disappear unannounced, for one she knew the type of hell it would rain down on Billy, and even though she hated him she hated what Neil did to him more.

Panic spread through Jaime's body as Neil moved inside of Billy's room, it was never a good sign, and as always her mom remained on the side lines out of the way. As much as she loved her mom Jaime hated the way she stood by and watched as Neil beat his son black and blue, it was the actions of a coward which Jaime had no time for. Shoving past her quivering mother, Jaime stepped into Billy's bedroom keeping herself a safe distance from her step dad. "I'm sure she's at the arcade, that's where she's spent all her time since moving here."

"He was supposed to be looking after his sister."

"I have been looking after her all week, Dad. Okay? She wants to run off, then that's her problem, all right?" Yelled Billy. He'd had enough of both his dad and Susan thinking that he was nothing more than a live in nanny for the youngest Mayfield. If anything it should have been falling on Jaime to look after her sister, not him, she was just as much to blame as he was. "She's thirteen years old. She shouldn't need a full time babysitter. And she's not my sister!"

Before Jaime could process what was happening Neil had Billy by the collar and had slammed him into the shelves that lined one of the bedroom walls. Even though it wasn't the first time she had witnessed the way Neil dealt out punishments it didn't scare Jaime any less. One day Neil was going to do some irreversible damage, Jaime was sure of it, and as badly as it went when she offered her input she couldn't stand by and just watch as Neil beat Billy senseless. "Stop it!"

Ignoring his step daughter, Neil stared intently at his son as his blood boiled internally. "What have we talked about?" He asked calmly. But when Billy didn't answer he hit him across the face, holding his jacket tightly to keep him upright. "What did we...talk about?"

"Mom!" Jaime screamed, unable to stop her voice from raising, but still her mom remained completely silent. "Mom?!" Jaime said again in desperation, if anyone had any chance at stopping Neil it was her mom.

"Jaime this has nothing to do with you." Answered Neil, his grip on Billy not wavering. "In fact he owes Susan and you an apology."

"I don't owe her shit."

In that moment Jaime wasn't sure whether to hit Billy herself, he was only making matters worse for himself even though what he was saying was one hundred percent true, all he had to do was keep his mouth shut it wasn't that hard.

The scream broke from Jaime's pink lips before she even realised the sound was coming from her. "STOP!" Lunging forward Jaime threw herself towards Neil, who was repeatedly hitting Billy's face, and tried desperately to get between the two of them to stop it from getting even more out of hand. "Stop! Just fucking leave him alone!" She had no idea where the sudden burst of courage had come from, all Jaime knew was that she couldn't take watching Neil abuse his son any longer.

Having successfully managed to wiggle herself in front of Billy, Neil immediately stopped throwing punches and took a small step back not wanting to accidentally hit his wife's eldest daughter, but it only served to infuriate him further. "Jaime step aside. You're upsetting your mother, she's already upset enough don't make it worse."

"No." Jaime tried with all her might to keep her voice strong despite how violently her body was shaking. Neil towered over her, she would stand no chance if he turned his wrath on her, but still it didn't make her back down. "I'm not moving from this fucking spot."

In his entire life Billy had never been left so speechless. In spite of everything there stood Jaime, her arms opened wide like a shield, using herself as a human barrier between him and his dad. It was possibly the dumbest thing the redhead had ever done, but it was also the bravest especially as she knew all too well what his dad was capable of. Billy couldn't have her putting herself at risk for him though. "Jaime ju-"

"I said no!" Tears began to trickle down Jaime's cheeks as the initial rush of adrenaline began to wear off. Taking a deep breath to steady her breathing, Jaime went on in a more levelled voice. "We'll go and

get her. We will go and get Max, just leave him alone. Please."

"You," Neil finally said as he pointed at his son. "Don't come back until you've found your sister."

"Yes, sir."

Neil raised his hand up to his ear as though he hadn't heard Billy's response. "I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you."

Again Billy answered, but in a louder voice. "Yes, sir."

"Find Max." Neil said before turning sharply on his heel and marching out of the bedroom, Susan hot on his heels.

Instantly Jaime's entire body relaxed, and her arms lowered back to her side. Throwing herself in the middle of the fight had been a huge gamble, but thankfully it had paid off and not too much damage had been done. Spinning around, she gingerly took Billy's face in her hands and examined it carefully; luckily it didn't seem that Neil had hurt him too badly, and it was likely Billy would have just a few bruises.

"You're a dumb bitch, you know that?" Billy mumbled, his blue eyes watching Jaime intently as she held his face softly. Leaning down he pressed his lips against Jaime's, the salty taste of tears hitting him as he did. "One fucking, dumb bitch." He said with a smile after pulling away from her full lips. "Lets go find your equally dumb sister."

A/N/ Thank you Nirvana14, Ladey Jezzabella and RomanticBlondie for your comments, I'm glad you're all enjoying it so much :) I hope everyone enjoyed this chapter too.

10. Chapter 10

Chapter Ten

The camaro tore down the quiet streets of Hawkins, its engine ripping through the dark night air. Already Billy and Jaime had stopped at Lucas' house, but Max had been a no show and Lucas' mom had pointed them in the direction of the Wheeler household.

Quietly Jaime smoked a cigarette with her window down, a breeze blowing in and making her auburn hair whip around her wildly. Going to the Wheeler house was not something she wanted to do; although it was unlikely that Nancy would be there Jaime was still sour about Steve standing her up and she had no doubt that it was down to virginal Nancy Wheeler and her stupid sweaters. What the hell did she have that Jaime didn't? As far as Jaime could see nothing, Nancy was nothing compared to her and would likely marry Steve and stay in Hawkins until she died, as unappealing as it all was so Jaime it didn't make losing to Nancy any easier.

"You stay here." Billy said as he pulled the car to a stop outside the Wheeler house and shut the engine off. "I'll be quicker without you." Not waiting for Jaime to argue it, Billy climbed from the car and began walking down the path leading to the front door.

"I don't think so Hargrove!" Jaime shouted after getting out of the car. "She actually is my sister, and I care where the hell she is." Walking at a brisk pace Jaime closed the distance between her and Billy, and shoved pasted him to ring the door bell. "I won't be waiting anywhere Hargrove."

A few seconds past and there was no answer at the door, so Billy began pushing the bell multiple times. No one ever went anywhere in Hawkins so someone had to be in. "Try not to be such a bitch this time."

Scowling at Billy, Jaime was about to remind him just how much of a bitch she could actually be when the front door peaked open revealing a woman who Jaime assumed was Nancy's mother.

Immediately her eyes fell to the large expanse of bare chest that Billy was displaying, making Jaime's hazel eyes roll. Was there any female in Hawkins that wasn't effected by Billy's appearance?

"I, uh, didn't realise Nancy had a sister." Spoke Billy in the velvety tone that Jaime knew all too well, making Mrs Wheeler laugh lightly. "What's so funny?"

"I'm Nancy's mother."

It was taking all of Jaime's self restraint not to gag at the sad exchange going on in front of her. Sure Mrs Wheeler looked good for a woman of her age, but she was old enough to be Billy's mom and it was just so desperate. "We're looking for my sister Max, she's been missing all day. Have you seen her?"

The spiteful edge that laced Jaime's words didn't go missed by Billy; she was jealous that much was obvious and Jaime rarely felt threaten by anyone, so Billy couldn't help but want to have a little fun with his step-sister. "We've been worried sick, and Mrs Sinclair told us that your house is the designated hang out."

"And you both are?" Asked Mrs Wheeler, her eyes not leaving Billy.

"Billy. Billy Hargrove." Offering out a hand for Nancy's mom to shake, Billy held Mrs Wheeler's hand softly and shot a dazzling smile her way for good measure. "This is my ot-"

"I can introduce myself," Hissed Jaime. "I'm Jaime, and I don't mean to be rude Mrs Wheeler but we're kind of in a hurry."

Jaime watched with satisfaction as Mrs Wheeler pulled away from Billy's hand, looking a little flustered by her bluntness, and stepped aside to allow the pair of them into her home. "I can give you Will's address, that's where they'll be no doubt."

"Great." Smirked Jaime as she stepped over the threshold not waiting for Billy. "I'm sure you and your **husband** have plans for the night, and we'd hate to intrude more than we already have. Billy shut the door behind you, don't be rude."

Following Mrs Wheeler through to the kitchen Jaime took in the

house that Nancy called home. It was much nicer than the cramped one that she begrudgingly called home, obviously Mr Wheeler had a good job. The more Jaime saw the more it made her dislike Nancy more, she had made her lose her date with Steve, and she lived in a palace compared to Jaime, all in all the girl had it all.

"Are you friends with Nancy?" Mrs Wheeler asked politely as she rummaged in a drawer for a pad and pen.

Flicking her gaze over to Billy, who had propped himself casually on the counter top, Jaime smiled slyly at him before answering Mrs Wheeler. "Oh you bet, me and Nanc are the best of friends. Has she not mentioned me?"

Mrs Wheelers cheeks blushed from embarrassment, Nancy had never mentioned a girl called Jaime and she was kicking herself for asking if they were friends. "Oh, I'm sure she has. I have three children and it's hard to keep track of everything."

"Three children? If I had to guess I'd say you had two at most."

The vindictive way Jaime was acting was anything but shocking to Billy, in fact he would have been more surprised if she'd been friendly. Friendly was not Jaime's forte. "Your husband's a lucky man, Mrs Wheeler."

Again Mrs Wheeler blushed but this time not from embarrassment and it only served to goad Jaime. The jabs at Mrs Wheeler's appearance clearly hadn't been enough so it left Jaime no choice but to kick it up a gear. Sauntering up to where Billy was stood she wiggled her way as close to him as she possibly could, and placed a chaste kiss on his lips. "I think Mrs Wheeler would agree that I'm a lucky girl to have you. Have you been with your husband since high school? I hope me and Billy last until we're as old as you Mrs Wheeler."

It had been a while since Billy had seen Jaime be so cruel to someone, and pride swelled in his chest that he was the cause of it. How jealous she truly was became glaringly obvious the more spiteful she became. "You're a life saver." Taking the address that Mrs Wheeler had scribbled down, Billy took hold of Jaime's arm and steered her back in the direction of the front door.

Once outside Jaime violently shook Billy's hold from her arm and marched purposefully back to his car. "You're disgusting you know? She's old enough to be your mom."

"You saw her, she doesn't look like most mom's I know." Grinned Billy once he had climbed behind the wheel. "You're jealous Mayfield. Jealous of some fucking suburban housewife. Did Harrington knock your confidence that much?"

Billy anticipated the slap before Jaime even raised her arm, so he caught it easily before it made contact with his cheek. For a moment they remained silent as Billy held Jaime's wrist tightly, and she glared at him, her chest heaving. For days the pair had been dancing around the tension, and Billy couldn't take much more teasing. Had their stupid parents not came home early he would have got some much needed relief that afternoon, but as usual he was left frustrated. Not again.

Giving Jaime's arm a sharp tug, Billy pulled the redhead so close that he could feel her warm breath fanning across his face. "Adm-" Before billy could even get a word out Jaime's lips crushing against his own silenced anything he had to say. Tangling a hand in her long hair, he tugged sharply on the silky tresses earning a feminine moan from Jaime. There was no way he was going to risk being cut short again so Billy tore at the tiny top Jaime was wearing, all but ripping it from her body and discarding it over his shoulder.

As much as Jaime hated to admit it seeing Billy flirt with Mrs Wheeler had made her insanely jealous, there wasn't a chance in hell she was going to allow both Wheeler women to get in the way of her fun. "You disgust me." Jaime hissed as she pulled Billy's shirt from his jeans and made quick work of his belt.

"You disgust me too Princess." Smirked Billy, his eyes trailing down to the bare skin that had been exposed since removing Jaime's top. It was sinful how perfect she was, beautiful and vindictive, exactly what Billy wanted in a girl. Instead of return to Jaime's wanton lips, Billy trailed a path of hot kisses over the newly exposed skin and smirked as Jaime mewled on top of him.

No longer willing to take it slow, she had been waiting some time,

Jaime snapped open the fastening of Billy's jeans and smirked up at her step brother when she felt how hard he already was.

"It's almost pathetic how badly you want me Hargrove. You're lucky my standards had dropped since moving to this shit hole." Taunted Jaime.

Billy's jaw clenched, it seemed that there was no boundries to Jaime's bitchy attitude, but he wasn't some pathetic loser like Harrington and it only spurred him on. Sliding his hands under Jaime's skirt, Billy found the side of her panties and gave the material a sharp tug splitting them down the side.

A spark of excitement ran down Jaime's spin, it had been so long since she's had such pent up frustration.

"Billy!" A female voice called from the other side of the car window, shattering the mood in the car like a sledge hammer.

Rolling down the window, without removing herself from Billy's lap, Jaime revealed Mrs Wheeler still dressed in her gown. Was the woman really that desperate?

"Mrs Wheeler," Said Billy, hiding the annoyance from his voice. "Is something wrong?"

Mrs Wheeler's eyes flicked from Billy over to Jaime, and lingered on her bra clad torso with envy. How she missed being young, and it wasn't like her husband was the most exciting man in the world. "Would you tell Mike to come home when you see him. Tell him I told you." Mrs Wheeler finally said, moving her stare away from the teenage girls half naked body. "I'd really appreciate it."

Jaime was one hundred percent certain that was not why Nancy's mom had run out to find Billy, if she had to place her money she would have guessed Mrs Wheeler wanted to be in her current position. "Will do." Without a goodbye, or allowing anytime for Billy to open his mouth, Jaime rolled the window back up shutting Mrs Wheeler out.

"Where were we?" Growled Billy, returning to his previous task of

kissing and sucking on Jaime's bare chest. But before he could get any further than her neck Jaime shoved him away roughly and removed herself from his lap, making him let out a low groan. "You're a fucking tease Mayfield."

Although she was an expert cock tease, that wasn't why Jaime had climbed off of Billy and quickly found her discarded top. Mrs Wheeler had successfully ruined the moment, and brought Jaime slamming back into reality. Billy was her step brother and if Mrs Wheeler said what she had witnessed to anyone then she and Billy were both fucked. On top of that they were supposed to be finding Max, and Jaime was beginning to worry where her little sister was. "Don't be such a fucking pussy Hargrove. Just drive."

11. Chapter 11

Chapter Eleven

"I thought we lived in a shit hole."

The camaro screeched to stop in front of Will's house, and it was possibly the most dilapidated house that Jaime had ever had the misfortune of seeing. If anything it looked like it needed tearing down and rebuilding. Suddenly the cramped house she lived in didn't look so bad. "You think she's here?" But as the question left her mouth, Jaime spotted a flash of ginger hair and Max's face pop up at one of the front windows.

"There's your answer." Billy shot back after inhaling sharply on a cigarette. As much as he wanted to kill Max for having him out all night looking for him, and ruining his date, Billy was glad that they'd found her and the search that he and Jaime had been sent on could be called off.

"No fucking way."

Jaime's voice refocused Billy's attention, and his eyes landed on the last person he'd been expecting to see that night. Climbing from the car, Billy blew out a cloud of smoke before addressing the only person who had emerged from the house. "Am I dreaming, or is that you, Harrington?"

"Yeah, it's me. Don't cream your pants."

Following Billy's lead, Jaime got out from the car and tried her best to ignore the way her stiletto's were sinking into the mud. Why the hell was Steve with her sister? How did Steve even know her sister? Moving forward Jaime stood cross armed beside her step brother, who was shrugging his leather jacket off, and stared coldly at Steve who looked utterly confused by her presence. "Surprised to see me, Steve?"

"What are you doing here, amigo?" Asked Billy as he moved closer to

Steve, who mirrored his movement until they were only a few steps apart.

"I could ask you the same thing. Amigo."

There was only one way that Jaime could see the conversation ending; since starting Hawkins High Billy had been looking for the smallest reason to flatten Steve, and it seemed that Steve was ready for the long coming show down. Blue eyes flicked over to where Jaime was stood, and she read the message loud and clear. Stay out of the way. Had Steven not stood her up Jaime might have been more inclined to defend him, but he had lost any empathy she had for him.

"Looking for my step sister. A little birdie told me she was here."

"Huh, thats weird. I don't know her."

"Small? Redhead? Bit of a bitch."

Jaime's hazel eyes snapped to Billy angrily, he knew she hated it when he called Max names and that included to Steve. "She's my sister Steve, my missing sister. Bit like you were from our date."

The ghost of a smile tugged at the corners of Billy's mouth, he had been wondering how long it would take for Jaime to bring up the date Harrington bailed on. Apparently quicker than he'd expected, not that it mattered, it was amusing to Billy however quickly it happened.

"Doesn't ring a bell. Sorry, Jaime. Wish I could be more help." Steve could only look on as the two step siblings exchanged glances skeptically and returned their attention to him. He had promised to keep all the kids safe, and he intended on doing just that whether Billy or Jaime liked it or not.

Nodding his head, Billy let out a sigh as he pulled his cigarette from his mouth. "You know, I don't know, this...this whole situation, Harrington, I don't know. It gives me the heebie-jeebies."

"Oh, yeah? Why's that?"

"My thirteen year old sister goes missing all day. And then I find her with you in a stranger's house. And you lie to me about it."

Jaime doubted that there was any sinister reason behind Max and Steve being at the same house, she had seen more kids through the window, but it still made no sense why Steve wouldn't just say that Max was there. None of it made the slightest bit of sense, and Jaime's patience was running out. "You're making this so much worse for yourself, Steve. Why do you keep fucking lying to us?"

"I don't know what you don't understand about what I just said." Said Steve, his eyes fixed on Billy. "She's not here."

With the burning end of his cigarette, Billy pointed to one of the windows. "Then who is that?"

Following where Billy was pointing Jaime saw Max and a few boys ducked down from the window as fast as they could, certifying what they had already known. Marching over to the tattered house, ignoring the hard shove that Billy gave to Steve knocking him to the ground, Jaime stepped through the front door and came face to face with her so called missing sister. "What the fuck, Max? Do you have an idea what you've done?"

Before Max could try and explain to her sister why she's had to make a quick disappearance, Billy stormed into the house and slammed the door behind him as his jaw clenched in rage, making the young redhead wish the world would open up and swallow the lot of them whole. Anything was better than Billy's wrath.

"Well, well, well. Lucas Sinclair. What a surprise." Turning his attention to Max Billy went on. "I thought I told you to stay away from him, Max."

That got Jaime's attention, since when did Billy tell Max who she could and couldn't be friends with? In that moment Jaime's annoyance switched from her sister to Billy, and she found herself stepping between the two of them. "I didn't realise you were Max's dad." Jaime shot venomously.

"You disobeyed me. And you know what happens when you disobey

me." Billy continued in a low voice, ignoring everything that Jaime had said. "I break things."

Without any warning Billy grabbed hold of Lucas by his jacket collar and shoved him backwards until his back slammed into a cabinet, making all the kids that surrounded Jaime yell out. Barging past Max and the boys, Jaime grabbed at Billy's broad shoulders desperately trying to dislodge him from the younger boy. "Billy, put him down! Max can be friends with who ever the hell she wants!" When Billy didn't let go of Lucas, Jaime shouted again. "Billy fucking let him go! He's just a kid!"

"Get off of me." Grunted Lucas. As scared as he was the thought of getting pummeled by Billy was more terrifying, so he did the only thing he could think of and swiftly kned Billy in the crotch.

With Lucas a safe distance from Billy, Jaime grabbed ahold of her step brother again knowing that the hit would only have fuelled Billy's fire. "Leave the kid alone, Billy. Please, you'll kill him."

Jaime was right, he would kill him and not one person in the whole house could stop him. Not even Jaime. "You hear that, Sinclair?" Roared Billy as he pushed Jaime aside. "You're dead."

Quicker than Jaime's brain could process the already intense situation sky rocketed into catastrophic. Out of nowhere Steve seemed to have entered the house unnoticed, and punched Billy knocking his slightly off balance. When an insane laugh rolled out of Billy Jaime's panic hit overdrive, Steve Harrington was going to die. She had seen Billy lose all sense before when they lived in California, and once he did there was nothing that could stop him. But Jaime had to try, as much as Steve had pissed her off he didn't deserve to die in some shabby house at the age of eighteen.

"Looks like you've got some fire in you after all, huh?" Shouted Billy once he had regained his footing. "I've been waiting to meet this King Steve everybody's been telling me so much about."

"Get out." Steve bit out, more than sick of Billy's attitude. He had put up with his constant goading since they first met, and Steve had officially had enough. "Go."

If ever there was a red flag to a bull it was someone telling Billy what to do. Jumping between the two boys in a last ditch attempt to put an end to the impending fight, Jaime softly rest her hands on Billy's chest trying to draw his deathly glare away from Steve. "Don't do it, Billy. You've made your point, lets just leave before someone gets really fucking hurt."

For a moment Billy just stared at his step sister silently. He could see fear plainly across her pretty face, fear of him, but even that wasn't enough to dampen the pure hatred he had for Steve. "Jaime, move out of the fucking way. Now isn't the time to act like a dumb bitch." Billy's mind drifted to earlier that night when Jaime had thrown herself in front of his dad to protect him, now it seemed that he was playing the part of his dad and Jaime was saving Steve. "Move."

Holding her position firmly Jaime refused to back down; if she stood up to Neil she could damn well stand up to Billy. "Get out of here while you can, Steve. What the fuck are you waiting for?!" Jaime said over her shoulder, praying that Steve took the escape while he could. "Fucking g-"

Before Jaime could finish her sentence she found herself being pushed aside by Billy, and landing in a crumpled heap on the floor. As she scrambled back to her feet the fight was well under way and there was no way to stop it until Billy decided it was over. Doing the only thing that would help the situation, Jaime herded Max's friends out of the way so they didn't accidently get swept into the madness.

"Jaime do something!" Max screamed in panic as she grabbed frantically at her older sister. "He's going to kill him!"

What was she supposed to do? Jump in and brawl Billy herself? As far as Jaime could see there was nothing she could do. "And do what, Max? If you hadn't run off like a fucking child this wouldn't have even happened!"

"So this is my fault?!"

It wasn't Max's fault and Jaime knew it, but she was really beginning to worry that Billy would actually kill Steve. Throwing caution to the wind, ignoring her brains loud protests, Jaime leapt on Billy's back as

he frantically punched Steve in his blood covered face in an attempt to stop his unrelenting assault. "Stop! Look at him Billy! Just fucking stop!"

But Jaime's protests fell on deaf ears, and jumping on Billy's back did nothing to physically stop him. From the glimpse she had gotten of Steve's face he couldn't take much more. The thought that Billy could indeed kill Steve made Jaime's stomach drop and a wave of nausea wash over her body; she was going to be a witness in a murder enquiry and could end up in prison because she didn't stop it. With that in mind, Jaime slide off of Billy's back and grabbed onto his bicep as tightly as she could, yanking it backwards with all her weight.

Suddenly Max appeared at her side, a determined look on her face and a needle in her hand.

"What the fuck is that?!"

Not answering her sister, Max stabbed the tranquilizer into Billy's neck and much to her relief he instantly got to his feet, leaving Steve alone. As pleased as she was that Billy had stopped hitting Steve, it was quickly over shadowed by confusion as Jaime leapt to Billy's side and helped hold him upright. "Really? Are you really taking his side after what just happened?"

"This isn't about sides Max," Jaime shot back. "What was in that? Will he be okay?"

As Jaime lay Billy down Max spotted the nail covered bat that Steve had brought with him, and lifted it above her head. Now was the only chance she'd ever get to stand up to Billy and end his tyranny for good.

"What the hell are you doing?" Screeched Jaime when she caught a glimpse of Max out of the corner of her eye. "Put that damn bat down!"

"From here on out, you leave me and my friends alone. Do you understand?"

"Screw you." Groaned Billy, much to Jaime's dismay.

Without hesitation Max brought the bat slamming down on the wooden floor so close to Billy's groin that Jaime was sure she could hear him let out a squeak of distress.

"Say you understand! Say it! Say it!"

Staring up at her younger sister, while Billy's head rest in her lap, Jaime realised that he had pushed Max too far with his constant bullying. She had been more than aware of how badly Billy treated Max, she herself hated it, but Jaime never would have guessed the extent that Billy had pushed. Max's face said it all, she had had enough. She was over being threatened, and intimidated, and even Jaime had to admit it was nothing that Billy didn't deserve.

"I understand."

"What?"

"I understand." Repeated Billy just before his eyes flickered shut as the tranquilizer worked its way through his system fully.

The buzzing intensity of the room instantly died down as Billy fell into unconsciousness, all the boys let out the breath they had subconsciously been holding in as the danger that Billy posed slipped away. The loud clunk of the bat hitting the floor pulled Jaime's attention away from Billy's peaceful face and back to the matter at hand. She was still no clearer on what the hell her sister had been up to, and why Steve had lied about her whereabouts.

"One of you is going to tell me what the fuck is going on here." Breathed Jaime, her adrenaline returning to its usual level. "I don't fucking think so!" She snapped when Max moved to swipe Billy's car keys from his jean pocket. Clutching the keys in her palm tightly, Jaime looked pointedly between all of her sister friends and carefully got to her feet after placing Billy's head softly on the floor. "One of you is going to tell me why you're here, and why you need a car."

All of the boys turned to Max in desperation, they couldn't tell her sister why they were actually there, but they needed a car and if

anyone was going to be able to talk Jaime around it would be Max.

"I'm waiting."

"Okay, I'll explain everything. But in the car, we need to get out of here now." Offered Max. "Please Jaime, it's important. Super important."

Admitting defeat Jaime let out a long sigh, pushing her long auburn hair out of her face as she did. "Fine, but I'm driving." She had no idea where it was that Max wanted her to drive to but it was safer if Jaime stayed with her. Raising her freshly manicured hand Jaime pointed at Lucas, and the boy she assumed was Nancy's brother, then clicked her fingers at Billy's lifeless body. "You two get him in the trunk."

"What?" Exclaimed Max. "You want to bring him too? That wasn't the de-"

"We're not leaving him here Max, it's non negotiable, okay?" Jaime interrupted sharply, ignoring the outraged squeak Max gave her and turning her attention to Steve's battered form. "You, what ever your name is-"

"Dustin."

"I don't care." Countered Jaime. "You and Max get Steve in the back of the car. He'll come round soon... just don't knock his head."

Much to Jaime's relief her band of thirteen year old minions set to their tasks immediately and with no further objections. When she had left with Billy earlier that night on their quest to find Max Jaime had not imagined she'd have ended up piling four thirteen year olds into Billy's camaro, with a blacked out Steve Harrington and Billy unconscious in the trunk. God she hoped a cop didn't stop them.

"Get in losers before I change my mind."

12. Chapter 12

Chapter Twelve

Jaime brought the car to screeching halt in the middle of a dark field, a field she had never been in or wanted to be in. Fields meant mud, and mud meant dirt, something that Jaime avoided at all costs.

"I still don't understand what we're doing here." She said as she watched in bewildered confusion as Max and her friends put on random items of clothing that made them look like they were going into some make believe battle. "I want a fucking straight answer!"

Having come around in the back of the car on the journey over to the field, Steve leapt to life as he too tried to get the kids under control. "Hey, there's no chance we're going in that hole, all right?"

"Hole?" As the words left Jaime's mouth her eyes landed on the hole that Steve had been referring to as it was lit up by torch light. "Oh no, there is no fucking way I'm going in that hole. Max, you hear me?! We're going home!" When Max ignored her yells, Jaime turned her attention to Steve as he seemed to be the only sane one. "What's going on here, Steve? What's in the hole?"

Letting out a long sigh Steve accepted his bat from Dustin and tried to think of the best way to answer Jaime's question without sounding completely insane. "Things happen in Hawkins, crazy things that I can't really explain. I think it's best if you stay in the car, I'll keep the kids safe."

There was no way in hell Jaime was just going to stand by and let her sister go into some mysterious hole, even if Steve promised to keep her safe. "Don't act like you know what's best for me Steve, if Max goes down that damn hole then so do I."

Steve let out a light laugh as he took in Jaime's appearance. If ever someone didn't look dressed appropriate for jumping in a dangerous hole it was Jaime. "Don't take this the wrong way, but I don't think you're prepared for what's down there."

Pulling Billy's leather jacket tighter around her body, as if to shield herself from Steve's comment, Jaime glanced down at her attire and begrudgingly had to admit that Steve was right. Her bare legs weren't a massive problem, but her white stiletto's were not meant to be worn in a mud soaked hole, and in all honesty she didn't really want to ruin her favourite shoes.

"I'm a big girl, I can handle myself."

"And if you need to run?" Asked Steve, his eyes falling to her feet.

"I can run in heels, Steve. I've been wearing them since I was fourteen." Jaime shot back before pushing past Steve to the edge of the large hole, that her sister and friends had already started to climb into via a rope. Looking properly into the hole for the first time Jaime's stomach did a small flip, it was so dark that she couldn't see the boys that had made it off the rope.

"You need to cover your mouth and nose, you don't want to breath in the shit down there."

Steve's voice pulled Jaime's attention away from the hole and back to his face, which was now covered in a red bandana like he'd walked straight out of a western. "What's down there, Steve? Really?"

For a moment Steve just stared at the redhead, entirely unsure how to answer her question. Even if he was honest would she believe him? He still barely believed it himself. "Monsters."

Jaime rolled her eyes at Steve's answer. "Very funny, I just wanted some honesty."

Marching as quickly as her shoes would allow, Jaime went back to Billy's car and threw open the passenger door to rummage through the small amount of items she kept in the car incase of an emergency. Having found the powder blue scarf that she always kept in the car, Jaime returned to Steve's side by the hole.

"You first." Said Steve, holding the rope still for Jaime to grab hold of. "Just don't look down and you'll be fine." He added when he noticed the nervous expression in Jaime's eyes. "When you get down

there, make sure those little shits wait until I'm down."

Nodding her understanding, Jaime sat down on the muddy edge of the hole and took ahold of the rope before slowly inching herself off of the ground. It didn't take long for her feet to make contact with the ground below, and instantly an all consuming feeling of dread washed over her.

The tunnels that she was looking at wasn't like anything she'd ever read about, or seen before. They were big, really big, and Jaime didn't even want to think about what sort of animal could make tunnels so large. The thud of Steve landing beside her made Jaime physically jump, and she wanted to slap herself for letting on just how terrified she truly was.

"You okay?" He asked in a muffled voice from behind his makeshift mask.

"I'm fine, let's just do whatever it is we came here to do." Jaime answered in what she hoped was a strong voice as she followed Steve to the front of their little pack.

"I'm one hundred percent sure. Just follow me and you'll know." Nancy's brother snapped at his friends, but before he could take more than two steps Steve stopped him.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hey, hey, hey, hey. I don't think so."

"What?"

Coming to a stop opposite Mike, Steve halted the group from moving any further into the tunnels. He had promised Nancy he would keep all of them safe, and he intended to keep his promise. "Any of you little shits die down here, I'm getting the blame. Got it, dipshit? From here on out, I'm leading the way. Come on, let's go."

For the first time Jaime felt like she was seeing the real Steve, the one that Carol had told her about, and she couldn't help but smile as he bossed his little minions about. Falling into a quick stride beside Steve as he led them off at a brisk pace, Jaime's brain finally filtered through what Steve had actually said. "Hey, what do you mean die?"

Grabbing hold of Jaime's arm to help her keep up, Steve stuttered out a feeble answer. "Figure, it's a figure of speech."

How stupid did he really think she was? It was becoming tiresome how no one wanted to bring Jaime up to speed on the situation, it seemed only fair that she was prepared for what ever awaited them in the smelly, darkness. "I am not dying in this fucking hole, Steve Harrington." Grumbled Jaime, stepping over the vines that covered the tunnel carefully. "I am going to die when I'm old, and after my rich husband."

"I see you've got it all figured out." Steve laughed.

"I have." Jaime smirked from behind her scarf. "I'm quite the catch if you hadn't noticed. Well, I guess not to you."

Steve knew what Jaime was referring to, and he felt awful for standing her up, but he couldn't not help Dustin with his cat killer situation and he couldn't exactly explain the whole dilemma to Jaime. "I didn't mean to stand you up. I had to help Dustin with a really serious problem, and I didn't have time to call. I'm sorry, it was a dick move."

The sincere way that Steve spoke gave Jaime no reason to question whether he was in fact telling the truth, and if anything it made her feel a little bad for dragging him into hers and Billy's bet. Shaking the foreign feeling away, Jaime quickly shut the topic down. "No big deal, there's plenty of boys out there dying to have a date with me. And it's clear that you aren't over Nancy, although I'd be happy to help you make her insanely jealous."

Again Steve laughed. "Not necessary."

Silence fell over the two teens, both lost in their own thoughts. Finally Steve broke the silence, even though he was certain he'd regret what he was about to say. "You're not the bitch you want everyone to think you are. I don't know if Billy brings out the worst in you, or if that's just how people act in California, but it's not you. No matter how much you act like it. I saw the real you tonight, the one who stood up to Billy, and put herself at risk to help me. That's the real Jaime Mayfield."

A/N/ Sorry for the delay on this chapter my daughter had surgery and I don't have much free time because of it. I know the chapter is short but I really wanted to get something up. So I hope you all enjoy it :)

sandradee27: I hope you enjoyed this one even though not much happened

KlarolineCinderella: Ask and you shall receive! :D Let me know what you thought of the Jaime/Steve interaction!

January Raines: I know there wasn't much reaction to the upside down from Jaime, as I didn't get far into the tunnels but that will be coming next chapter I promise :)

Nirvana14: I'm glad you liked the last chapter, and Jaime being bossy lol :)

BlueEyedBeauty: I'm touched that you think so highly of my story and I hope that enjoy the rest of it I've yet to write :)

AJSM: I updated later than I told you, I'm sorry! I did fully intend to have something up yesterday. I'm glad you're enjoying this story so much :)

DontLookAtMeItWasHim: You're review gave me life! Really, really gave me life! I can't stand when OC are this perfect person because real life just isn't like that and I like to try and make any character I've created life like and believable. I also thought that she show was missing a mean girl, and it's so fun to write! Personally I don't like Nancy's character so Jaime will never be morphing into her either lol!

Guest: Thanks so much for the high praise, it means so much that you think my story is that good. I hope this update doesn't change your mind lol

13. Chapter 13

Chapter Thirteen

"How much further are we going to walk for?" Asked Jaime for what felt like the tenth time. They had been walking further and further into the spore filled tunnels, which in her opinion all looked exactly the same, and had yet to find whatever it was the others were keeping from her.

"It shouldn't be much further." Answered Steve after looking at the so called map in his hands. He wasn't even a hundred percent certain they were going in the right direction.

Steve's answer did little to satisfy Jaime, there was still too many unanswered questions that were firing through her head at a million miles an hour. Like why were there large tunnels under Hawkins? And what were they hoping to find in the creepy, dirty tunnels? But no one wanted to give her an answer and she had grown sick of asking.

"What if Billy wakes up? You don't know how long that's going to keep him down for, and I don't think any of you morons is ready for when he does wake up." The rest of their little group seemed to have entirely forgotten about an unconscious Billy in the trunk of his own car, but Jaime's thoughts kept drifting back to her step brother. Even if Max had threatened him into leaving her and the other kids alone the same couldn't be said for her and Steve. When Billy did finally come round he was going to be pissed, not only at Steve but her too, and Jaime needed to come up with a viable reason why she had had him shoved into his cars trunk.

"Steve, are you hearing anything I'm fucking saying? Billy will kill us wh-"

Jaime was cut short as her body bumped into Steve's back, who had stopped suddenly.

"Think we found your hub."

Having no clue what Steve meant, Jaime moved to stand by his side to get a good look at her surroundings. Instead of a tunnel they were now stood in a opening with various tunnels leading off of it. There really was nothing there, nothing that Jaime could see anyway, it looked exactly like the maze of tunnels and wasn't what she had been expecting to be led to. "Now what?"

"Drench it." Mike instructed simply.

Around Jaime everyone leapt into action and began soaking the space in gasoline as though it was the most normal thing to be doing. None of it made any sense. Starting a fire while they were all in the tunnels made no sense to Jaime, in fact she saw no sense in burning the maze as it was. There was nothing down there, as they had walked what felt like miles she hadn't seen a single thing down there, not even an animal. Which led Jaime to question again what had made the caverns.

"Steve," She began, her stomach churning with unease. "Why are you burning this place? What even is this place?"

As bad as Steve felt for keeping Jaime in the dark about what was truly going on it was the safest option, the less people that knew the better. The last thing he wanted was to put Jaime's life in danger, he's had little choice when it came to her actually venturing into the tunnels, but he could still keep her safe by not knowing the truth. "We'll be back on the surface once we set this alight, let you can forget this ever happened."

That wasn't the answer Jaime had been looking for. How could she possibly forget going down into some dank crevice with Steve, her sister and some random kids? It wasn't like they had gone to the mall while they were supposed to be babysitting, everything about what they were doing wasn't normal.

"Everyone step back."

With the kids safely out of the way, Steve accepted the lighter that Jaime was holding out for him and watched as a flame danced out of it. With the flick of his wrist the lighter flew from his hand and the vast amount of gasoline that had been sprayed and poured caught

alight instantly. The hot glow of fire lit the cavern up, but after a moment the vines that covered the space began swinging around wildly and making pained noises. Turning his head Steve took in Jaime's confused face and squeezed her hand reassuringly. "I told you you'd want to forget all about it."

God yes she wanted to forget it, but Jaime doubted that she would any time soon. "Are we done here? I meant it when I said I wasn't dying in this tunnel."

The second Steve nodded his head yes, Jaime set off back in the direction the group had come from so fast she worried her favourite heels would snap on the uneven surface of the tunnels.

"Jaime! Slow down!" Yelled Steve as he hurried the kids along to catch up with Jaime. If she took a wrong turn then Steve was certain they'd take hours trying to find her, and with the creatures they had just drawn in that wouldn't be a good idea. "Jaime! Stop!"

Much to Steve's relief the redhead stopped dead in her tracks, giving he and the rest of the group time to catch up with the eldest Mayfield, but when they reached her side the look of sheer terror on her face drew Steve's attention to what Jaime was staring at.

"*What the fuck is that?*" Squeaked Jaime, barely loud enough for anyone to hear. The creature that was stood only a few feet from her looked nothing like any animal Jaime had ever seen, she wasn't even sure that it was an animal, but whatever it was instinct told her that it was dangerous and had rooted her to the spot.

"Take my hand. Slowly."

Without moving her head Jaime looked down to see Steve's hand creeping out towards her, and she began inching her own at his wanting the safety of his hold more than anything. After what felt like hours Jaime's finger tips felt the warm touch of Steve's skin and immediately she grasped hold of his hand. "I don't want to die, Steve."

A/N/ Sorry on the delay of updating, life got super busy and

crazy. I know this chapter is soooo short, but I'm hoping to update on Thursday or Friday and I just wanted to get something up. Billy will be making his comeback in the next update!

14. Chapter 14

Chapter Fourteen

Jaime could only stare with wide eyes as the boy called Dustin moved towards the creature like it was his pet dog that had gotten loose from his yard. The last thing Jaime would have done was to go anywhere near the deranged looking creature, and as she looked at the faces of the others she realised she wasn't the only one completely bewildered by Dustin's actions.

"If that thing rips his arm off I'm not waiting around to save him." Hissed Jaime as she shifted slightly behind Steve, using his body as a barrier between her and the creature.

"We wouldn't expect you to." Whispered Max, her tone sharp even behind the items masking her face.

"What's that supposed to mean?" The only reason Jaime had gone down in the damn tunnels was because Max had been so determined to, so Jaime didn't appreciate the tone Max was using. "I came down here to fucking help you, Max. I could have easily sat in the car while some disgusting animal chewed on your ungrateful ass."

Max let out a bitter laugh. "Because you've been so much help. All you've done is complain, and be annoying."

"Hey guys, save your sisterly argument for when we're back on the surface. Go." Steve interrupted, giving both the Mayfield girls a gentle shove past the distracted creature.

Finally it seemed that Jaime wasn't the only one who was desperate to get back onto ground level because it was no longer just her tearing down the tunnel as fast as she could, all of them were. In the distance she could just about make out the rope that hang down from the hole they had entered through, making Jaime's heart flutter with relief. Soon the whole nightmarish experience would be over and she could go back to the comfort of her room where the biggest problem she had was Billy.

There was no time to pause and catch their breath, Steve was already hoisting Max up towards the hole as Jaime instructed and only moments later Lucas was following her. As terrified as she was Jaime couldn't leave the kids in the tunnel while she sat safely on the surface, and Max may have been right about her being useless in their current predicament but Jaime couldn't have kids dying on her watch.

"Jaime you next." Said Steve when Mike had finished dragging himself out of the hole and into the mud above.

Yanking down her scarf sick of having it against her mouth and nose, Jaime shook her head no and shoved Dustin at Steve's outstretched arms. "Get him up first."

Not giving Jaime any further choice to argue with him, Steve grabbed hold of her waist and lifted her as she shouted in protest. "We need you up there for when Billy wakes up! Stop being a drama queen and get up there!"

No one told Jaime Mayfield what to do and Steve was no exception, but before she could make it too uncomfortable for Steve to lift her any higher and just shove Dustin up the hole instead, loud growling carried down the tunnel and it didn't sound far off. Jaime wasn't sure whether it was shock or fear but Steve dropped her back onto the ground instantly, his hands still gripping her waist tightly.

The shouting from Max, Mike and Lucas became nothing more than static as Jaime watched shadows dance across the walls of the tunnel, shadows like the creature they had just passed. Except the thunderous sound that was growing closer every second told Jaime that this time there was definately more than just one. She was going to die. She was going to die in the dirty, creepy tunnel she had been so adement wouldn't be her grave.

Time froze as the army of creatures tore down the tunnel heading directly towards where Jaime, Steve and Dustin were huddled together. The distance between them and the monsters decreased rapidly, all three rigid with terror, yet as the first creature was close enough to touch them it carried on down the tunnel followed closely by the rest as though Steve, Jaime and Dustin weren't even there.

"I fucking hate this town."

After everything that had happened that night Jaime and Max sat in silence in Billy's car as they drove home. Before leaving Steve and the boys Jaime had instructed them to move Billy from the trunk and into the back seat ready for when he finally came round.

Flitting her hazel eyes up to the mirror, Jaime glanced at Billy who was still peacefully unconscious on the back seat. It was the most peaceful Jaime had ever seen him, but that would all come to an abrupt end when he woke up and wanted to finish what had been started with Steve and get revenge on Max. How would Jaime pick sides now? It had been so simple when they had first found Steve with Max in the rundown shit shack, but the tunnels had changed everything. Steve had kept her safe, he had been kind and Jaime wasn't sure how she could side with Billy and not Steve if it came down to it.

"What's going on between you and Billy?"

Immediately Jaime pulled her eyes off of Billy's reflection and fixed them to the dark road ahead of them. "What do you mean?" It was all that Jaime could muster, her brain was still reeling from the events of the night and it was nearly impossible for her to think of a smart retort.

Max regretted nothing that she had done in regards to Billy that night, he had had it coming for a long time and finally she felt like she had regained some power of her own being. Yet Max had seen the way her sister looked at Billy when she had drove the needle into his neck, she had seen the concern and fear that she had really hurt him, and Max knew instinctively that something was going on between them. "He likes you." She said simply. "I see the way he looks at you, Mom and Neil noticed too. Do you like him?"

Now there was a complicated question. Billy was everything Jaime liked in a boy, he was cocky, handsome and he didn't give a fuck, but did she like him? When they had moved to Hawkins Jaime had just been bored and needed something to pass the time, and Billy had done the job expertly, yet she had defended him against Neil and made sure that he was looked after once Max had drugged him. If she

was being honest with herself Jaime wasn't entirely sure how she felt about Billy, all she knew was it was fun to play with him.

"He's Billy," Jaime finally said. "I knew him before Mom and Neil got married. I know how to handle him better than you, that's all."

"You manipulate him. You manipulate everyone."

Max's words stung more than Jaime cared to admit, and it was because they were true. She did manipulate people, Billy included, and Jaime did it expertly without most people even realising she was. It was something that brought her immense pride and joy, up until that moment atleast. "What do you care? You hate Billy."

Max shrugged her shoulders. "I don't, but don't you think what you do to him is cruel?"

Jaime couldn't believe what she was hearing. Only a few hours earlier Max was wielding a baseball bat and threatening Billy, now she was jumping to his defence because apparently Jaime was the bad guy. "Let me get this straight, you think I'm being too cruel to Billy when all he does is treat you like shit? I stand up for you, Max. I remind him that Billy Hargrove isn't God, but what? That isn't enough for you? It isn't enough that I came down in that fucking tunnel to make sure you were safe? It isn't enough that I made sure you were the first one out of there? Fuck you, Max."

"You only did all that for yourself! You couldn't go home without me, so you stuck around because you had to! You're selfish, Jaime. I heard you and Billy talking about Steve, I know you were messing with him as part of some sick game. Steve is a nice guy, Jaime. But you wouldn't care about that, as long as you get whatever it is you want."

"You think I could have sat in this car not knowing if my little sister was alive or dead? You know what? Forget it. Doesn't matter anyway."

A low groan from the back of the car drew the two Mayfield's attention away from each other, and to Billy who was slowly dipping in and out of consciousness.

Pulling the car to a stop a few blocks from their home, Jaime shut off the ignition and lit herself one of Billy's cigarettes as she tried to ignore the confused expression on Max's face. "Neil and Mom will be waiting for all of us." She explained without looking at her sister. "We need him awake."

"What the fuck happened?" A groggy Billy asked, his voice thick from where the sedative was still wearing off. Through clouded vision he could still just about make out two streaks of red, instantly he knew it was Jaime and Max. "Where's my jacket?"

Jaime could stop the scoff that slipped from her lips. Was that seriously Billy's first thought? "I'm wearing it, I got cold. Wake your ass up Hargrove, I want to go home."

"Still a bitch then, Mayfield?"

A smile curved across Jaime's pink lips. It was comforting that they had instantly fallen back into their usual default, perhaps it meant that no one was going to suffer Billy's wrath. "Don't be bitter because a thirteen year old girl beat you in a fight, Hargrove. Don't worry your secret is safe with us."

Managing to get himself upright, Billy scowled at Jaime through the mirror and snatched the cigarette from her as she had done him so many times. Inhaling the smoke sharply he tried to piece what little he could remember together. A fight with Harrington. Nancy's mom. Jaime topless in his car. Max stabbing him with a goddamn syringe. Then nothing. How long had he been out? What had happened while he was unconscious? Billy wanted the answer to both questions, and a few more, but he would wait until he had Jaime on her own. Max had successfully changed the dynamic and Billy wasn't sure how to approach the situation yet. That being said he wasn't about to bow down and be the little shit's bitch.

"Get in the back, Max. Jaime move your fat ass, I'm driving."

"Like hell you are!" Laughed Jaime. She had survived everything the night had thrown at her and she'd be damned if she was going to get killed at the last minute in Billy's car because he thought he was fit to drive. "I'll get us home. I'm a perfectly competent driver, Billy. Stay

where you are, you need to wake up properly. Your dad will be up when we get home."

Max saw the two teens exchange heavy looks in the mirror just before Jaime fire up the loud engine of the Camero. Immediatey she recognised it, all three of them had shared similar exchanges in the past when Neil had lost his temper with his son. Obviously she had missed a fight at home when she had sneaked out, the realisation made Max's stomach churn with guilt that it had been her doing.

"Max can tell them both how she snuck out like the little shit she is. I'd miss out the part where you ran off with an older boy though, Max."

A/N/ As promised my update is for once on time! Honestly I'm still in shock lol!

Billy is back as promised also. I know it's only brief but I wanted to focus on Max and Jaime's relationship, and how it would have changed after everything that happened.

I hope you all enjoyed this one and that it was a little bit more interesting than the last one :)

15. Chapter 15

Chapter Fifteen

The Hargrove-Mayfield house was silent. Everyone had gone straight to bed after Max, Billy and Jaime had returned home, all three of them leaving out the majority of what had happened that night.

Jaime lay in her bed staring at the ceiling above her, unable to sleep due to her brain replaying the events of the night over and over again like some cruel cinema. What the hell had actually gone on in the tunnels? What the hell had the terrifying creature been? After getting back on ground level Jaime hadn't waited around long enough to listen to whatever bullshit reason Steve and his posse of kids cooked up. All she'd wanted to do was get back to the safety of her home, and more importantly shower away the dirt and memories of the evening. The only problem was that the shower had done little to make Jaime forget what had happened, and in the solitude of her dark bedroom all she could do was think about the faceless monster she had all but ran into.

Swinging her legs out of her warm bed, Jaime padded across her room and gingerly opened her bedroom door to listen for any sound that would indicate her Mom and Neil were awake. The only noise Jaime could hear was the distant ticking of a clock so she took that as the green light to leave her bedroom and head down the short corridor to the last bedroom that led off of it.

Pausing for a moment, her hand hovering over the door handle, Jaime wondered whether what she was doing was actually a good idea. Billy was still pissed at her and Max, although Jaime had no idea why it was her fault that her sister had drugged him, but she was never going to get any sleep alone in her room and god did she need to sleep. Decision made, Jaime took hold of the handle and clicked the door open revealing the darkened space of Billy's room. The warm glow of a burning cigarette in an ashtray was the only light in the room, obviously Billy had only just gotten to sleep himself.

Taking the few steps needed to reach Billy's bed, Jaime peeled back a corner of his comforter and crawled under the warm material trying her best not to wake Billy. Wiggling into a comfy position Jaime snuggled closer to Billy's sleeping body, enjoying the instant calm having another person beside her brought. Going into Billy's room was a risky move though, if her Mom or Neil caught her in there world war three would break out and it would be Billy who would take the brunt of it. So Jaime made a mental note to make sure she woke up the second light began to filter through the blinds and go straight back to her own bedroom. Allowing her eyes to flutter shut and for sleep to finally take over her body Jaime all but leapt through the ceiling when Billy's deep voice sounded from next to her.

"What the fuck are you doing, Mayfield?"

Unable to tell Billy why she couldn't be alone in her room, Jaime gave the only reason her tired brain could think of. "I couldn't sleep, and usually you're still awake. I was bored."

"Bored?" It was a flat out lie Billy was sure of it. Billy knew bored Jaime well, and had that been what had driven her to sneak into his room she would have climbed ontop of him and made herself impossible to ignore. This was not bored Jaime, this was something else. "What happened tonight?"

Not Max or Jaime had given Billy a straight answer about what had really gone down while he had been unconscious. Both had offered him a pitiful story of how they had gotten Steve back home and then drove around until Billy had woken up. The gas level in his car indicated otherwise. Had they driven around all night then the meter would be significantly lower than it was, and there was no way Jaime would spend the money her Mom gave her on gas, so it begged the question why was she lying to him?

"You could have killed Steve, you know that right?" There was no use in Jaime trying to offer out another lie for Billy to clearly not believe so shifting the conversation was the smartest thing to do. "Took him a while to come round."

Billy regretted nothing. Steve had had it coming as far as he was concerned, if anything he was more pissed at Jaime for getting in the

way than anything. "And when he did come round I'm guessing you played nurse Jaime?"

Rolling onto her side so that she was facing Billy, Jaime smirked into the darkness not bothering to hide the amusement from her voice. "Jealous Hargrove? Worried me and Steve will be having that date after all?"

In the darkness of his room Billy could barely see Jaime's face but he could just make out the smug smirk that was curved across her pretty features. Maybe for a split second he had worried that Jaime would feel sorry for Harrington and offer him a second date, that wasn't possible though. Billy knew Jaime, and he knew that Harrington would never be enough for her. She needed someone who pushed her buttons and challenged her self serving attitude.

"If I remember rightly it was you that was getting jealous. I think Nancy's hot Mom would agree with me."

Jaime's face scrunched in displeasure at the mention of Nancy's desperate mother. "She was pathetic, and so were you." She scoffed spitfully.

It was Billy's turn to smirk as his mind went over the incident that Nancy's mom had interrupted in his car. Jaime could call him all the names she wanted but he knew the truth, she wanted him just as badly as he wanted her. "Not pathetic enough for you to not be all over me like a bitch in heat though. Tell me Jaime, if she hadn't come along would you have stopped?"

God no she wouldn't have stopped Billy, Jaime was more than up for a fuck in Billy's car, but part of her was glad that it had gone no further. Things would have become a lot more complicated if she had actually slept with Billy, and the enjoyment she got from stringing him along brought her too much joy to let it go for a fumble in a dark car. "You seem to forget Hargrove you're nothing to me. Nothing but a toy to pass the time with. I would never fuck you. Ever."

Billy's face hardened with rage, he wanted nothing more than to slap Jaime's pretty face as hard as he could. The girl was a migraine. One minute she was hot, then she was cold. And if Billy was honest with

himself he was getting sick of her superior attitude. "Get the fuck out of here, Mayfield."

Jaime had known Billy would ask her to leave before the words had even left her lips. Throwing back the comforter, trying her best not to think about the dark isolation that awaited her in her own bedroom, Jaime got up from Billy's bed and moved slowly towards the door. "You disappoint me Hargrove. I didn't realise Hawkins had turned you into such a pussy."

Not waiting for Billy's reply, Jaime padded back down the silent corridor but instead of turning into her own room she quietly opened Max's. Just like Billy's it was quilted in darkness but Jaime could just about make out the outline of Max's small bed.

Max had been nothing short of a bitch to her since going down into the underground tunnels, but they were in it together whether the younger redhead liked it or not. They had both seen the horrors that existed and now they could both move past it together.

Carefull not to wake her sister, Jaime slipped into the warmth of Max's bed and spooned into her back, wrapping an arm around her protectively. As Jaime's eyes fluttered shut and sleep finally took over her exhausted body images of the terrifying creature played through her mind, haunting her dreams.

A/N/ Sorry for the wait on this update. It was half term in the UK and my daughter had an ear infection.

Anyway I hope it was worth the wait, and I'm sorry its kind of short. Let me knw what you thought :)

16. Chapter 16

Chapter Sixteen

When Jaime woke she was alone in Max's bed. Bright sun light was creeping through the curtains and creating patterns on the carpeted floor, obviously it was late morning maybe even past noon. Jaime hadn't planned on sleeping so late, in fact she was surprised she'd even been able to sleep at all, the night before had been so out of the ordinary and frankly the most terrifying experience Jaime had ever had.

A sickly flip to her stomach had Jaime dashing from Max's bedroom straight for the bathroom. Dropping to her knee's infront of the toilet bowl, Jaime dry heaved for what felt like a life time but her empty stomach had nothing to bring up despite her violent retching. How would she ever forget the faceless creature and continue with her normal life? Jaime's whole world had been turned upside down because of the damn tunnels, and she was afraid that she would never be able to move on from it.

"You knocked up, Mayfield?" Sneered Billy from the bathroom door. Bruises from his fight with his Dad and Steve had began peppered the skin of his face leaving him with a sour mood. "At least I know it's not mine."

Letting out a low groan, Jaime got to her feet before flushing the empty toilet. She didn't need Billy and his attitude to make her already shit morning any worse, so without bothering to answer her step brother Jaime shoved past his solid body and went through to the living room where she hoped her Mom or Neil would be. If anything would keep Billy at bay it was their parents.

From her seat on the couch Susan pricked up to attention when her eldest daughter entered the room. "Hey, honey. Are you okay? You look a little pale."

When all three of the kids had returned home in the early hours of the morning Susan had immediately picked up on an under lying

issue between them all. None of them had mentioned anything but Susan knew her daughters, more so Jaime than Max. Jaime was so much like she had been as a teenager, where as Max held none of the interests that Susan had once had, so approaching her youngest about what was going on would be useless. If she thought about it though Susan barely recognised Jaime; physically she hadn't changed at all but since the move even Susan had noticed how calloused and cold she had become. Perhaps she had always been that way and she was only now seeing it, but whatever it was Susan didn't like it.

"Why don't I make you pancakes? You always loved my pancakes." Susan offered with a hopeful smile. "We can catch up on school and things. I feel like we haven't spoken properly in a while."

Something inside of Jaime snapped at her mothers words, the glass of water she'd been intending on getting forgotten. Ever since she had been forced to pack up her belongings and leave her home Jaime had been keeping her feelings bottled up from her mom and she was sick of it. Sick of pretending. Sick of bowing down to Neil's wild mood swings. Turning hotly on her mom, eyes burning with anger, Jaime let loose all the things she had been dying to say since leaving California.

"We haven't spoken properly in a long time, Mom." Jaime began in a spiteful tone. "You dragged me and Max away from our home. Away from our Dad. And why? So you could play happy family's with a man who beats his own son for fuck sake. You stand there and you let it happen, you say nothing Mom. You're a coward. You'd rather keep Neil happy than keep any of us safe from him. So please, don't sit there and act like you give a shit because I'm not buying it."

For the first time in a while Jaime felt the weight that she carried around on her shoulders ease. It was long over due that her mom heard some harsh home truths, and has she known how good it would make her feel Jaime would have done it ages ago. "You know, Mom." Jaime continued as she halted her departure from the living room, not quite done with her tirade. "Billy is an asshole, we all now that, but he's ten times the man Neil is."

Having been stunned into silence at the cruel things Jaime was throwing her way, Susan finally perked up at hearing Billy's name.

She was almost certain that was what it all came down to, she wasn't blind and it was obvious that the two teenagers had become close since the move but it must have been worse than she first suspected. "I see how he looks at you, Jaime." Susan all but shrieked. "That boy is troubled, and he's putting things in your head-"

"No one has put anything in my fucking head, Mom! I have eyes! I see exactly what you see when Neil beats the shit out of Billy, except I don't think it's okay!"

Flying off of the couch after her daughters retreating back, Susan followed her down the hall to her bedroom and grabbed hold of Jaime's arm spinning her to face her. "You can't speak to me like this, Jaime. I won't allow it!"

"You've allowed worse." Hissed Jaime, yanking her arm free from her mom's weak hold. Pandora's box had been opened and there was no going back from it; her mom now knew exactly what she thought about her and Neil, and Jaime wasn't the slightest bit sorry. "I feel sorry for you, Mom. I would never let a man control me like you do."

The slap caught Jaime off guard, never in a million years would she have expected her mom to hit her, so Susan's palm made contact with her cheek leaving a stinging hand print in its wake.

From his bedroom Billy had been listening to the argument between Jaime and Susan with great interest. It was the first fight in the house that hadn't involved him, and he had been stunned when Jaime had leapt to his defense. When the two had moved from the living room to Jaime's bedroom, Billy had crept out into the hallway to eaves drop, and that was when he'd heard the almighty crack of a slap. Unsure of who had hit who, Billy shoved open the door and took in the scene before him.

Jaime was clutching her cheek tightly, her hazel eyes ablaze with a hatred Billy had never seen in her before. "Everything okay in here?" Asked Billy even though it was abundantly clear everything was no okay, but he didn't want them knowing he had been listening to their entire argument.

"Everything is fine, Billy. Just got back to your room."

Jaime scoffed at the diplomatic answer her mom offered out. She could deal with her mom slapping her, she could deal with screaming in each others faces, but she couldn't handle the bullshit that had become their home life.

Plastering a false smile across her reddened face, Jaime flicked her long auburn hair from her face and spoke directly to Billy. "Lets get out of here." Ignoring her mom's protests, Jaime snatched up the lilac sweater dress she had thrown on the chair a few days earlier, then grabbed hold of Billy's hand and yanked him through the small house as they were followed by Susan's screeching.

"Where are you going? Jaime! You can't just walk out, we need to talk. Jaime!"

Jaime was beyond listening. Nothing her mom said was going to be remotely what she wanted to hear. Susan would simply defend Neil as she always did, sweeping the abuse of his son safely under the carpet as she always did.

Leading Billy outside to his Camaro, Jaime through her dress into the car before climbing into the passenger seat and closing the door with a slam.

"Jaime, please." Begged Susan, tears welling in her eyes. "Please come inside and talk to me."

Maybe her mom's tears would have worked before, but not this time. Jaime was done. Officially done with the shit that came with her mom's marriage to Neil, and as far as she was concerned that meant there was nothing more to discuss. "Don't wait up for us, Mom."

A/N/ Sorry this chapter is so short, but I wanted to explore the relationship with Susan a bit as that wasn't really done on the show. I hope it's not too boring. Another update will be up Thurs/Fri :)

17. Chapter 17

Chapter Seventeen

The Camaro tore around the lazy streets of Hawkins, wheels squealing loudly as it took corners with a sharp turn. When Billy and Jaime had left her mom she had given him no indication about where she actually wanted to go, so Billy had just kept speeding around the neighbourhood waiting for Jaime to come up with a plan.

Casting a glance at the mirror, Billy briefly watched Jaime in the back of the car. She was currently changing out of her pyjama's and into the dress that she had quickly grabbed back at the house. The red mark on her face from Susan's slap had died down, leaving only a soft pink mark on her cheek, but Jaime's brows were still knitted together from anger and she was all but scowling at the clothes she had taken off. Much like his step-sister Billy too couldn't stop reliving the argument that had exploded; Jaime had stood up for him, and no one stood up for Billy. It was no secret that she hated his dad almost as much as he did but Billy hadn't imagined for one second that Jaime would jump to his defence the way she had.

"Here." Billy said breaking the silence that had fallen over the car since pulling out of the driveway. With his right hand Billy offered out a cigarette to Jaime, who took it from him once she had clambered into the passenger seat. "What are we doing, Mayfield? Not like I want to be at home, but I'm wasting gas here and I know you're not going to front the cash."

Jaime had had no real plan when she had dragged Billy from the house, all she'd known was she couldn't be within a few feet of her idiotic mom for a moment longer. "Carol and Tommy will be getting drunk at Lovers Lake, might as well join them."

Free booze was always good in Billy's books, but there was an underlying gnawing that wouldn't ease up. If he and Jaime hung with Tommy and Carol at Lovers Lake without dates of their own it was going to get weird real fast, and as much as Billy enjoyed teasing Jaime about what had happened between them there was no way

that Tommy or Carol could find out. His dad would kill him plain and simple if he knew that he'd dared to touch the red haired princess.

"You want to go to Lovers Lake with me, Mayfield?" Taunted Billy with a smirk. "You that desperate to finish what started last night?"

With a scowl, Jaime flipped Billy off in answer. To her great displeasure Jaime wanted nothing more than to continue what had happened before Nancy's mom had interrupted, but she would rather die than admit that Billy, lord knew he didn't need his ego inflated.

"Do you have a better idea, Hargrove? Want to go attack more kids like you did last night?" Jaime shot back spitefully before drawing deeply on the end of cigarette. "Or maybe I should see if Steve wants to take me to Lovers Lake instead?"

The mere mention of Harrington's name had jealousy bubbling in Billy's chest. Jaime had leapt to his defense the night before, and it bothered Billy more than he cared to admit. Harrington was a nobody as far as he was concerned, he wasn't worth shit, but for some reason Billy couldn't stop the burning need to prove he was better. Back in California he had very much been the alpha of his friends, and that was the way he liked it, something about Harrington had him question his ranking at Hawkins High. "Fuck you, bitch. We both know Harrington doesn't want a slut like you."

A sly grin curved Jaime's lips as she turned to look directly at her step-brother. It was almost too easy to get the upper hand. "But you do, don't you Hargrove? You're pathetic jealousy over Steve is proof enough." Letting out a cruel laugh to run her point home, Jaime flicked the end of her cigarette out of the window. "Jesus, Billy you truly are pathetic."

Something inside of Billy snapped. The constant baiting from Jaime on top of everything his dad did and said had reached boiling point. If Jaime thought he was so pathetic, he's show her just how pathetic she was in comparison.

Slamming his foot on the accelerator as hard as he could, Billy watching the speed gauge with a wild grin as the needle crept higher and higher. The end of the street was fast approaching and required him to turn left, and if not they would crash into one of the suburban

houses.

"Billy, slow down." Sighed Jaime, unfazed by Billy's erratic driving. But as she looked over to Billy, Jaime saw something in his eyes that scared her. He wasn't playing. "Fucking slow down!"

Still Billy kept his foot firmly on the gas and ignored Jaime.

"Fucking slow down! You're going to kill us!" Jaime screamed as she grabbed onto Billy's arm and shook it violently. Things were bad at home, but she never would have guessed that Billy was happy to die. "I don't want to die, Billy! Please! Don't fucking do it! Don't!"

Quicker than Jaime could have prepared for the brakes were slammed on with a high pitched screech. The Camaro dragged to a reluctant stop inches from the car that was parked in the drive of the house they so easily could have crashed into.

The quiet that had fallen over the two teens was broken when Billy began to laugh, his hands still gripping the steering wheel tightly. Still laughing he turned to look at Jaime, who's face was white with fear, but after a few seconds she began to laugh too even though she was still visibly shaking. Laughing manically, no make up, hair unbrushed and a mess from his sudden braking, was the most beautiful Billy had ever seen Jaime. She wasn't as perfect as she liked everyone to believe, that was what Billy liked about her so much, she was just as messed up as he was.

Without a word the two lunged at each other, lips crashing desperately as hands clawed at bare skin. Adrenaline pulsed through Jaime's body as Billy's lips worked ferociously on her own, and his hands tangled in her long hair. A sharp nip to her lower lip had Jaime gasping and allowed for Billy to snake his tongue into her mouth. Everything about the kiss was what Jaime needed, she needed to feel alive after what had happened down in the tunnels, she needed to feel desired after the knock Steve had given her, but most of all she needed to forget about what waited for them at home. And by the way Billy was kissing her Jaime was certain it was exactly what he needed too.

Dragging himself away from Jaime's intoxicating lips, Billy rest his

forehead on hers as he caught his breath. It was the closest he'd been when only looking at Jaime, and from his position he could see the faint dusting of freckles on her nose, and the flecks of vibrant green in her hazel eyes. Fuck he hated their parents. "Still want to drink Tommy's beer?"

"Free beer's the best kind." Panted Jaime, before she took Billy's bottom lip in her mouth and dragged it through her teeth with a smirk. "Maybe today's your lucky day, Hargrove."

It was Billy's turn to smirk. There was no way he would be ending the day without getting exactly what he wanted, he'd make damn sure that Jaime was begging for it. "If you're lucky I won't make you beg too much, Mayfield."

A/N/ Another update! Woo! It's not as long as I would have liked but I did the best I could with the spare time I have. I hope everyone liked it though :)

Nirvana14: So happy you didn't think it was boring and that you were glad she called Susan out. I thought it was seriously needed. I hope you liked this chapter too :)

AJSM: Thanks so much for the feedback, I'm super pleased you like it so much :)

Hal: I will keep writing I swear :D I'm so glad you enjoyed the confrontation between Jaime and her mom

18. Chapter 18

Chapter Eighteen

It wasn't the first time Billy had been to Lovers Lake, not by a long shot, if he remembered rightly he had been there a total of six times with six different girls but this time was different. This time he was at Lovers Lake with Jaime, the girl he shouldn't want but so desperately did. Instead of fumbling in the back of his car with any pretty girl that caught his attention at school, Billy had no choice but just to carefully watch his step sister from a distance and merely dream that he could actually touch her. And in the soft glow of fire it was extremely difficult.

The four of teens had been by the lake all afternoon and when the sun had begun to get lower in the sky Tommy and Billy had decided that making a small fire was a good idea for not only warmth but light too, it saved using their cars head lights and draining the batteries. The fire was working wonders at keeping the cold winter chill off, along with the large amount of alcohol each of them had consumed, and both Billy and Jaime were almost able to forget the hell they had to go home to eventually.

"Have you two ever, you know..." Tommy asked Billy in a hushed voice as the pair of them watched as girls danced around near the warmth of the fire to Carol's boombox.

Billy was almost certain if he divulged everything that had happened between him and Jaime to Tommy he wouldn't be disgusted, hell he'd probably be jealous, and it was unlikely he'd tell anyone but still Billy couldn't bring himself to say out loud to anyone else what was going on between him and his step sister. So instead he opted for a minimal amount of truth. "No, she's my fucking step sister you perv."

Behind his can of beer Tommy grinned, his eyes roaming appreciatively over Jaime. He liked Carol, more than he liked to admit to anyone else, but there was no denying that Jaime was unlike any other girl in Hawkins. "Not even before your old man married her mom? I mean I wouldn't blame you if you did now! You

guys are always together, even if you both rip each other to shit, I'm kinda surprised you haven't."

A scoff escaped Billy. Of course it was Tommy, one of the dumbest people Billy knew, who could see there was something between him and Jaime. If Jaime knew that he had figured it out she would lose her shit spectacularly and no doubt suspect that Billy had told Tommy about all the little run ins the pair had had, and as tempting as it was to mess with Jaime Billy stuck to his original plan. "I've known Jaime since middle school, we ran in the same groups, it'd be too fucking weird." Lied Billy after lighting himself a cigarette and drawing harshly on it. "Besides who wants to fuck someone they live with and have to see every damn day?"

It was the question Billy had been asking himself on a daily basis in an attempt to keep his desire for Jaime at bay. Billy was not the kind of guy who stuck around after sleeping with a girl, no he had his fill and then he was on to the next one, and if he did sleep with Jaime he wouldn't be able to do that. The world seemed to be against his choice though; at every opportunity it seemed to want to remind him exactly why he should go against his decision, specifically as she twirled around to music with Carol, the orangey glow of the fire only making her more beautiful. It was moments like the one he was currently trapped in when Billy wanted to throw caution to the wind and not worry about what would happen if his dad found out. God he hated his dad.

"If you ask me a night with her is worth it."

"Want me to put in a request for you?" Billy shot back, the sharpness to his voice undisguised. He was well aware that Jaime was no virgin and that she would sleep with at least one boy at Hawkins High, however that boy would not be Tommy, not if he knew what was good for him. Back in California Billy had had to listen in depth to nearly all of his friends go on about how they had slept with Jaime and he'd be damned if he was going to let that shit happen again.

Instant regret swept across Tommy's freckled face at Billy's hostility, he had obviously struck a nerve. "No man, no! I've got Carol, and like you said, she's your sister. You don't fuck friends family members, it's like a rule."

"What rules are you two talking about? Last time I checked Tommy, you don't listen to any rules."

Billy had never been so happy to hear Carol's voice, sure she wasn't completely terrible but she grew annoying really fast, at that moment though she had diverted the conversation topic spectacularly.

"Funny, because Billy has that same exact personality flaw. Must just be a guy thing." Jaime added in a sickly sweet voice as she bent down to take the cigarette that was hanging from Billy's mouth. When she had followed Carol over to where the two boys were sat to grab another beer Jaime had instantly known they were talking about her, it was like a sixth sense she had acquired upon reaching the top of the popularity pyramid back in California. Lord knew she needed it back there to stay on top, in that respect Hawkins was alot easier, in fact Jaime would have laid money that she and Billy wouldn't be de-throned what so ever.

"I was just telling Jaime that it's the winter formal soon and she needs to find a date. Who are you taking?"

Jaime wanted nothing more than to punch Carol in the back of her head, did she not take any notice of what she said before they went to get beers? When Carol had brought up the dance Jaime had specifically told her not to bring it up in front of Billy as she didn't have a date yet and the last thing she need was Billy using that against her like he did everything. Apparently their agreement not to discuss it had gone up in smoke though and Carol had decided to well and truly throw her under the bus.

Beside Jaime, Billy had his trademark smirk in place as his eyes pinned Jaime to the spot. There it was, the moment Jaime had been trying to avoid, the moment where Billy realised he had something he could use to ridicule her. It was unspeakably unfair aswell, not only had she and Billy joined Hawkins high close to the dance leaving them limited time to find a date, but nearly everyone at the school had now seen the state of Steve's face and were aware it was because of Billy. The story that was currently circulating was Billy had lost his shit when he found out that Steve stood Jaime up, he had been painted as nothing but a protective brother, but it had worked entirely against Jaime's favour. Now most of the boys in their year

were too afraid to ask her to be their date, too worried that they might share the same fate that Steve did. So really it was all Billy's fault that Jaime was going to be unable to attend her first dance at Hawkins High.

A hearty laugh from Tommy pulled Jaime's attention away from Billy's piercing stare.

"Oh man, I saw Harrington's face today!" Tommy exclaimed between his laughter. "You fucked him up, man! Word is that no one dares to take Jaime to the dance now though."

Jaime didn't need to turn her head to know that Billy's smirk had grown wider still at the knowledge that he was the sole reason she couldn't get a date. For a while she had felt as though she had the upper hand in the little games she and Billy played, but that nugget of information changed everything, it entirely tipped the scales in Billy's favour and that was something Jaime was not happy about.

"You take her." Billy said simply, not missing the wide eyed confusion on Jaime's face. "You take Jaime and I'll take Carol. Don't get mad if your girl wants to get in the back of my car though, Tommy."

The wasn't a word in existence that could cover how confused Jaime was. Billy had successfully blindsided her with his out of character act of kindness, although it was making her more and more suspicious of why Billy had offered her such kindness. Billy didn't do anything for free. "I'm sure Carol wants to go with her boy-"

"No, it's perfect!" Interrupted Carol excitedly. "We can all go together, it'll be such fun. Please say yes, Jaime. You don't want to stay home like some loser, do you?"

God no Jaime didn't, she had never been referred to as a loser and wasn't about to let it happen, even if it meant taking a pity date from her friend's boyfriend. "Fine," She sighed. "But don't blame me when Billy abandons you for a quickie with some skank."

A/N/ Sorry for such a wait on an update! Everything has just been so manic that I'm barely able to update any of my stories.

BUT I magined to get this out today, even though it's shorted than I would have liked. Another update is to follow in the next few days (hopefully by Sunday)

I decided to add a winter dance for the high school as well as the middle school, so hopefully it works out well.

AJSM: Thanks so much for the kind words and I'm stoked that you get excited when a new chapter goes up. I hope you liked this one, and I promise smut is on the very near horizon ;)

Sunny-d-light: I was super touched by your comment and thank you so much for leaving it for me to read. I like to believe I do my writing as realistic as possible and I'm glad that seems to be coming across. I had a scan of a few ST fics before I started this one and was overwhelmed by the way everyone seemed to be going with OC's, so I decided to go with someone I personally thought Billy would prefer and that wasn't just adding to the fics that were already out there. I hope you enjoyed this update and continue to enjoy the ones to come :)

Nirvana14: Thanks for the comment, and I hope you liked this one too :)

Hal: I love your comment! Thanks so much for the kind words, keeps me motivated :)

BlueEyedBeauty: I'm glad the last update made you happy :) it means alot to me that people are enjoying my writing, and I love hearing what you guys think. Large developement in Jaime/Billy relationship is to come :)

Guest: I'm sorry it took so long to update :(Hope it was worth the wait though!

: There will be Hargrove-Mayfield home life in the next chapter so look out for that :) Hope you liked the chapter.

thebluefeather: Thanks so much for such an awesome comment! I'm glad you're enjoying Jaime's character and she isn't flat and boring. I'm not going to give anything away in regards to Jaime and Billy cos I don't want to ruin it for you, but I hope you liked

the update :)

19. Chapter 19

Chapter Nineteen

As much as they didn't want to Jaime and Billy had no choice but to return home; if only to stop Neil going off on another tirade. Begrudgingly the two teens had left Tommy and Carol at eleven to make it home for their curfew at eleven thirty and made the entire drive home in complete silence, neither of them wanting to make the prospect of being home any more real than it needed to be.

When the Camaro pulled up in front of the small house Jaime felt all the ease and simplicity she had felt at Lovers Lake flee her body, and the harsh rigid unpleasantness that could only come from living with Neil settle in its place.

Since the night of the tunnels the Hargrove-Mayfield house had become even more of a war zone; both Neil and Jaime's mom had been skeptical about the events that the three of them had recited off because of Billy's some what battered face, Max still wasn't speaking to Jaime for reasons she couldn't understand at all, and now she had to deal with the returning to her mom after their fight. All in all Jaime was far from keen about walking through the front door.

"Come on Mayfield, we can't sit in my car forever. They know we're here." Said Billy, drawing Jaime's gaze away from the small house they lived in. "Might as well get this shit show over with."

With Max acting like a bitch for reasons unknown Jaime was glad to have Billy around to share in her disdain for being at home, not that their home hadn't been a living nightmare since day one, but since moving to Hawkins it had progressively got more and more poisonous becoming almost unbearable. In their time as a combined family Jaime, Billy and Max had quickly grown thick skins and learnt to put up with all the shit that came from living with Susan and Neil, however it was becoming increasingly difficult to do just that. For Jaime the first major shift had been when Neil had dragged she and Max from their dad, forbidding Susan from letting them see him and threatening their dad if he showed up at the house. Jaime would never forgive her mom for letting that happen. Ever.

"Mayfield? Move."

Billy jolted Jaime back to life, bringing her out from her congested mind. "Do you ever think about leaving this place? Just getting in your car and never looking back?" Jaime finally asked in a quiet voice still not making to move from the car.

For a moment Billy was stunned into silence. If there was one thing that was never discussed out loud it was how they really felt about the home their parents had created; an unspoken rule existed between all three of them that meant total ignorance was given to that particular subject, that they all acted as though the place they called home didn't even really exist. Jaime had successfully smashed that rule into a thousand pieces though and now Billy was left unsure how exactly to answer her question. Of course he had fantasized about running away, but he knew his dad better than both the Mayfield's. Neil wouldn't stop, wouldn't rest until he found them and then there would be hell to pay, and Billy had no intention to live his life looking over his shoulder. "You thinking of running away, Mayfield?"

"You telling me you haven't?"

A heavy silence fell over the Camaro, both teens letting the reality of their conversation wash over them. It was all out in the open now, ugly and bare, neither Billy or Jaime would be able to return to fully ignoring their unhappiness and fear and it left them in limbo of how to proceed. If it were Max she was having the conversation with Jaime would have easily been able to sit down and work through it all, but it was Billy and it complicated everything. There wasn't a chance that Jaime would ever sit down and have a heart to heart with Billy Hargrove, she doubted he was even capable of it, their relationship was built on spiteful games and it was how Jaime was most comfortable and there was no way she was going to lose her last shred of comfort.

Plastering a fake smile across her pink lips Jaime turned to face Billy before finally speaking. "Lets go Hargrove, like you said they know we're hear."

Not waiting for Billy to respond Jaime flung her door open and

climbed out of the Camaro, sauntering down the path leading to the front door. If there was one thing Jaime Mayfield was good at it was putting on a mask, only showing people what they wanted to see. Without pausing she stepped into the cramped house calling out to her mom say she did. "Mom, we're home!"

"And where the hell have you two been?" Barked Neil from his seat on the couch.

"With Tommy and Carol from school at Lovers Lake." Jaime responded, not missing a beat as she kicked her white stiletto's from her feet. "Tommy's going to take me to the winter formal."

At the mention of the school dance Susan perked up beside her husband, practically beaming from ear to ear in Jaime's direction. "That's wonderful news, honey. Me and Neil were just talking about how we were worried that you hadn't settled well at school. I mean you haven't even tried for the cheer squad yet."

Next to her Jaime could hear the quiet scoff Billy gave as Susan spoke, and it wasn't surprising. He had witnessed the fight between she and her mom, and now as always Susan was acting as though it never even happened like she did everything in the Hargrove-Mayfield house. "Good night." It was a blunt response but Jaime had nothing left in her to say, and if she was entirely honest she wanted nothing more than to put as much space between her and her mom as she could.

"Don't wake your sister!" Susan called out as Jaime and Billy left the living room and headed to their bedrooms.

"Like she's even asleep." Sneered Jaime once the living room door had closed behind she and Billy. "She runs away all night and it's us that gets an early curfew."

It hadn't escaped Billy's notice that there had been a noticeable shift between Jaime and Max. The two sisters might have been polar opposites but they were close and stuck by each other, but since Max's disappearing act the air between them had become positively arctic. "I've been saying your sisters a little shit since day one."

"Seems for once in your life Hargrove you were right." Jaime smirked very much aware that Max was more than likely eaves dropping on their conversation. She hoped Max heard, and she hoped it hurt. "Good night, Hargrove."

Walking down the short hall way away from Billy, Jaime pushed open her bedroom door and let out a low sigh of relief. It was the only room that gave her much needed space from her mom and Neil, and god knew she needed some space from them after everything that had happened. Although she would never admit it Jaime could still see the punishing hits that Neil had given Billy the night of the tunnels, she could still hear the sickening noises each punch gave as it made contact with Billy, and ontop of all of that she could see her own mother doing absolutely nothing. It made her sick.

"Try not to come crawling into my bed tonight, Mayfield. What would mommy say if she knew her little princess was such a slut?"

A/N/ Another update as promised :)

starsandrocks: Thank you for your comment, I'm so glad you're still enjoying the story and I hope you liked this chapter too :)

20. Chapter 20

Chapter Twenty

Life continued as normal, an uninteresting routine of school and home, until the winter formal crept up on Jaime quicker than she would have liked. Before moving to Hawkins Jaime would have been more than excited for the dance, but everything about the small town was so drab and dull, and with everything that Jaime had seen the dance had lost all appeal. That and Tommy wasn't exactly her choice date, she would have taken Steve over him, hell she would have taken Billy.

Staring into the mirror of her vanity Jaime stared at the girl looking back at her; the red hair piled high ontop of her head, and perfect make up definately belonged to her, but something was different. Against her own will Jaime let out a soft scoff, had she really become that much of a loser? If her friends could see her now they'd be laughing. "Fuck."

"Was that a request, Mayfield?" Smirked Billy from his position casually leant against the door frame.

"You think you're man enough, Hargrove? Because I have my doubts." With Max still ignoring her it had meant that Jaime and Billy had been spending more and more time together, which in the beginning Jaime had hated but as time had gone on she found that hanging out with Billy was the highlight of her day, not that she'd ever admit it. "Have you ever stopped to wonder about what the girls came and told me about you?" Jaime went on with a smirk of her own as she stood from her vanity to admire the dress Neil had brought her for the dance, sucessful ignoring Billy's presense. "Ever wondered about what grade they gave you?"

Flicking her hazel eyes over to Billy, who had gone from leaning on the door to standing full height with rigid shoulders, Jaime grinned spitefully at him. "I'll give you a clue, school isn't the only thing you're failing at."

In a few long strides Billy had crossed the bedroom, just as Jaime had anticipated he would, and towered over her the cigarette he had been smoking forgotten on the surface of her vanity. The hard look on his face should have intimidated her but it was a routine they had got comfortable with since being forced to live together, so if anything Billy's displeasure only served to fuel Jaime on. "Maybe Steve could give you some pointers? I heard from Carol he made Nancy *very* happy."

Up until the mention of Harrington Billy had been happy to play along with Jaime's little game, in fact he enjoyed them just as much as Jaime did, but Harrington was anything but a playful subject for Billy. At school he had to stop himself from finishing what Harrington had stupidly started back on the night that Max had disappeared, his mere presence was enough to send Billy spiralling, but Jaime had stuck by his side not jumping to Harrington's rescue like she did that night. It was that, and that alone, that meant Harrington was still breathing. Harrington had lost the fight, and he had lost Jaime.

"Nothing to say, Hargrove? I'm disappointed." Jaime taunted, and all too feminine smile curving her lips. "It seems you're good at disappointing gi-"

Anything else that Jaime had planned to say was cut short when Billy grabbed ahold of her upper arms, slamming her back into the slatted doors of her closet making a shocked gasp escape her carefully painted lips. Fear was evident in her eyes, that much was clear to Billy, and rightly so the bitch had been antagonizing for days with no real consequences but under the fear was a twinkle of something else. It was that spark of want that drove Billy forward to take the somewhat playful threat into completely different territory.

Slowly he dragged his hands down Jaime's arms until they came to a stop at her wrists. Gripping them tightly Billy lifted both arms above Jaime's head pinning them against the closet door in one of his large hands, while his eyes fixed her in an unwavering hold wordlessly making sure it was what she wanted. When Jaime made no move to stop him Billy took that as the green light; dipping his head down into the crook of her neck Billy placed a kiss on the soft skin drawing a breathy moan from Jaime.

"Princess, you're not going to remember your own name when I'm done with you let alone grade me." Billy smirked into Jaime's neck in a quiet voice as his free hand gripped her chin, directing her to look him in the eyes. "Lets hope you can handle it."

Jaime wanted nothing more than to fire a poisonous comeback in Billy's direction, her brain however had other ideas and had all but shut down the moment Billy's lips touched her neck setting her skin on fire. For the first time in her life Jaime had been rendered speechless by a boy, she was nothing more than human putty waiting pitifully for Billy to finally make his move, which he was apparently taking his time about. His trademark smug grin shone down on her, his hand still stopping her from looking away, but he was making no move to actually take their little exchange further. It was at that exact moment that Jaime realized that Billy was in fact torturing her like she had done him so many times, he was going at a glacial pace because he knew it was going to be agonizing for her to endure.

Leaning closer to Jaime inviting lips Billy kept his eyes locked on hers wanting to soak in the needy look on her lightly freckled face as much as he could. God did he want to move at a much quicker pace, he wanted nothing more than to rip the skimpy clothes that Jaime wore from her body and show her just how wrong she had been, the satisfaction from working her into a completely undone state was too good to pass on though.

With that in mind, Billy trailed the hand that had been holding Jaime's chin down her body and settled it on her left thigh, hooking it up onto his hip before pressing his body into Jaime's as much as he could drawing another soft mewl from the redhead.

Instinctively Jaime's leg held onto Billy tightly, despite her brains dim protests, everything she had said had been a lie and Billy had barely touched her and already she felt ready to explode, the anticipation driving her wild. A shiver shot through Jaime's body as the touch on her thigh ghosted under her skirt up to the lace edge of her panties. This was it, this was what she had been waiting for, Billy's teasing fingers slipped under the edge of her panties creeping closer to giving Jaime what she needed.

Before he made any real contact though Billy pulled his hand back,

dropping Jaime's leg from his hip. A smug laugh rumbled from Billy at the look of annoyance on Jaime's face. "Time to get dressed for the ball, Princess."

Jaime could do nothing but stare open mouthed as Billy strutted from her room and out of her sight. He had had her, he had gotten her all worked up, and he had left. If Billy wanted to play that game Jaime was more than prepared to. Billy was about to have the worst night of his life.

21. Chapter 21

Chapter Twenty One

Hawkins High had been decorated in the generic winter decorations that nearly all high schools seemed to drag out for winter dances. Paper snowflakes hung in their masses from the ceiling, along with streamers and a large disco ball. The tacky decorations made the expensive dress Neil had brought for Jaime seem like a waste of time, the powder blue strapless dress was made for better events than Hawkins pathetic attempt at a winter formal. Jaime thanked her lucky stars that Billy had seen fit to bring a flask of Neil's whiskey, and some unknown student had spiked the punch bowl, so the warm buzz of alcohol was improving the evening a little.

Out on the dance floor Tommy and Carol happily danced together with the other couples seemingly having the night of their lives while Jaime nursed a plastic cup of punch wishing for the roof of the school to collapse and squash all the happy people beneath it.

"Not having a good time, Princess?" Billy mocked from over Jaime's shoulder. He had clocked her standing miserable and alone as he had returned to the hall after slinking off unnoticed with some girl who's name he couldn't remember.

"You stink of cheap perfume. About sums you up, doesn't it Hargrove?" Jaime shot back spitfully, far from in the mood for Billy's teasing. The unwelcome stab of jealousy only amplified Jaime's bad mood, who even was she? When had she, Jaime Mayfield, captain of the cheer squad, most popular girl in school, ever been reduced to such pathetic jealousy over someone like Billy? Never was the answer, or at least it had been before she moved to Hawkins. Had she been back in California there wasn't a chance in hell that Billy Hargrove would even evoke any emotion, he had been nothing to her and now he was everything.

Pushing those thoughts aside Jaime allowed the anger to rise to the surface instead, and span sharply to face the smug grinning face of her step brother. At a measured speed she looked Billy up and down, starting at his hips until she came to an end at his hair. "Make the

most of the dogs that throw themselves your way, Hargrove, because this is as good as it gets for you. You've hit your peak, and there is nothing better for you past this point."

Not giving another second of her time to Billy, Jaime flashed him a smirk before sashaying out onto the dance floor with the intention of getting lost in the crowd before slinking off to one of the classrooms to get drunk on her own. It was completely unfair that Billy was having a good time, yet she was literally counting down the minutes till the dance was over and she could go to one of the after parties that was being hosted. Much like Billy, Jaime had been invited to more than one party, their popularity not ebbing even with the time that had passed, and they had both agreed that Tina's house sounded like the best one so that was to be the one they would attend.

But as Jaime weaved through the dancing couples and watched with distaste as they all looked so happy, she wasn't sure she was in the mood for a party after all.

"Jaime! Where are you going?"

It seemed as though the night wasn't going to be as dull as Jaime first thought. Barely louder than the music Steve's voice sounded from behind Jaime, stopping her dead in her tracks and causing a smirk to tug at her lips. "I wasn't expecting to see you here, Steve. I thought you were busy hiding from Nancy?" Jaime teased, moving closer to Steve so he could hear her better.

"I'm surprised you're here after the rumours about what happened with me and your brother." Laughed Steve.

"He's not my brother." Jaime corrected. "And I came with Tommy if you must know."

The pair glanced over to where Tommy was dancing with Carol, his hands all over her in a very unsubtle way that had Jaime cringing, why had she mentioned Tommy? It only made her look more pathetic, and Steve's wide eyes said it all.

"Where were you going?" Steve finally spoke after dragging his eyes away from Tommy and Carol, wanting to redirect the conversation

just as much as Jaime.

A cold scoff slipped from Jaime's lips. "Anywhere but here."

It wasn't hard to see that Jaime was struggling with what had happened in the underground tunnels, and it wasn't as though Steve could blame her, everything he knew about Hawkins was still hard to digest and grasp. The kids seemed to handle it so much better than he, Nancy, Jonathan, and apparently Jaime too. Maybe it was that they still had some child-like naivety, or maybe they were just stronger than the teens and adults, what ever it was Steve envied them.

"How are you doing? You know, with everything that happened."

Now there was a loaded question. There was no way that Jaime could actually tell Steve exactly how she was feeling, that she could still see the creature so vividly it was like it was real, or that she could smell the putrid scent the tunnel had reeked of, that was information that no one was ever going hear. Over Steve's shoulder though she could see Billy still stood where she had left him, watching the two of them his face hardered, and eyes dark. Jaime might not have been able to unload her real problems on Steve but she could have some fun.

With that in mind Jaime playful batted at Steve's chest as she let out a light giggle. "I'm fine, to be honest I don't even think about it. Now, are you going to ask me dance or what?"

A blush crept up Steve's neck and spread across his cheeks, he hadn't thought that Jaime would want to dance with him. After everything that happened he hadn't seen much of Jaime, and what little he did she was always with Billy, and that was someone he just couldn't deal with. "Would you like to dance?" Steve grinned, offering out his hand which Jaime took with what he read as a genuine laugh.

As the two of them danced together, spinning wildly to the music, Steve couldn't help but wonder what was really going on with Jaime. He had to give it to her she was a pretty good actress and if he hadn't been with her that night he would have no idea anything was wrong with her, but he could see that something wasn't right. Unsurprisingly when they had all returned to school she and Billy had been side by

side, the unrivaled King and Queen of Hawkins High, it did shock him though that she acted as though she didn't know him. In the few classes they had together she actively ignored him, and from the snippets he'd got from Dustin it seemed like Jaime and Max weren't on speaking terms either. Not one person would have guessed that from the way she was presenting herself though.

"Did you not learn your lesson the first time, Harrington?"

It had taken less time than Jaime had anticipated for Billy to be unable to watch she and Steve together, making a surge of power course through her at the control he had over her step brother. "Billy, we're just dancing. Nothing wrong with that, right?"

Sucking on his teeth in a lame attempt to stop himself from making Harrington wish he was dead, Billy kept his hard gaze on Jaime as he spoke to Steve. "You're done here, Harrington. Walk away while you still can."

Much to Jaime's disappointment Steve raised his hands in surrender and backed off with no argument what so ever. He really was a push over, no wonder Nancy had moved on to something new. There was little time to ponder on such dull things so as Jaime had bigger fish to fry, specifically Billy Hargrove. He had gotten her all worked up and left her nothing short of hot and bothered, now it was time for her revenge and so far it was going swimmingly.

"Jealous, Hargrove?" Jaime taunted. "Worried me and Harrington were going to slip off to a dark corner? That I was going to let him do everything you want to me?" It had been a while since Jaime had felt so smug, Billy looked about ready to explode, and it filled her with glee that it was her doing. "I'm sure that dog you disappeared with did nothing but disappoint, but I keep telling you Hargrove, I want a *man* not a little boy."

At lightning speed Billy's hand shot out and grabbed hold of Jaime's slim wrist, gripping the soft flesh so tightly he could feel it getting hot under his touch. The bitch kept pushing, ket kicking, and he had yet to really unleash on her but she had officially just ran out of luck.

With a sharp tug Jaime fell into his solid body as the music changed

to a slow dance, giving Billy the chance to whisper in her ear without rousing suspicion. "You're gunna wish you were dead by the end of the night." Hissed Billy, his voice a low growl.

Wrapping her arms comfortably around Billy's neck Jaime grinned up at her step brother, anything but fearful of his words. He would never be as good as playing games as she was, he would never beat her no matter how hard he tried. It was for that reason alone that Jaime always pushed harder, further, Billy was her favourite toy and he couldn't best her. In fact he always did everything she wanted him to without even realising it.

"Oh, Billy. When will you learn that you're just not my level. You'll never win. Ever." Replied Jaime in such a patronising tone that she almost laughed. "Maybe I will sleep with Steve, and maybe that will knock you off that throne you've gotten too comfortable on. The night is young."

22. Chapter 22

Chapter Twenty Two

Much to Jaime's pleasure the dance finally drew to an end, but with it drew the painful ride she was going to have to endure with Billy to Tina's after party. Since her run in with both Steve and Billy Jaime had successfully avoided her step brother for the remainder of the dance, and that was only going to make the drive that much more painful.

"I should make you fucking walk, bitch." Billy snapped when Jaime sauntered across the school parking lot to where he was waiting by his car. The bitch had pushed him far enough, and he had more than a few choice words to fire Jaime's way, and watching her run behind his car would have been a good start to his revenge.

Jaime's eyes rolled at the empty threat, there wasn't a chance in hell that Billy would ever make her walk, not when there was slim chance that Neil could find out, so Jaime was anything but threatened. "Let's just go, Hargrove. The sooner we get there the sooner we can pretend we don't know each other."

Not waiting for Billy's response, Jaime threw her self into the passenger seat slamming the door shut behind her. It had all seemed fun to begin with, her little game of toying with Billy all night, but now it had lost its appeal. As she had sat alone in one of the empty class rooms nursing Billy's flask, Jaime had thought of nothing but her night in the tunnels beneath Hawkins and of the never ending shit that went on in her home. All in all she was now anything but in the mood for a party, all she really wanted to do was go home and crawl in her bed and pray that tonight would be the night she could actually get some sleep. That wasn't an option though, Jaime was Queen Bee, and that required her attendance at atleast one of the after parties being thrown.

The engine of the Camaro roared to life and Billy's temper along with it. Jaime could practically feel how pissed he truly was, and ever the predictable being, she was able to do a short count down in her head

to his first insult of the journey.

"You're a fucking bitch, you know that right? Ever wonder why no guy has wanted to date you since we moved here? I'll tell you why, it's because you're a fucking ice queen. It's a running joke with all the guys; Jaime Mayfield the town slut who's a frigid bitch!"

"Shut the fuck up and just drive, Hargrove. We both know your brain doesn't have the capability of doing more than one thing at a time." Jaime fired back, all too pleased when Billy grew even more angry. When was he ever going to learn that in their little war he was never going to win, she was just better than him. Simple as that.

All night the rage that Jaime had created had been burning away silently inside of him and like a volcano Billy had no intention of keeping it in any longer. Slamming his foot down on the accelerator Billy took off down the peaceful Hawkins streets at break neck speed, hoping that it would scare Jaime like it had previously. "You're lucky I don't believe in hitting girls, Mayfield, otherwise I'd fucking kill you right now. You'd end the night looking like Harrington."

"Fucking do it then!" Jaime screamed, spinning in her seat slightly to face Billy. "Do it you fucking pussy!" Her voice had become so loud that Jaime's voice cracked as she screamed at Billy. This was no longer just playing, things had taken a significantly darker twist and if Billy threatened to crash the car as he'd done before, this time she wouldn't try to stop him. "You're no one! Not even Max is scared of you anymore, you're a fucking joke!"

With each word that flew from Jaime's mouth Billy's foot pressed harder on the gas pedal, any harder and his foot was likely to go through the bottom of his car, but still Jaime didn't stop. She didn't even give him time to retaliate, it was like a tap had been turned on and there was no stopping her.

"I fucking hate you!"

"Well news flash, Mayfield, I fucking hate you too!" Roared Billy, taking the small second that Jaime needed to regain her breath to finally get a word in. She had lost it, that was the only logical explanation, but he wasn't going to sit there and take it like a little

bitch. No, Jaime Mayfield needed a reality check that she wasn't the princess she thought she was. With that in mind Billy thundered on, ignoring the hard slaps that Jaime was dealing to his right arm. "You couldn't even get a shithead like Harrington to actually take you on a date, and you're calling me a fucking joke? What kind of slut can't get a guy to fuck her?"

A feral, animal like scream tore up Jaime's throat and the slaps she had been unleashing on Billy grew harder still. All she wanted to do was launch herself across the small space and hit Billy's smug face as hard as she physically could until he looked how Steve had. Who did Billy think he was speaking to her like that? It was because of her that he hadn't been abandoned in the shack of a house they had found Max in, it was because of her that Neil hadn't beaten him senseless that same night, and it was because of her that none of the kids and Steve had told anyone about how much of a bitch Max had made him. So Jaime had no idea where he got off talking to her the way he was.

"You're fucking jealous, Hargrove. You're the reason no guy will go near me! You've scared them all off, and we both know it's because you're deluded enough to think that I would give you a pity fuck! I'm bored, Hargrove, not desperate!"

Billy laughed cruelly, too angry to allow Jaime's low blows to sting. "You suffering memory loss, Mayfield? 'Cos last time I checked it was you throwing yourself at *me*, it was you crawling into *my* bed. So who's really the desperate one?"

Instantly the slaps to Billy's arm stopped as Jaime's face dropped, a cold, blank expression replacing the previously furious one. Although Jaime had never spoken out loud that she was suffering with nightmares, Billy was well aware that that was the exact reason she kept slinking into his bed most nights. Each morning she would be gone before he woke, more than likely to avoid being caught by Neil or Susan, but Billy hadn't brought any of it up knowing that some things in the Hargrove-Mayfield house just weren't talked about. Up until that moment at least.

"You have no idea." Jaime finally answered, her cold tone sharp as glass. "You have no fucking idea what I've seen. You have no idea

what I did for you that night either. I saved your ass, my mistake I guess."

When Billy had decided to use Jaime sneaking into his room as ammunition he hadn't anticipated the change in conversation, especially it involving the night Max had gone missing. He had known though, he had known that there was more to it than Jaime and Max were letting on, but from the dead expression on Jaime's face it was likely worse than he had imagined. What had she seen? And what the hell did she mean she saved him? Wasn't like he had left Steve in any state to hurt him, and Max and her little friends were far from capable, so what else was there?

"What happened, Mayfield? That night after your bitch of a sister drugged me, what happened?" Billy asked firmly, as he brought the car to a screeching halt outside of Tina's house. They had been arguing so intensely he had only noticed the house at the last minute. "Jaime?" He pressed again when Jaime didn't answer. "What. Happened?"

How could Jaime even begin to explain what had happened that night? If she hadn't witnessed the things she had there was no way Jaime would have believed it, so why would Billy? Everywhere she looked everyone was carrying on as though nothing had happened, and that was exactly what she intended to do. Pretending that Neil didn't abuse Billy had been difficult in the beginning but now it was second nature to them all, like breathing, soon that's how the night in the tunnels would be.

Plastering a spiteful smile across her pink lips Jaime turned to face Billy as she released her seat belt, she needed out of the suffocating situation as quickly as possible, and that needed to be followed with multiple strong drinks. "When we get out of this car we don't know each other. You don't talk to me, you don't look at me, you definately don't touch me. As far as you're concerned I don't exist until we have to get back in this car to go home." Not wanting to give Billy any chance to respond, Jaime threw the car door open and sauntered down the driveway without a second glance at her step brother.

Billy was pissed off, more pissed off than he'd been in a while. After

Jaime's dramatic exit from his car she had done exactly as she'd said she would and spent the several hours that had passed acting as though he wasn't even there. Billy, however, had been unable to do anything but watch and think about Jaime. She had successfully ruined his night with her cryptic answers and it had been all he could think about. It wasn't something he could just let go, he needed to know what she had meant, he needed to know what had terrified the ice queen Jaime Mayfield. That was going to be impossible though if he couldn't find her.

It had been some time since Billy had last clocked Jaime and despite himself he was beginning to worry, not that he'd ever tell anyone that. The last time he had seen her she had been stumbling around wasted, barely able to keep herself upright in the backyard, but since then he hadn't so much as seen a flash of red hair.

"You seen Jaime?" Billy asked Carol in a last ditch attempt to find his step sister, if anyone was going to know Jaime's whereabouts it was Carol.

"Haven't seen her since Adam cornered her. I think they were heading upstairs, but I'm not-" Before Carol could finish Billy was storming away from her, shoving his way through the crowd of teenagers in the direction of the staircase. "Billy! Billy!"

Carol's shouts fell on deaf ears though, there wasn't a force on earth that was going to stop Billy from getting up stairs to stop whatever Adam had planned. Jaime could scream and shout all she wanted about him being jealous and ruining everything, but there was no way Billy was going to let some guy take advantage of her. She had been wasted when he had last seen her at least an hour ago now, so it was likely that her state had only worsened. Billy was many things but fucking with unconscious girls was a whole new level.

With that in mind, Billy stormed up the staircase and forcefully kicked open the first door he can across but swiftly moved on when it revealed a different couple hooking up. Spinning on his heel Billy headed to the next door and threw it open with just as much force as the first causing the handle to bang loudly against the wall, again there was no Jaime. By the time he reached the third door Billy was all but ready to rip it straight off its hinges, instead he pushed hard

on the wood of the door with his hand.

Words failed Billy when his eyes landed on Jaime, he had been so sure he'd go in shouting and yelling before he beat the shit out of the guy, but as his icy eyes took in Jaime's limp legs hanging off of the edge of the bed while some guy climbed on top of her Billy found that anything he had planned on saying died.

Silently Billy walked further into the room, the guy who he assumed was Adam still unaware of his presense, as he drew closer to the bed it became undeniably obvious that Jaime wasn't even conscious. The make up that she had spent forever on was smudged all over her face, the immaculate hairstyle she had made Neil pay for at the salon was knotted around her shoulders, and the dress that Neil had brought was ripped up the skirt.

Without a second thought Billy threw himself at Adam, knocking him off of Jaime and onto the floor, and as his face changed from annoyed to terrified Billy knew he was going to kill Adam Lewis.

"I'm sorry, man. I know she's your sister...but she was up for it...I couldn't say no. You understand right?"

Grasping hold of Adam's collar Billy yanked him to his feet, thrusting him from the bedroom out into the hallway towards the stairs. "She's not even fucking conscious, you fucking perv!" Roared Billy as he gave Adam a rough shake. "She the first girl you've tried this with?" He shouted again, his voice rising louder. "Or have you tried raping more than just Jaime?" As he spoke the words out loud the reality of what he had stopped seemed to slap Billy in the face. Had it taken him only a few minuted longer to find Jaime then it would have been too late, and that thought had Billy spiralling.

Unsatisfied with simply dragging Adam down the hallway Billy drew back his right arm and hit him as hard as he could in the face, knocking him clean off his feet. "Get up! GET UP!" As Adam struggled to get to his feet Billy kicked him hard in the ribs knocking him back down. "GET UP!"

Billy's shouting had finally reached the mass of people downstairs and a large crowd had formed at the bottom of the stairs to see what

was going on. Pushing her way through the crowd, swiftly followed by Tommy, Carol took the stairs two at a time until she reached the top step and came to an abrupt stop as she was met with the bleeding form of Adam crawling backwards on the floor as Billy loomed over him dealing kicks to his ribs. "Where's Jaime?"

"Passed out in the back bedroom. Isn't that right, Adam? That's where I found you trying to rape my fucking step sister!"

Wiggling around the boys, Carol sprinted down the hallway until she reached the bedroom that Billy had mentioned, and just as he had said Jaime was sprawled out ontop of the comforter out cold. "Jaime? Jaime, you need to wake up." Carol said, giving her friend a few quick shoves to try and bring her back around. "Jaime, it's Carol. We need to sober you up."

A low groan sounded from Jaime but her eyes remained closed. Running to the adjoining bathroom Carol quickly filled a discarded cup with cold water before going back to where Jaime was. Taking a deep breath, god knew when Jaime came around she was going to pissed, there wasn't any other option though so Carol threw the cup of water onto her best friend.

Almost instantly Jaime's eyes shot open as the icy water made contact with her skin, and a sharp gasp replaced the low groans she had previously been making. "What the fuck!" It took a few moments for Jaime's eyes to focus on the room around her, and even once they had everything was spinning but she knew undoubtably who the person sat next to her was. "Carol? Where's Billy?"

For a while Carol had been suspicious that Jaime and Billy's relationship was more than complicated step siblings, the chemistry between them was undeniable so much so that Tommy had even noticed, and as far as Carol was concerned Jaime immediately asking for Billy solidified her suspicions that they defiantly didn't see each other as siblings.

"Do you remember anything? Do you remember if...well if anything happened?"

Even in her drunken state Jaime could read what Carol was delicately

trying to ask, and the concerned look on her face made Jaime's stomach do a flip. As far as her unreliable brain was concerned she hadn't even come upstairs, the last thing she could remember was going into the backyard to smoke one of the cigarettes she had stolen from Billy, infact the more Jaime thought about it the less sense her memories made.

"Nothing...nothing happened." Jaime hiccuped, dismissing the notion with a weak wave of her hand. "Everything is fine."

"Jaime, I really think you should sit down. Drink some water or something. Jaime?"

Ignoring Carol's pleas Jaime managed to get herself upright despite her legs wobbling unsteadily beneath her. "I said I'm fine, C-Carol. I'm fine." Jaime didn't want or need any ones pity, and as far as she knew nothing had actually happened so there really was no need to have Carol flap over her. But as she went to take the first step to leave the bedroom Jaime's legs gave out beneath her and she fell ungracefully in a heap on the floor. "Still fine."

"I'm going to get Billy." Announced Carol in a complete loss of what to do. The only person who could stand up to Jaime's head strong ways was Billy, and by the sound of things everything had died down on the other side of the bedroom door. "Just stay there."

With a huff Jaime admitted defeat resigning herself to her postion on the floor; absentmindedly she toyed with the skirt of her dress noticing for the first time the large rip up the legth of it. Again her stomach flipped, had something happened? It wasn't like she was a realiable source to what really happened, and she couldn't even remember who had been in the room with her. A wave of panic hit her like a brick wall, and had Jaime quickly scrabbling under her skirt to feel for her underwear. They were still there, but it did little to slow the fast pace of her heartbeat.

Across the room the door clicked open, followed by a gruff, hardened voice that could only belong to Billy. Quickly smoothing down her dress Jaime did the best to present herself in a 'normal' way that would have Carol, and anyone else, stop their fussing.

"We're going home."

Jaime sighed deeply, her eyes rolling, as Billy strode across the room and knelt down beside her. She didn't want to go home, home was the last place in the world she ever wanted to go, the tight clench to Billy's jaw though made it obvious her protests were going to fall on deaf ears. "I don't want to go home. I'm fine."

Scoffing, Billy lifted Jaime from the ground bridal style ignoring the idiotic statement she had just made. Sober or drunk it seemed that Jaime was forever underestimating how well he knew her, they had known each other a long time even before their parents got married, so Billy knew when Jaime was bullshitting. And currently that was all he was hearing.

"We're going home, Mayfield." Billy repeated in a sterner voice, hoping to end Jaime's drunken rambles before they started. The last thing he needed was the entire ride home to involve Jaime screaming unintelligible nonsense. "Don't push me, Mayfield. Not tonight."

The Hargrove-Mayfield house was silent as Max padded out of her bedroom. Her mom and Neil had left an hour earlier to do some errands in town, and neither Jaime or Billy had yet to surface, unsurprisingly as Max had heard them sneak back in at three in the morning.

Normally at least one of them would have woken by midday, but it had just gone one and still neither of them had appeared. It was for that reason that Max was heading to Jaime's room, they might not have been in a good place since the night in the tunnels, but she was still her sister and she needed to check that she'd actually made it home. There was no way Billy would have come home without Jaime, for more than one reason, that didn't stop the panic that growing inside of Max though. Over the weeks that had passed Max had watched from a distance as her sister did her best to convince the world that everything was okay, Max knew better though, Jaime was far from okay and it made a sickening guilt consume her. She didn't know why she had pushed Jaime away so much, not entirely anyway, and in doing so she had forced her sister to deal with the horrifying things they had witnessed alone. What kind of sister did that?

With cautious fingers, Max gently turned the handle to Jaime's room and once she had it open enough she poked her head through the gap she had created. A mixture of relief and disbelief replaced Max's initial fear as she took in the sleeping figures on Jaime's bed. Laid on top of the sheets and comforter both Jaime and Billy were sleeping deeply, neither had so much as stirred when Max had opened the door, and thank god it had been her to find them.

It was no surprise to Max that the two were sharing a bed, she had heard Jaime sneaking to and from Billy's room nearly every night, what did surprise her was that they'd both be stupid enough to risk being caught but either Neil or Susan. Although Susan wouldn't have been a problem in the moment she would have quickly told Neil and he would have killed Billy, so it made no sense that they had been so foolish.

At any moment Max's mom and Neil could return him, so at any moment Jaime and Billy could be caught, Max found that she was unable to wake the two though. It was so strange seeing the two most spiteful, selfish people she knew curled so tightly into each other. Max was ninety-nine percent sure she had never seen Billy act lovingly towards anyone, but there he was with Jaime snuggled into his chest while his arm draped almost protectively across her waist. The whole scene was unnatural.

With one last glance at Jaime and Billy, Max slammed the door shut hoping the loud bang would wake the two of them before their parents got back and returned to her bedroom.

A/N/ Finally another update! Thank you to everyone who's stuck with this story for so long, especially with the inconsistent upload schedule. I hope this chapter was worth the wait (even though it took a kind of dark turn) hopefully now Jaime and Billy's relationship can move on :)

Let me know what you thought :)

23. Chapter 23

Chapter Twenty Three

A loud bang woke Jaime abruptly, pulling her from her first dreamless sleep in weeks. Peeling open her heavy eyes she was shocked to find that it wasn't her pillow that her head was resting on but the warm bare skin of Billy's chest.

"Fuck." She whispered, the realisation that it could have been her mom or Neil who had made the bang that had woken her. "Billy, wake up."

A low groan grumbled from Billy but he opened his own eyes none the less. Once he was able to focus on where it was he had in fact slept Billy understood the unceremonial awakening Jaime had given him. There was little chance that Susan or his dad had found them because there was no way they'd have been left peacefully sleeping, but if they wanted it to remain that way he needed to get his ass up and out of Jaime's bed. "What's the time?" Grumbled Billy, trying to rub the tiredness from his eyes.

"Little past one." Answered Jaime, who had already gotten herself out of bed and was currently rifling through a large pile of her clothes on the floor by her closet. "You need to get out of here, Hargrove."

Jaime wasn't wrong, Billy did need to get out of her room before either Susan or Neil found him, but he couldn't leave until something was said about Tina's party. When he had eventually gotten Jaime safely back home Billy had wanted nothing more than question her on what she could remember, Jaime however had quickly fallen asleep on him when he had gotten her into bed and left all the questions unasked. Now she was awake, and sober, and his questions needed answering. "We need to talk."

Talking was the last thing Jaime wanted to do; her head was pounding, she felt like she was going to barf at any moment, and she knew full well what Billy wanted to talk about. Her memory was still pretty foggy and she couldn't remember any real details, she was sure

though that nothing had happened.

Letting out a long sigh, Jaime continued looking for something clean to wear as she answered Billy. "There's nothing to talk about. I'm fine, nothing happened. So will you please just drop it."

"You were almost fucking raped!" Billy yelled in frustration at how dismissive Jaime was being. "If I hadn't found you when I did the 'almost' would be missing from that sentence."

"But you did, and I wasn't! What else is there to say, Hargrove?"

Launching himself off of the bed, Billy stormed over to where Jaime was still searching through her clothes and tore the item she was holding from her hand, throwing it across the room and out of her reach. This wasn't something he could just let go, and if Jaime wanted him out of her room then she'd actually have to give him a proper answer. "How about the fucking truth? Ever since your bitch of a sister drugged me you've been off. No one is almost raped and doesn't fucking care, Mayfield. So how about you fucking tell me the truth!"

Billy wanted the truth and that was exactly what he was going to get. Everything had gotten too much, everything had piled up into some crushing weight on Jaime's shoulders and she didn't know how much longer she could carry it.

With that in mind, Jaime turned her attention fully on Billy to give him what he'd asked for. "The truth? You want the truth, Hargrove? The truth is I hate this house, I hate coming home to this shitty house everyday, I hate Hawkins, I hate everyone in this backwater town. I have to waste the best years of my life on people like Carol who I wouldn't usually give the time of day because my bitch of a mom took me away from my home for your dad! Your dad... I hate your fucking dad. He took me away from my home, from *my* dad, from my friends, and he's a monster." Taking a break to catch her breath, Jaime stopped the manic pacing she had been doing instead choosing to stand directly in front of Billy before going on. "And you. Since moving here you've become the only good thing in my life, and I hate that. You're all I've got. Max is punishing me for reasons unknown and doesn't seem to be likely to stop any time soon, so you're all I've

got. But what I hate most of all is having to watch every damn day as your dad beats the living shit out of you, because if I lose you what else have I got?"

That was it. The truth was out there and it couldn't be taken back even if they wanted it to be. All the unspoken rules that had existed in the Hargrove-Mayfield house had been torn to shreds the second Jaime let loose her real feelings, never again would anything be the same. Billy had asked for the truth though, and that was exactly what she had given him.

In his entire life Billy had never been so speechless. If he was entirely honest he hadn't even expected Jaime to answer anything remotely truthful, yet she had and now he didn't know what to do with it. All he could do was stare silently at Jaime, who was visibly trembling, and pray that she would break the suffocating silence that had fallen between them.

"Was that truth enough for you, Hargrove?" Jaime finally spoke, her voice significantly quieter. "You wanted to know why I don't care about what happened last night, it's because in the shitty cake of my life almost being raped is nothing more than the cherry. I'm going for a shower."

Before Jaime could take so much as a step a strong grip to her wrist stopped her. Glancing over her shoulder at Billy, Jaime saw something in his eyes that she'd never seen before, and if she wasn't mistaken it was pity. "Don't look at me like that, don't you fucking dare, Hargrove. The last thing I want from you is pity."

At long last it seemed like Billy's brain had reconnected to his mouth and he was able to form a coherent sentence. "I don't pity you, Mayfield." It was almost the truth, but not entirely. The only thing Billy pitied Jaime for was having to live with his dad, everything else was exactly how he felt and most likely Max too, more than anything he was in shock. In shock that ice queen Jaime Mayfield had admitted outloud that he was the only thing that made her happy, that she was scared of losing him.

"Then let me go." Jaime prayed that her voice sounded stronger to Billy than it had to her, she didn't know if she could handle Billy

treating her like some fragile doll. For one it would mean the end of their little games.

Reluctantly Billy dropped the hold he'd had on Jaime's wrist and all he could do was watch silently as she disappeared out of her bedroom and down the hall. Currently they were way out of their comfort zone, they couldn't even see it, so Billy had been more than unsure of what to say that he had chosen to say nothing at all.

Following the same path that Jaime had taken, Billy stormed the few steps needed down the hall until he reached the door to Max's bedroom which he swiftly kicked open with a loud bang. Inside Max leapt at the sudden intrusion, and even with what had happened between them there was still an evident look of fear on her face, much to Billy's relief.

"Speak to your sister." He ordered before stamping straight back out of the room to his own. Billy needed the old Jaime back, and if Max stopped being such a little bitch he was certain that would happen.

Seven hours. For seven hours Max had been sat in her room trying to figure out what she was going to say to her sister to explain why she'd been acting the way she had. It wasn't entirely Jaime's fault, Max had to take a share of the blame, but Jaime made it so difficult to be honest.

For as long as Max could remember Jaime had been nothing short of a bitch to everyone she met, when she'd been younger it hadn't really bothered Max but now she could full see how awful her older sister could be. The bet about Steve being a prime example.

Everyone in the house acted as though she was invisible, like she didn't exist, when in actuality she saw and heard everything. Jaime and Billy were so preoccupied with each other that they had become lazy with hiding what was going on between them, and Max had heard what she was certain was nearly all of their secret relationship. How stupid did they think she was? Did they really think that the walls blocked all sound? Because they definately didn't and Max knew with out a shadow of a doubt that on Halloween something had happened between them, something that step sibling shouldn't be

doing. And she had kept it a secret. She had kept it a secret for their sakes not her own, and everytime either of them acted like assholes Max instantly regretted keeping their sordid secrets.

Groaning to herself, Max dragged herself off of her bed forcing herself to have the awkward conversation that needed to happen if she and Jaime were ever to get to a good place again. The walk to Jaime's room wasn't anywhere near as long as Max wanted it to be and a new wave of uncertainty hit her. What if talking about it made everything worse? It wasn't out of the realms of possibilities when it came to Jaime, she was unpredictable with how spiteful or cruel she was going to react to something and Max had already pushed her pretty far away. But she missed her. In spite of all of Jaime's flaws Max missed having her big sister around.

Not bothering to knock Max pushed the door open before she lost her nerve, but when the door opened fully she wished she hadn't.

"Max!" Jaime squealed in surprise, the colour drained from her face. "It's not what it looks like." She offered pathetically as she shoved Billy's half naked body off of her own.

Staring at her half naked step brother and her sister in nothing more than a bra and underwear was making Max want to stab pins in her eyes so she never had to see it again. Billy was always strutting around topless but this was different. This was intimate, and Max wasn't sure whether to run or vomit.

Billy however seemed entirely unfazed by Max's intrusion. Grabbing his discarded shirt, he lit himself a cigarette and shoved past Max without a word and just a self satisfied smirk on his face. He already knew she wouldn't say a word to anyone.

"I thought you said nothing was going on between you and Billy?"

Max was right, that was exactly what Jaime had said and it had successfully backed her into a corner. "Nothing happened." Jaime offered out with a scoff as she frantically threw her clothes back on, desperate to hide what had been going on between she and Billy. "We didn't have sex if that's what you're thinking. What's the real harm in kissing?"

"What if it had been Neil who walked in? Or mom?" Max argued.

"It was just a bit of fun. Will you chill out?" Jaime snapped in response, not in the mood to answer to her little sister who had been giving her the cold shoulder for weeks.

"You mean like when you were stringing Steve along for some stupid bet?" It was Max's turn to snap, yes she wanted to patch things up with Jaime but the way she spoke about other people like they were nothing more than a source of entertainment for her infuriated Max beyond belief.

That got Jaime's attention. Instantly she dropped the sweater she was in the middle of turning inside out, and stood hand on hip as she eyed her sister with callous glare. "Is this what it's all about? Steve? Because let me tell you something, Max, he's a big boy and he doesn't need you fighting some ridiculous cause for him. Why do you even care?"

"Because he's a person!" Max shouted. "You and Billy deserve each other, and I hope you make each other miserable!"

All hope of making up had gone out the window and Max was left wondering why she had even wanted to in the first place. Her sister was horrible, always had been and always would be and Max wanted nothing more to do with it, the look on Jaime's face told her that any amicable reconcile was out of the question too.

"When I leave this fucking town and go back to California, go back to our dad, I'll watch you in the rear view with a smile knowing you're stuck here alone with mom and Neil." Hissed Jaime, her words dripping from her lips like poison. "Let's see how self-righteous you are when I'm not here to protect you from Neil, and Billy's not here to be his punch bag."

Bending slightly to make she and Max eye level, Jaime gave her younger sister a short but hard shove backwards. "Now get out, and I don't think I need to tell you not to say anything."

With one last glance at Jaime, Max took the two steps to leave Jaime's room but not before getting the last word in. "What the hell

happened to you?"

A/N/ Another chapter! I've watched the first two episodes of season three and I'm trying so hard not to binge it all in one sitting which is so hard! It has made me so inspired to write this story though so expect regular updates :)

This was a kind of filler chapter so I'm sorry if it's not that interesting, but I didn't want to jump onto other things too quickly. And I will be going into season 3 :)

Ladey Jezzabella: Thanks for your kind words, and I'm so glad you enjoyed the last chapter! I think happier times are on the horizon for them, but it is Jaime and Billy so you never know lol.

starsandrocks: You're too kind! But I'm so happy you liked the last chapter :) Your comment actually inspired me to write the part in this chapter from Max's POV. I am enjoying the two episodes of season three I've seen so far but I think I stumbled on some spoilers and if they're right I'm not gonna be happy!

24. Chapter 24

Chapter Twenty Four

Seven hours earlier

The hot water pounded down onto Jaime's skin turning it from milky white to blotchy red. She had no idea how long she'd been in the shower, all she knew was that the scolding heat of the water was working wonders on her hangover and numbing the feelings that Billy had forced her to bring to the surface. How the hell had they gotten to that point? As soon as the water had worked its magic on her exhausted body Jaime regretted everything she had said, since when did she share anything with Billy? Their relationship was built on both mutual attraction and disgust, and it worked that way, now she had gone and fucked it all up.

Shutting off the water Jaime stepped from the tub, wrapped a towel around her tender body, and moved over to the bathroom mirror. Wiping a hand across the steamed glass she stared at her reflection critically, taking in every inch of in search of anything that had changed. There was nothing though, she looked exactly the same; the same dusting of freckles on her nose, the same hazel eyes, the same blemish free skin, so why did she feel so different?

"Suck it up, Mayfield. You're better than this." Jaime whispered to herself in lame to shake the slump she was stuck in. "You're Jaime Mayfield."

Shutting her eyes to take a deep breath, Jaime returned her gaze to the smudgey mirror reflection and smirked. She was Jaime fucking Mayfield and nothing could change that, all she needed to do was make herself feel more like Jaime Mayfield. She might have encountered some hideous creature but she had been living with a monster since her mom re-married; she had survived that and she would survive this.

With a new found determination, Jaime strutted from the bathroom towards her bedroom where she would become the Jaime Mayfield

that everyone knew. Perhaps she and Carol could go shopping? God knew she needed some new clothes, she was sick and tired of the ones she already owned and she hadn't shopped in ages. Yes, she would call Carol as soon as she was dressed and ready to go, and she sure as hell wouldn't be taking no for an answer.

Finding her favourite hot pink sweater dress in the large pile she had been rifling through earlier Jaime threw it on, pulling one side down to expose her left shoulder. Already she felt better, more like herself, by the time she was done she would have forgotten all about the shitty time she had been having.

Quickly with expert fingers Jaime scooped up half of her hair and secured it in a high pony with a scrunchie as she took a seat at her vanity. All that was left to do was make-up, which wouldn't take long, especially with Billy no where in sight to distract her. What was he doing though? The house was oddly quiet, no music, no arguing, it was suspicious.

"Billy!" Jaime found herself yelling as she made the finishing touches to her white eyeshadow. "Billy! Come here!"

Down the hall a door opening sounded followed by heavy foot steps, and the clicking of a lighter. He always came when she called. Smirking at the thought of how much Billy truly was wrapped around her little finger, Jaime made quick work of applying her signature pink lipstick just before the door to her room swung open.

"What?" Was all Billy offered in his usual gruff tone.

"I want to go shopping." Jaime began, spritzing perfume liberally. "I need you to drive me and Carol."

"Last time I checked Mayfield I'm not your personal chauffeur, and I see nothing in it for me."

It wasn't anything that Jaime hadn't already anticipated so she was prepared with a back up plan. "See I thought you'd say that." Jaime smirked as she rose from her seat at the vanity to stand in front of Billy. "That's why there is something in it for you."

Billy read the hint loud and clear, and suddenly his jeans were getting significantly tighter, he sure as hell didn't need asking twice. "You remember that bet we made? The one you lost. Well Mayfield, I'm cashing it in. I'll be getting what I'm owed." He had no idea what had caused the one-eighty in Jaime's behaviour but Billy wasn't about to complain. It seemed like they were getting back to their normal way of things and he would have been lying if he said he wasn't relieved. And by the lusty expression on Jaime's face he was certain she felt the same way. "You got your crown back, Mayfield?"

Damn right she had her crown back and she'd never be losing it again. Jaime Mayfield was a big fish in a small pond and that was all that she needed to remember. "Every King needs a Queen."

Shopping had been exactly what Jaime needed and she had ended up having the best day she'd had in a long time. She and Carol had spent hours trying on endless amounts of clothes, and done considerable damage to Neil's credit card, what did Jaime care though she deserved it. Looking at the vast collection of shopping bags Jaime couldn't help but smile, how had she forgot the joy that spending money brought her? And much to her surprise she had actually enjoyed spending time with Carol, maybe she had been too quick to write her off completely, she wasn't as boring as Jaime had imagined her to be.

"Just so you know I'm not doing this again, Mayfield. Next time catch a damn bus."

Billy's gruff voice interrupted Jaime's mental recap of all the clothes she had brought and refocused her attention on the car journey. The entire ride to Carol's house Billy had done nothing but flirt so nauseatingly obvious with Carol that Jaime had switched her brain off to save from puking all over the car. Did Billy really think something so pathetic would make her jealous? And even if it did Carol had Tommy and nothing was ever going to happen, so it was a weak attempt on Billy's behalf.

"But you seemed to be having so much fun with Carol." Mocked Jaime with a smirk. "Maybe she'll dump Tommy and you two can live happily ever after in surburban heaven."

"You jealous, Mayfield?" Billy grinned, as he pulled the Camaro up to the house and shut the engine off.

Since dropping Jaime at the mall he had been doing nothing but clock watching, itching to pick her up and finally get his end of the bargain. The dizzying tension that had been building between the pair since moving to Hawkins had to come to a head at some point, and Billy was more than ready for that to happen. When she made no move to get things hotting up, instead climbing from his car clutching her multiple bags, a rush of anger hit Billy which had him fixed in the drivers seat, smoking with a scowl on his face.

"You coming, Hargrove?"

Billy's mouth opened to spit out something, anything hurtful, yet when his eyes landed on the suggestive grin on Jaime's pink lips he simply followed her into the house. When they stepped into the livingroom both Neil and Susan were sat watching TV, and after a few shopping related questions from Susan Jaime and Billy were able to slip from the room.

Most weekend Neil and Susan would go out for dinner so Jaime had been a little surprise to find both of them sat on the couch, it would make her little game with Billy more difficult but not impossible. Billy it seemed had already given up and was turning up the hallway to go to his own room. That was not an option though. Jaime wanted to feel like her old self, alive even, and that required some attention for a good looking guy like Billy, so there was no way he was going to his room because their parents were home.

Wrapping her free fingers around Billy's, Jaime wordlessly pulled him in the direction of her bedroom whilst hushing him to stay quiet. As long as they didn't get caught everything would be fine, and the only reason they would get caught was if they were too loud. "Shhh." Jaime whispered, carefully closing the door behind them before setting her bags down.

What ever it was that had gotten into Jaime Billy was there for it, this was the moment he'd been waiting for since Halloween. Not wanting to give her time to talk herself out of the new found rebellious streak Billy closed the small amount of distance between

them, his hands ghosting down Jaime's waist to the hem of her dress. Making quick work of yanking the dress over her head Billy took a few seconds to admire the vast amount of bare skin that had been revealed to him, before leading Jaime over to the bed.

"Let's see how good you are at being quiet, Mayfield."

A shove to Jaime's chest had her falling backwards onto the bed, quickly followed by Billy who slotted himself between her legs with ease a smug smirk tugging at his lips. The next thing Jaime knew Billy was kissing her viciously, his hands roaming the expanse of her stomach dipping lower every now and then in the most deliciously teasing way that had her squirming for more. Clawing at the front of Billy's shirt Jaime yanked at it as hard as she could causing buttons to fly off and clatter on the floor, she needed to feel his body against her own and she was far past being patient.

With the shirt successfully removed, and discarded somewhere over Billy's shoulder, Jaime was free to touch the hard muscle of Billy's chest and abs. A smirk curved across her lips when she felt something hard press against her stomach as her finger tips ran lower on Billy's abs.

"You're a fucking tease, Mayfield." Billy mumbled, trailing hot kisses down Jaime's neck and collar bone and earning a feminine moan to roll from Jaime. "You're gonna be begging for it by the time I'm finished."

"Doubtful." It came out more like a breathy moan than anything, but Billy's fingers were tracing patterns on Jaime's inner thigh making her incapable of thinking of anything else.

Both teens eyes shot open when the sound of the door clicking open was heard behind them. Jaime was the first to react, quickly shoving Billy off of her while she stared at Max in horror. The thought of being caught had been a thrill, but now it had happened Jaime's was anything but thrilled. "Max! It's not what it looks like."

Billy couldn't help but snigger to himself at Jaime's ridiculous claim. What the hell else would it be? He tripped and fell on her and she just happened to be in her underwear? It was not his problem

though, Max wasn't his sister, there was no way she'd tell his dad, and he sure as fuck wasn't going to explain himself to her. Snatching up his shirt, Billy reached into his jean pocket pulling out his cigarettes and lit himself one as he shoved past Max. He needed his hands busy to stop from strangling the little redhead; he had been so certain he was finally getting Jaime in bed but then she'd come along and fucked it all up. When was he ever going to catch a break?

A/N/ Check me with the fast updates! I feel so on it right now lol. Thanks to a comment from Ladey Jezzabella who wanted to read the last section from the previous chapter from Jaime/Billy's POV we have this chapter! I really enjoyed writing it and I owe it to her for the idea :) I hope you enjoy this update, and we will quickly be going into season three which I'm obsessed and devastated over!

Ladey Jezzabella: Thanks for being the inspiration for this chapter, I hope it's what you were hoping for :)

Guest: Was this a quick enough update for you ;)

starsandrocks: I'm glad you enjoyed the last chapter. I didn't want to forget about Max and Jaime's relationship because I think it's super important with them being sisters. Equally I'm hoping it's some what realistic with how they're both reacting to their situation because sometimes we act like assholes to the people we love because we're scared. I've done the rest of the season and I'm heart broken and in mourning lol I will never get over this. But that being said I'm so excited to start writing season 3

25. Chapter 25

Chapter Twenty Five

In the silence of her room Jaime lay in her bed completely unable to sleep. Max had successfully put her in a foul mood and interputed her fun, all in all Jaime was having a shit night. She had been so ready to give in to Billy and actually enjoy herself despite it meaning she could no longer string him along, and Max had ruined it completely. It had been a spur of the moment decision and she honestly wasn't sure if it was one she'd make again. Jaime Mayfield never made the first move and the one time she had her little sister had fucked it all up. Billy was going to use it against her for the rest of her life.

Letting out a groan, Jaime rolled over to flick her lamp on giving up on the thought of sleep completely. Reaching under her bed Jaime pulled out her most treasured possession and opened it up to her favourite photo. Her dad had gotten her the photo album when her mom had first started dating Neil and over the years that had passed she had filled it almost completely, the majority of which were photos of she and her friends back in California, it wasn't until the move to Hawkins that Jaime had realised just how many included Billy. It made sense seeing as they moved in the same social circles, both popular, what had surprised Jaime though was how the two of them seemed to be the main focus of alot of the photos. As far as Jaime could remember she and Billy had just been leaders of their respective genders, the polaroids told a completely different story though. Looking at them a stranger would have guessed that she and Billy were the best of friends, dating even, they smiled at each other with a fondness that could only suggest that.

The ghost of a smile tugged at the corners of Jaime's mouth as she ran a finger tip across her favourite photo. It had been taken roughly a week before the move to Hawkins but Jaime could remember it like it had only happened yesterday. Their friends had planned a leaving party on the beach without either of them knowing, and it was the last time Jaime could remember feeling truly happy and content. Nothing extraordinary had happened, it had been the usual fire,

booze, music and pot, but it was still the best night. It had also been the first time that something had almost happened between Jaime and Billy.

Neither of them spoke about it, just like so many other things that happened since their parents got married, Jaime hadn't forgotten though. Maybe they had drank too much? Maybe it was the pot, whatever it was that night would forever be the first time they had kissed. Together they had kept it a secret from everyone, even their friends, even Max, and both Jaime and Billy had never mentioned it when they were alone. The kiss had become their dirty little secret, which was now hilarious to Jaime considering everything that was currently going on between her and Billy.

A pang of longing hit Jaime as she looked at the grinning faces of her and Billy; they looked exactly the same except for the genuine smiles on their faces, and the familiar way they were holding each other. Not that she'd ever tell anyone Jaime had thought for awhile that she and Billy would end up dating, they were unrivaled King and Queen at school and their friendship group, so it had seemed like a natural step to take. That all changed when their parents got married though. Everything had been fine until it was official they were to be brother and sister, that had ruined everything.

"Reminiscing, Mayfield?"

So engrossed with the photo Jaime hadn't heard or seen Billy creep into her room, causing her to jump in surprise when he spoke. "What are you doing here?" She whispered, quickly shutting her photo album.

"Saw the light." Said Billy moving away from the door to sit on the end of Jaime's bed. "Figured it was you, no way it'd be Max."

"So you thought you'd what? Come here and annoy me?" Replied Jaime with a roll of her eyes as she moved to slide the album back under the bed. Before it could even touch the floor though Billy had snatched the book from her hands and was flicking through the many pages. "Give it back, Hargrove. Don't you have any damn manners?!"

Batting Jaime's grabbing hands away with little to no effort, Billy

continued scanning the pages with a smug grin on his face. "You're going to have to try harder than that, Mayfield."

"You're such an asshole."

Billy was barely listening though his attention firmly on the photo's in Jaime's album, he had never seen the photo's and what had started as an easy way to get under Jaime's skin had quickly turned into a big shock for him. Having gone past the family photo's Billy was now looking through the photo's of Jaime's old friends, and much to his surprise him, specifically one taken from their leaving party. "I didn't realise you were so obsessed with me, Mayfield."

It was exactly the reaction that Jaime had expected from Billy, it didn't make it any less annoying though and she was still unable to get the album back from him. Not wanting to indulge Billy's little game any further Jaime lay back on her pillows, acting like she didn't care that he had discovered her personal photo collection.

"I don't remember this photo being taken." Said Billy, still fixated on the leaving party photo of the two of them. "I remember that bikini though." He added with a suggestive smirk as he tore his eyes upwards to Jaime's face.

Jaime's eyes rolled so hard she feared they might get stuck in the back of her head. "You're disgusting."

"That why you have so many photo's of me?" Billy asked with a smirk, spinning the album to face Jaime whilst he tapped at the photo with his index finger. "This was the last time we partied on the beach before leaving, right?"

Jaime nodded her head yes feeling more than a little uncomfortable looking at the photo with Billy considering what had happened between them that night. The unease Jaime was feeling tripled when Billy's eyes locked with her own, making it obvious he remembered exactly what had happened too. "We were drunk."

"We were always drunk." Countered Billy.

Why was he fighting her on this? Didn't he want to leave it forgotten

like they had done for so long? It worked well that way and Jaime couldn't see the logic in tearing all that down. "Our parents got married." If there was one way that Jaime was almost certain the conversation would get shut down it was bringing up their parents marriage, apparently she had been wrong though because Billy went on undeterred by her very valid and awkward point.

"They're still married aren't they? Hasn't been stopping you recently, has it?" Billy was sick of pussy footing around the obvious chemistry between them and he had no intention to continue ignoring it. Jaime was never going to be his sister, *never*, and Susan was definitely never going to be his mom, so what was really the harm in them fooling around?

Tossing the photo album aside Billy shifted up the bed until he was laid comfortably on his back beside Jaime. Even with her little protests about what had been going on with them Billy noted with satisfaction that she didn't move away from him, instead she tilted her head to look at him.

"There would have to be some ground rules, Hargrove. And shockingly you would be expected to follow them." Jaime began. It was clear that that very moment was probably the last chance she was going to get to take back control and do exactly what she wanted, and the old Jaime Mayfield always did what she wanted regardless of others. So why should she care about her mom and Neil? "Number one, no one can find out. It's bad enough Max already knows something. Two, there will be no fucking other girls. I don't want to date but I've seen the usual girls you go for, and you may aswell be going to the local animal shelter. Three, if I say it's over it's over."

Rules or no rules there was not a chance in hell Billy would have said no. He was never one to look a gift horse in the mouth. Not wanting to give Jaime a chance to change her mind Billy grabbed her face and kissed her feverishly. For a moment Jaime weakly resisted, but when Billy moved his hands to grip her hips and pulled her ontop of him her resolve broke.

Both of them were desperate, their kisses rough and frantic. Billy smirked against Jaime's lips when she made quick work of his

tugging his boxers down and pulled her satin shorts to one side to shove herself down on him, bury him to the hilt. For so long he had been the one making all the first moves and it made him swell with smug pride that she had been the one to finally get past their teasing; she was the one riding him at a wanton speed, kissing him and clawing at his chest with a desperation he had never seen on her before. Billy had never been one to be second in command though, grabbing Jaime's hips in a bruising hold Billy started slamming her down onto his cock, enjoying the high pitched moans she was trying so hard to stop from slipping from her full lips. Next time that's where he'd be fucking. "Do you want to get caught, Mayfield?"

Shaking her head no, unable to form coherent words, Jaime clasped her hand over her mouth muffling the very unlady-like noises she had been making. A squeal escaped though as Billy roughly threw her off of him and climbed ontop of her before bury himself inside her once more, giving Jaime no time to adjust to the delicious stretch.

"You have no idea what you've gotten yourself into, Mayfield." Billy whispered gruffly, his teeth nipping at her neck leaving marks in their wake. "No fucking idea."

Jaime clenched tightly around Billy, a coil tightening low in her stomach, and just as she reached her peak Billy's mouth returned to her mouth kissing her furiously, swallowing the scream that she made. Feeling Jaime clench around him, and being so frustrated for so long, it wasn't long after Jaime that Billy groaned loudly and came deep inside her.

The room was silent, except for the ragged breathing from the pair as they tried to catch their breath. After a few moments Billy heaved himself off of Jaime, slipped his boxers back up and leisurely lit himself a cigarette from the pack he had left on her vanity earlier that day. "You're gunna have to work on keeping quiet, Mayfield." He said with a smirk from behind a cloud of smoke.

"Fuck you, Hargrove." Jaime panted. "And get out before someone wakes up."

Finally enjoying some satisfaction Billy was only happy to follow Jaime's instruction, but before he disappeared into the dark hallway

he took one last look at the undone state he had managed to work Jaime into. Fuck he was proud of himself. "Until next time, Mayfield."

A/N/ FINALLY! Finally Jaime and Billy are past their teasing ;) After this chapter I will be moving into season 3 which I'm super excited about. I hope everyone enjoyed this update.

LadeyJezzabella: I really hope to expand on their characters in season 3, in fact I'm really looking forward to it and just hope I do it well. I'm so touched I inspired you to update your own story, it's hard to sit and write sometimes I think. I hope you liked this chapter :) and love reading your comments!

Alyssa: I'm so glad you love Jaime and Billy, because I know I do! Hope you enjoyed this update :)

Trifles: Thank you for such kind words! Jaime definitely does have Billy around her little finger, but I think he kind of does her too. I agree with you thinking that she struggles with her feelings more than Billy, and I'm excited to explore that more especially going into season 3. Let me know what you thought of the chapter :)

26. Chapter 26

Chapter Twenty Six

Summer 1985

"I'm going to Dustin's!" Max yelled out to no one in particular, quickly shoving her feet into her converse. "Mom? Jaime? Anyone?" She called out when there was no response. Quickly glancing into the livingroom she found it empty, Neil was at work so it seemed as though her mom had decided to go out and enjoy the summer heat, that didn't account for Jaime though.

In the months that had passed since Christmas Max and Jaime had slowly been patching up their tattered relationship, it was by no means where it had once been, but Jaime wouldn't have left without saying bye and telling her sister where she was heading. Glancing up at the clock to check the time, she was already running late, Max jogged to Jaime's bedroom at a hasty pace not wanting to make herself any later.

"I'm going to-" Max began to announce as she threw open the door, when she saw why her sister hadn't answered though her face scrunched in disgust. "You guys are gross!" Quick as lightning Max covered her eyes with her hands, shielding them from looking at Jaime and Billy any longer. They were getting reckless, it wasn't the first time Max had walked in on them, it never got anymore uncomfortable though and each time she wanted to clean her eyes with bleach.

"You can uncover your eyes." Said Jaime having pushed Billy off of her. "Next time maybe knock?"

Gingerly Max removed her hands and was relieved to find that Billy and Jaime were no longer sandwiched together on the bed swapping saliva. "I wanted to tell you I'm going to Dustin's, he's back from camp."

Waving dismissively at Max, Jaime moved over to her vanity to right

her hair that Billy had ruined. "Sure. I'm going to the pool all day, that's where I'll be if you need me."

"Come on, Mayfield. I'm gunna be late." Snapped Billy, bored of the tedious conversation. His life guard job was the best thing that had happened to him all summer, except for all the alone time he and Jaime got without school, she spent all day at the pool when he worked though and it gave him the perfect opportunity to look at her in a bikini for hours on end.

Rolling her eyes, like Billy cared if he was late, Jaime scanned her room for her white stiletto's, there was no way she was going anywhere without them. "Just go wait by the car, Hargrove. I need to find my shoes."

Not bothered if Billy decided to do as she'd said, Jaime continued the search for her favourite shoes. They would leave when she was ready whether Billy liked it or not. Crouching down on the floor she checked under her bed, spotting the white stiletto's slightly hidden by one of Billy's shirts. When would he learn to tidy up after himself? If her mom had found the shirt it would be game over for them, and Jaime was one hundred percent sure Billy wanted that even less than she did. Grabbing the offending item along with her shoes, Jaime heaved herself back upright and was shocked to see Max was still there, eyeing her with disbelief. "What?"

"You're gunna get caught, you know that right?"

Had Max suddenly become a mind reader? Whatever the reason for Max's observation Jaime didn't need or want to hear something she already knew. Since summer break had officially began Max had caught them a total of four times, five now, logic only pointed to the fact that Neil or Susan would likely be next. Yet everytime she and Billy made a pact to stop being so careless it only seemed to make them to the complete opposite. Thank god Max had kept her findings to herself, Jaime wasn't ready for anyone else to be in on the secret.

"We're not going to get caught." Jaime scoffed as she slipped her shoes on. "Don't worry about me, okay? Go to Justin's-"

"Dustin's."

"Whatever! Just go have fun, and I'll do the same."

Flashing a mischievous smirk at Max, Jaime slipped past her younger sister to go join Billy in his car, not before making a quick detour to Billy's room where she threw the shirt that could have potentially ended their little affair.

"Just be careful." Max offered as she squeezed past Jaime at the front door, skateboard under her arm. "See you later!"

Flicking her hand in a weak attempt of bidding Max goodbye, Jaime slammed the door to the now empty Hargrove-Mayfield house and stepped fully into the scorching heat of the day. Pulling down her sunglasses, the sun too bright for her eyes to make anything out without them, a smirk curved across Jaime's lips again as she found Billy smoking in the drivers seat of his car. The lifeguard job had been doing nothing but working in Billy's favour, the sun had given him a golden tan and it only added to his already insane looks.

"Took your sweet ass time, Mayfield." Billy grumbled when Jaime climbed into the passenger seat, not even giving her time to fasten her seat belt before speeding off down the street. "You made me late."

There was no way Jaime was going to let Billy spout some fantasy where it was her who had made him late; he had gone to her in her room and thrown her on the bed knowing full well what time he needed to be at work, and Jaime was more than happy to remind him exactly of that fact. "I don't remember coming to your room, Hargrove." Jaime taunted after inhaling deeply on the cigarette Billy offerend out to her. "It's not my fault you can't control yourself around me, but I mean who can blame you? Look at me."

Billy didn't want to look, didn't want to give Jaime exactly what she wanted, but he couldn't help himself. Dragging his eyes down Jaime's body hungrily, Billy drank in every inch of her like a starving man. Only Jaime would go to the pool in white heels, only Jaime would walk around the streets of Hawkins in a short denim skirt and bikini top, and Billy couldn't have been happier.

"You think the desperate housewives of Hawkins will be there today?" Every damn day she went to the pool with Billy Jaime had to watch

the pathetic display Mrs Wheeler and her friends put on for Billy. It was laughable how they all oggled him, and strived to gain his attention. Jaime would have been lying if she said that Mrs Wheeler wasn't getting to her. Unlike her friends Karen Wheeler looked good for a mom of three, and after the disgusting show she and Billy had put on the night they were looking for Max Jaime wasn't entirely trustful of the two of them.

"Still jealous of Mrs Wheeler?" Billy grinned, turning the car in to the pools car park. There wasn't a doubt in Billy's mind that Mrs Wheeler would be there, she and her friends had been to the pool nearly every day since summer started, and every time they saw him all of the women greeted him like he was a god. It was obvious that the attention he was getting was driving Jaime insane but that only made Billy enjoy it all the more.

"I am not jealous, Hargrove." Jaime snapped after getting out of the car. "It's nauseating." Walking at a brisk pace Jaime headed in the direction of the locker room where Billy and the other life guards kept their belongings while they worked, not bothering to see if Billy was keeping up.

The smell of the locker room made Jaime's nose scrunch, how could somewhere smell like bleach and dirt? She waited for Billy all the same, bad smell or not Jaime had a plan to stick it to Mrs Wheeler.

"You shouldn't be in here, Mayfield." Billy yelled out when he kicked open the door to the locker room, where he found Jaime waiting with folded arms next to his locker. It had become a game between the two of them, Jaime would tell him to make her leave and then they'd have a quickie in one of the shower stalls, it worked like clockwork everytime. Billy was already late so what did it matter if he was a little later?

Billy's arms wrapped around Jaime's bare waist pulling her into his hard chest, he wasn't off the hook that easily though. "Not today, Hargrove. I only just fixed my hair, remember?" Unwrapping herself from Billy's arms Jaime left him at the locker to go over to the shower stalls to look in one of the mirrors.

Humming softly to herself, not really do much of anything to her

appearance, Jaime waited to hear the door bang signalling Billy had left the room to start his shift by the pool. That would teach him for calling her jealous. Jaime Mayfield did not get jealous of middle aged housewives, more to the point she didn't get jealous of anyone. When the sound of the door slamming carried through the locker room Jaime began to set her plan in motion; ruffling her hair just enough that it need to be straightened out, and hiking her skirt a little higher on her thighs, Jaime was ready to head out to the pool.

Throwing open the door that led out to pool side, Jaime strutted down the tiles causing heads to turn as she did, Billy wasn't the only one who got attention at Hawkins Public Pool. Ahead of her Billy had just reached the lifeguards chair and passed by his fan club of middle aged mothers, meaning Jaime had waited the perfect amount of time.

Flicking her gaze up to Billy, who was now sat down comfortably in his throne, Jaime smiled slyly at him before turning to face where Mrs Wheeler was posed on her lounge. In the most indiscrete way possible Jaime unbunched her skirt and smoothed the denim out, step one complete and Mrs Wheelers attention was firmly fixed on her. Step two, the final step in the very simple plan, was the most crucial. Bringing her right hand up to her mouth Jaime wiped at her bottom lip, and the sudden change in Mrs Wheelers demenour made it loud and clear she got the message loud and clear, and most importantly that it hurt her.

Now Jaime felt better.

A/N/ Here we are in season 3! I will not be rushing through this season, I think we all know why *sniffles* So here's the first installment, I hope everyone enjoys it even though it's kinda short.

Alyssa: I'm not going to give away what I have planned for season 3 but I hope you'll like it. Hope you like this chapter :)

Ladey Jezzabella: It was worth the wait, right? lol. There will be many, many escapades and I can't wait for it! I pretty much have exactly what I plan for the whole of season 3 already, so hopefully it all works out okay and you enjoy it. I will also

definitely be doing some Hargrove/Mayfield home stuff too. Hope you liked this chapter :) And thank you for the long reviews!

starsandrocks: Thanks so much for the compliment, and I hope you liked this chapter too! I will be doing home life chapters/segments because I think it's kind of important with all the Hargrove/Mayfield relationships. As I said I'm not going to rush through the season because it's going to be traumatic lol, but I know exactly how I'm working Jaime into it and I just hope it works as well on paper as it does in my head!

27. Chapter 27

Chapter Twenty Seven

The day progressed at a lazy pace, and before Jaime knew it was three o'clock. Above the pool the sun continued to beat down unrelenting heat which had drawn most of Hawkins Public Pool's patrons into the cool water and away from their loungers. Kids and adults alike splashed around, the water offering relief from the burning sun, while Billy watched on from behind his sunglasses.

Usually Billy would have taken a break and Jaime would have taken advantage of that, but he hadn't moved from his seat since starting his shift. Obviously he hadn't found her little show for Mrs Wheeler amusing. It was getting ridiculous the way Billy always jumped to Mrs Wheeler's defense and it was getting on Jaime's last nerve. Why was he even interested in some middle aged has been when he had her? The only solace that Jaime could take from the days events was on more than one occasion she had caught Billy eyeing her instead of the pool, that being said she was officially bored.

"Do my back?" Rolling on to her stomach Jaime shook the bottle of sun lotion at Billy with a smirk. "Don't forget to undo the strap, I don't want tan lines."

Begrudgingly Billy climbed down leaving the cool shade the chairs umbrella created and perched on the edge of Jaime's lounge, accepting the bottle of lotion. "Someone drowns it's your fault, Mayfield." Someone could drown for all Billy cared, undoing the thin ties of Jaime's bikini top and rubbing lotion into her soft skin was far more important, and he intended to do the job thoroughly.

Propping herself up on her elbows, Jaime lit a cigarette as she enjoyed the feeling of Billy's hands rubbing her back. She was sweaty and so was he but that didn't matter, and even if it had the look of utter envy on the desperate housewives of Hawkins was enough to make it worth it.

"They're talking about us." Jaime said with a cruel laugh. If there was

one skill that came hand in hand with popularity it was the ability to sense when someone was talking about her, and Mrs Wheeler and her friends weren't very good at hiding it. Drawing on her cigarette, Jaime strained to hear what the older women were saying, anything could be used as ammunition against Hawkins most desperate mother of three.

"Do you think that's a new service he's offering? I'd be first in line if it was. I'm sure if I looked like her he'd be offering to do it though."

"I think she's his sister," Jaime just heard Mrs Wheeler reply to one of her friends. *"She's Mike's friend Max's sister, and I'm sure Billy's their brother."*

So finally Mrs Wheeler had figured it all out, yet still she hadn't mentioned what she had witnessed between Jaime and Billy, now that was interesting. Billy's hands on her back forgotten Jaime's full attention fixed solely on Mrs Wheeler as she tried to hear more of what the four women were saying.

"She said she was friends with Nancy once, but when I asked her Nancy said that she's a nasty little thing." Mrs Wheeler went on. *"Apparently she's been in trouble with the police aswell. Caught at Lovers Lake with a boy...you know...Definitely not the kind of girl Nancy would be friends with."*

Behind her cigarette Jaime's face hardened at what Mrs Wheeler was saying. Everything Mrs Wheeler had said was correct, she and Billy had been caught in the back of his Camaro by a cop, and Nancy was definately the kind of girl *she* wouldn't want to be friends with, it was clear Karen Wheeler had been keeping tabs on her. "Hargrove, you're done." Jaime instructed as she threw the butt off her cigarette away. "Do the straps up, I need to cool off."

"For fuck sake, Mayfield!" Billy growled in annoyance. "What was even the point in getting me to put lotion of you if you're getting in the pool?!"

"Who said anything about the pool?" With her bikini top firmly secured, Jaime got to her feet and wiggled back into her denim skirt before slipping her stiletto's on. "You coming, Hargrove?"

Overhearing Mrs Wheelers conversation had given Jaime's a new found level of determination to get under her skin. The faux blowjob just wasn't enough now, and as none of the women seemed to have balls to say anything about the possibility of she and Billy being siblings Jaime saw no reason to not put on another show.

Casting a quick glance over her shoulder at Billy, Jaime sauntered past the group of women back towards the locker room where she had enter the pool from. There was no need to check if Billy was following, there wasn't a doubt in Jaime's mind that he would, all that was left to do was enjoy the sour expression on Mrs Wheeler's face as she watched Billy trail after her like a lost little puppy. It was taking all of Jaime's self restraint not to laugh at Mrs Wheeler, her face gave Jaime all the pleasure she needed, she knew exactly why Billy was following her to the locker room and Jaime couldn't have been more smug.

"I know what you were doing, Mayfield." Billy said once they were in the locker room. "Why are you so desperate to one up Mrs Wheeler?" Infront of Billy Jaime's self satisfied grin fell and was replaced by a cold scowl. Did she really think he was so stupid he couldn't see the petty way she was toying with Karen? And the more she did it the more Jaime proved just how threatened she was by Mrs Wheeler, how worried she was he's take his interest else where, and that made Billy more smug than he'd ever been. Jaime Mayfield, queen bitch, didn't want to share him.

"She's pathetic." Jaime dead panned. "More to the point why are you so desperate to defend her? Do you have a crush on her, Hargrove?"

Sure Karen was a good looking woman and if the opportunity presented itself Billy wouldn't say no, that being said Billy was more than enjoying whatever he and Jaime had going on and he wasn't about to jeopardize that. "And if I did?"

Billy was baiting her and Jaime knew it, but she couldn't stop herself from getting jealous. "You're nothing but some halfbaked fantasy to that woman." Jaime said, kicking her shoes from her feet before giving Billy a hard shove backwards into the end shower stall. "She would *never* go to some cheap motel with you. Ever." Having wiggled out of her skirt Jaime joined Billy in the stall, yanking the curtain

shut behind her. "You really think she'd risk her perfect little suburban life for someone like you? Even you can't be that delutational, Hargrove."

"You willing to bet on that?"

The cock sure grin on Billy's face only served to annoy Jaime further, if it was a bet he wanted it was a bet he would get. "If you can't get Mrs Wheeler to meet you at a motel in the next week then I get to drive your car when ever I want to. If you can I'll leave her alone."

Did Jaime really think that was what he wanted? No, Billy had something entirely different in mind. "I don't think so, Mayfield." He grinned, turning the shower on. "If I win then you can blow me everyday. Or I could get Ka-"

Jaime had no intention of hearing the rest of what Billy had to say about Mrs Wheeler, so before he had a chance to finished she pressed her lips viciously against Billy's successfully silencing him. Her kisses were rough, the jealousy Mrs Wheeler caused getting the better of her, but Billy matched Jaime's brutal kisses with the same passion. Billy slamming her into the shower wall had Jaime wincing but it didn't stop the breathy moan escaping her lips as he kissed and bit his way down her neck.

With impatient fingers Billy made quick work of Jaime's skimpy bikini bottoms and watched eagerly as she flicked them off of her foot. The second they hit the corner of the shower his lips crashed back on to her full ones and started a new bruising assault, as his hands slipped between Jaime's slim legs and dipped inside her. "I think I like you jealous, Mayfield." Billy taunted as she quickly grew wet for him, moaning as his fingers worked her at a punishing pace.

"Fuck you, Hargrove!" Jaime bit out as she scowled up at Billy. She could only look at his self satisfied smirk for a few moments, because the next thing Jaime knew she was being turned around, cheek pressed to the cold shower wall. "Fuck." She said again, only this time it was because without warning Billy had entered her.

Even as he thrust into Jaime at an unrelenting speed Billy couldnt stop from smirking down at the redhead. There she was face pressed

against the wall, biting down on his forearm to muffle the delicious noises she was making, and it was all because Jaime couldn't handle the way Mrs Wheeler looked at him. They both groaned loudly as Billy ploughed into her with the furocity of a jack hammer, his thrusts getting harder and faster each time as he gripped Jaime tightly by the hip. Billy's smirk grew wider still as he watched Jaime clawing helplessly at the wall in sheer pleasure, her lips agape as she the hottest noises he was sure he'd ever heard poured. At that moment Jaime was the picture of feminine eroticism and the world needed to know she was Billys; dripping his lips back to Jaime's neck he bit and sucked at the soft skin, proud of his work when a dark spotchy mark appeared on the pale skin.

"Fuck." Billy grunted as Jaime screamed loudly, her insides squeezed him tightly as she came hard and it was only a few more frenzied thrusts before he emptied himself deep within her.

Flicking his now wet hair off of his face Billy shut off the stream of warm water, the locker room becoming silent except for their ragged breathing. Tucking himself back into this swim shorts Billy stepped out of the stall after throwing Jaime's discarded bikini bottoms at her. "See you out there, Mayfield."

The least Billy could have done was get her a towel to dry off, but when had he ever been considerate? Bikini bottoms back in place Jaime finally stepped out of the shower stall, completely soaked but thoroughly satisfied. Having had a short battle with getting her denim skirt up her damp skin Jaime stole a glance in one of the mirrors and came to the conclusion she definately looked like she'd been fucked in a shower. There wasn't a moment to waste.

Not even bothering to attempt to right her appearance Jaime sashayed back out to the pool, more specifically in front of Mrs Wheeler. "Be careful ladies." Jaime said in a sickly sweet voice once she had reached Karen and her friends. "I've heard too much sun is very aging for women of a certain age. You all might want to consider sitting in the shade for a while." Flashing a quick smile, Jaime returned to her lounge chair unsure whether the quickie or ridiculing Mrs Wheeler brought her more joy.

A/N/ Another short update, but an update all the same! :) I will hopefully have another chapter up tomorrow and it'll be featuring some Max and Steve in a sailor suit.

Guest: I'm glad you loved the last chapter, hope you did this one too! :)

Trifles: Season 3 has me so inspired to keep updating this story, and I don't think I'll be slowing down anytime soon lol. In regards to the end of season 3 I make no promises whether I'll follow the shows ending or not, but I will be taking my time getting that far along in the season because I love Billy and Jaime so much. Hope you enjoyed this update. Look forward to reading your thoughts :)

KlarolineCinderella: I'm here for it too lol. Hope you liked this chapter :)

MulishaMaiden: I'm super excited to write this season, I can't even put it into words! Hope you stick around and enjoy it :)

28. Chapter 28

Chapter Twenty Eight

"Billy, stop!"

The Camaro had pulled up outside the Hargrove-Mayfield house at least ten minutes ago and still Jaime and Billy hadn't gone inside. The moment he'd shut the engine off Billy had all but pounced on Jaime, which she was by no means complaining about, but if they didn't go in soon one of their parents was likely to come outside to see what the problem was. It was for that reason alone that Jaime was putting a stop to Billy's tempting touches. "I mean it, Hargrove. My mom or your dad could come out, and I don't think they'd be happy finding your hands up my skirt."

Reluctantly Billy withdrew his hand with a growl. "Let's go then." He barked, throwing himself from the car and slamming the door behind him. Jaime might have been right but that didn't make it any less infuriating. Was it too much to ask to not have their parents sticking their noses in every little thing they did? More specifically Susan; ever since her and Jaime's fight she seemed to constantly be keeping an eye on the pair of them, checking that he wasn't doing anything to poison Jaime against her, and after months of it Billy was ready to blow.

"You're mom think she's a sneaky bitch." Billy sneered, lighting a cigarette as he followed Jaime to the front door. "It's a joke."

It was true, Jaime's mom was anything but stealthy when it came to keeping tabs on them so there was no use arguing it. "She's probably worried you're defiling me." Jaime grinned as she came to a stop at the front door, spinning to face Billy. "And she wouldn't be wrong would she?"

Inhaling deeply on his cigarette Billy did a quick sweep of the house and surrounding area to make sure unwanted eyes weren't watching. "We can get back in my car, Mayfield. Go for a drive, see how much I can *defile* you."

Jaime's stomach did a somersault at Billy's suggestion, but as tempting as the offer was their parents knew they were home and it would cause too much hassle if they left now. That didn't mean she couldn't play with Billy before they went in though. Grabbing a hold of Billy's tank Jaime gave it a sharp tug pulling him into her, and noted with pride as his eyes glazed with lust. Sometimes it was too easy. "You might want to hide this," Jaime smirked grabbing Billy's hardened cock through his shorts. "Before you go in."

Turning the handle Jaime opened the front door once she had released her hold on Billy, announcing their arrival to Neil and Susan. "We're back!" She called out, heading straight to her bedroom not in the mood to make small talk.

"Dinners ready!"

Dinner was the last thing Jaime wanted, and not because she wasn't hungry. Things between Max and Billy might have made a slight change but nothing else had. Neil was still the aggressive asshole he'd always been, Billy still took the brunt of it, and Susan still said nothing, so Jaime did her best to avoid any interaction with her mom and Neil so she didn't have to deal with their bullshit. "Is Max home?"

"Not yet, she called and said she'd be home late!" Susan yelled from the living room.

"Me and Billy can go pick her up." It was the best solution to limiting her time around their parents that Jaime could see, and that's exactly what she'd tell Billy when he moaned about having to be Max's taxi. "We can leave now." Jaime said when she walked into the livingroom to hear her mom's answer. As she had suspected Neil was already sat at the table almost finished with his dinner, it was completely lost on Jaime why her mom even tried to make dinner a thing.

"Billy can go on his own."

Jaime's face harden as Neil answered for her mom, that was not what was supposed to happen. "I don't mind-"

"Billy can go on his own." Neil repeated in a sterner voice. "You can eat the dinner you mom made. Go tell him, then come and sit at the

table."

"Fine." Jaime retorted, stamping back the way she had came. At least one of them was getting out of the horrendous dinner, even if she wished it was her.

The sound of the front door slamming carried through to Jaime's room where she was flicking half heartedly through a cosmo. It had taken Billy and Max a whole hour to get home and Jaime had been forced to spend twenty minutes of that alone with her mom and Neil. When Neil had said that only Billy should pick Max up Jaime had suspected there was some greater reason behind it, and she hadn't be wrong.

Not five seconds after the door had shut behind Billy had Neil began firing off questions and accusations at her. Luckily none of it had involved Billy, perhaps she and Billy had better game faces than they thought, but Neil had been right about most thing he just had the wrong boy. For twenty minutes Jaime had sat in her usualy seat at the table while Neil told her in no uncertain terms that he knew everything she'd been up to, that he knew she was the town bike, that he was putting a stop to it. When Jaime had looked to her mom for some kind of back up or support, Susan had just stayed silent prodding at her spaghetti like it was the most interesting thing on the planet.

"Do you think we're stupid, Jaime? Do you think we wouldn't find out? We know all about what you've been up to, how you've taken up the occupation of town bike! Indecent exposure at Lovers Lake! Flaunting yourself at the pool! Sneaking out at night to see god knows how many boys! Is this how we raised you? Did we raise a slut, Jaime? Answer me!"

When Jaime had tried to offer out a rational answer to each of Neil's points, like most people were exposed at the pool, he wouldn't have it and only grew more enraged. Never before had Neil ever lost his temper with her and it had terrified her, would he hit her like he did Billy? Neil hadn't hit her but the whole exchange had shaken Jaime.

"Next time don't leave me alone with Billy." Said Max, barging into Jaime's room without warning. "Are you okay?"

Was it that obvious? Jaime didn't want Max or Billy knowing what had happened, Max would only worry and Billy would no doubt pick a fight with his dad, neither of them needed the stress. With that in mind, Jaime plastered a smile on her face, closed the magazine she had barely been reading, and gave Max her full attention. "Just bored on my own."

"You mean without Billy?"

"No." Jaime frowned. "Come here." Patting her bed Jaime was pleased when Max crawled in next to her, just like they had back when lived in California. "Look, I know we've had our differences since...that night, but I miss you, Max. For the first time ever we have something in common, you actually like a boy! And you still haven't told me anything about it."

"I don't want to hear anything about you and Billy." Max interrupted. "I hear enough as it is."

Jaime couldn't help but laugh at the disturbed look on Max's face. God she had grown up so much, and it sadden Jaime that she had missed out on it because of some stupid fight they were having. They had been so close and there was something Jaime needed to tell Max, something she'd been wanting to tell her since summer began. "I need to tell you something, Max."

Max had known something was wrong the moment Jaime asked her to get in bed with her, and she was pretty sure she knew exactly what it was Jaime wanted to tell her. "You're pregnant aren't you?"

"No! Jesus Max! I'm leaving."

"I didn't think you were going to college?"

"I'm not." College was the last thing on Jaime's mind, and there was no way her mom and Neil could afford to put either her or Billy through college, so Jaime had kissed goodbye to that idea a long time ago. "Me and Billy are going back to California once summer break is over. That's why he took the life guard job, we need the money to get the hell out of here."

Of all the things Max had imagined her sister telling her leaving for California wasn't one of them, and what came as the biggest surprise of all was that Jaime was going with Billy. "I didn't think you and Billy were dating? You said it was, and I quote, 'a summer fling'. Now you're planning on living with him in California? I don't understand."

"It's complicated, okay?" Jaime sighed in frustration. "Who I'm going with isn't important, what's important is that I won't be able to come back. I won't be able to see you."

When she and Billy had first decided they were leaving Max had been the only reason Jaime had been uncertain. And as she actually told Max the plan outloud Jaime felt like an awful sister. "I would be leaving you here with Neil and mom all alone, and that scares the shit out of me. If I could take you with me I would, but you have a boyfriend, and friends, you're settled. What kind of big sister would I be if I took you away from that?"

"So I'm never going to see you again? Is that what you're saying?"

"Never" Jaime shot back matter of factly. "You just have to start being smart is all." Leaning over the edge of her bed Jaime produced an old music box and handed it to a confused Max. "Open it."

Hesitantly Max opened the box, her eyes bulging when she saw it was full of cash.

"Ask for money for things, like a new skateboard or something, but don't buy it. Pocket the cash and save it. Just because I won't be able to come here doesn't mean you can't come to me."

Not wanting to chance her mom or Neil finding her secret money stash Jaime quickly snapped the box and hid it back in its place under her bed. She had been secretly saving the money since Christmas and there was no way she was risking being caught so close to her and Billy leaving.

"You're really going, aren't you?"

Jaime nodded her head yes, feeling worse than she ever imagined she could. Billy had been telling her for months to tell Max and Jaime

had been putting it off to afraid of Max's reaction, but now she realised it wasn't Max's reaction she had feared it was her own. "Don't hate me. I just can't live with them any more. One day he'll kill Billy, I fucking know he will, and I won't let that happen. Billy's an asshole but he doesn't deserve that." Not wanting to dampen the mood further, Jaime quickly forced a smile and changed the subject before Max could say anything. "Tomorrow you and me are going to the mall. My treat. We need to spend some time together."

For the first time in months Max smiled genuinely at her sister. "I can't wait."

A/N/ I know I said Steve would be in this chapter but I wouldn't have had anything to post today, so I made it two chapters instead of one. I hope you all like the update though (even without Steve)

Guest: My plan is to update everyday, except weekends.

Ladey Jezzabella: Jaime is a MASSIVE bitch to Karen and I love it! It's one of my favourite things to write atm, but I wanted to do something different this chapter.

starsandrocks: Thank you so much for your kind words. I think Jaime and Karen's rivalry is something we all need lol, and it could possibly only get worse ;)

29. Chapter 29

Chapter Twenty Nine

Shopping was exactly what Jaime had needed. For just over two hours she had dragged Max around all the shops, buying her a few things that caught her eye with some of the money she had saved up, and as much as Jaime wanted to continue her spree Max couldn't keep up. Caving into Max's complaints of foot ache and hunger Jaime put her shopping on hold to get her sister something to eat and shut her up.

"Where is he?" Asked Jaime as she stepped up to the counter in Scoops Ahoy, barely able to keep herself from laughing. "Come on, Robin. Get him out here, I want to see sailor boy."

"Hey, dingus!" Robin called out. "The only non-child you know is here!"

The laughter that Jaime had been holding in erupted into uncontrollable fits when Steve stepped out from the back of the store, an unimpressed look on his face, she would never not find his uniform hilarious. "Oh, Steve!" She gasped. "It never gets old."

"You've seen me like ten times since I got this job!" Exclaimed Steve. Since Jaime had discovered where he worked, and the uniform, she had made it her mission to go and mock him when ever she visited the mall and so far she had yet to not laugh. Had it been anyone else Steve might have minded, and despite Jaime being the bitchiest person he knew, all the laughing and mocking was harmless and had the shoe been on the other foot Steve would have done the same. "So what do you want? Mint choc chip?"

"I'll have coke float!" Max yelled out as she went to find a seat to rest her tired feet.

"You heard her, Sailor Boy." Jaime grinned at Steve, leaning on the counter making herself comfortable, not letting him off the hook so easily. "You see what gets me them most, Steve, is that she looks hot

in your little uniform but you look tragic. How do you manage that?"

"Ha ha, very funny." Handing the cone of mint choc chip over to Jaime, Steve looked between the two girls with confusion. Robin and Jaime were complete opposites, Robin was in band and Jaime was once a cheerleader, but from day one of meeting in Scoops Ahoy the two seemed to be getting on well and genuinely liked each other. Ever since the night in the tunnels Steve was holding out for Jaime to show her true self like she had that night, so far she hadn't and was still playing the cliché mean girl, even so he was happy that she had found another girl in Hawkins who she seemed to stand to be around. "What ever this weird friendship is between you two, it gives me the creeps."

As Steve turned his attention to making the coke float, trying his best to ignore the two girls, Jaime managed to get her laughing under control enough to talk to Robin while she waited. "He still striking out?"

"Spectacularly. It's getting a little sad actually. I have a theory that the sailor uniform has sucked all the his charisma, and left us with the loser we see here today."

It was a good job that Billy hated shopping, otherwise Steve Harrington's life would have been hell, the uniform alone would have made Billy's day and really he was lucky neither Jaime or Max had mentioned it around him. The kids would never do anything like that too him, and for a time Jaime would have but she'd found that despite standing her up the year before she quite liked Steve. Not that she'd ever tell Billy. As far as Billy was concerned she didn't even speak to Steve any more and that was exactly how Jaime wanted to keep it. It was for that reason that for the summer Jaime had been living two separate lives, one with Billy and her secret life at the mall whenever she was away from him. Under normal circumstances she would have rubbed Steve in Billy's face, more than enjoying the jealousy it caused, but they had plans and she wouldn't do anything to jeopardize that, not when they were so close.

"Let's see the board."

From under the counter Robin produced a dry erase board and

propped it on the surface with a bang. "See, it's sad. He officially sucks."

"Again with the board? Really?" Placing the coke float on the counter, Steve grabbed the offending board and shoved it back under the counter away from prying eyes. What he really wanted to do was break it into as many pieces as he could, but truth be told Robin scared him a little so hiding it was the next best thing.

"Did you know he stood me up?" Jaime asked Robin, ignoring his outrage at the board and only wanting to further embarrass him.

"You stood her up?"

"It wasn't...that's not exactly..." Steve stuttered, his arms gesturing in frustration. God he hated girls. "Jaime tell her that is not exactly what happened."

"Oh it's exactly what happened." Smirked Jaime, stranding upright so Robin and Steve were both able to see her better. "I mean look at me, Robin. He couldn't do better. Think I dodged a bullet there though, the sailor suit doesn't really do it for me."

Handing over the cash to Robin, satisfied with the hard time they had given Steve, Jaime said her goodbyes and went over to the table Max was waiting for her at. Billy was going to be picking them up in less than an hour and Jaime wanted to go to a few more stores before he did, so they needed to finish up as quickly as possible because Billy wouldn't wait for them.

"I still don't get you and Robin." Said Max after taking a large gulp of her coke float. As she had been waiting for Jaime to get their order Max had watched the three teens trying to figure out what the hell was happening. Robin was the last person on earth that Max would have thought Jaime would actually like, she knew her sister though and every interaction she had seen between them didn't seem false.

"What's there to get? She likes picking on Steve, I like picking on Steve, it's as simple as that."

It was definately true, that didn't make the friendship any less weird

though. In school Jaime wouldn't have so much as given a girl like Robin a second glance but now she was talking to her like they were best friends, and Max couldn't help but wonder if Jaime was messing with Robin like she and Billy had done Steve. "So you like her?"

"Sure." Jaime answered between licks of ice cream. What was with Max's interrogation? Yes, Robin wasn't exactly the kind of girl that Jaime usually associated with and if Steve wasn't working at Scoops Ahoy that more than likely was exactly how it would have stayed, but he did and Robin was okay. "Billy's going to be here soon and I want to do more shopping before he picks us up, so speed it up."

Groaning Max threw her head back in defeat. Her feet hurt, they had been in every store, she was done. "You go, I'll wait here. Maybe get an ice cream?"

Jaime should have known there was no way Max would be able to keep up with her, it was a stupid mistake on her behalf, she wasn't about to cut her spree short because Max was tired though. Throwing her cone into the trash, Jaime reached into her purse and threw some cash down onto the table. "Get whatever you want, I'll be back in about thirty. Come get me if I'm not!" She called over her shoulder as she made her way out of the parlour. "I am not getting a fucking bus!"

A/N/ Another short chapter, but it does have Steve and Robin in :) Billy will be back in the next chapter ;)

starsandrocks: I'm trying to keep the roll going! This chapter was shorter than I would have liked but I wanted to get something up today and keep to my schedule, so I hope you liked it. And their plans had me sad too :(

Sara: Hope you like this update :)

Cam: So happy you love Billy and Jaime, I love them so much!

MulishaMaiden: Her friends are exactly the reason why I figured Jaime would be kind of okay with leaving her, if she didn't have them I don't think Jaime would leave. They could still get

caught by their parents you never know, they're not exactly sneaky lol! Hope you liked the first trip to Starcourt Mall :D

KlarolineCinderella: I'm going to try hard to keep this upload schedule! Hope you liked this one :)

30. Chapter 30

Chapter Thirty

On the drive home Billy had been uncharacteristically quiet. He hadn't uttered a word, not even snapping at Max, instead he had kept his eyes glued on the road and quietly smoked. In the rear view mirror Jaime and Max had exchanged confused looks, completely bewildered by Billy's behaviour. There was no use questioning him while Max was there though, so Jaime had bided her time and waited till they had gotten home.

After dropping her shopping bags into her bedroom she had made her way to Billy's room ready to question his weird mood. Not bothering to knock Jaime opened the door and shut it again behind her. "What's crawled up your ass?"

Infront of a mirror Billy was changing out of his life guard top and into a shirt, which he kept unbuttoned enough to show some of his hard chest, while a cigarette hung from his mouth. In the mirrors surface he glared at the reflection of Jaime just behind his own but didn't acknowledge her question. How stupid did she think he was? Did she really think he wouldn't have found out? Taking in her appearance only made him more angry; from the tube top to the tiny denim shorts it was more than obvious she wanted attention of guys, nothing new there, but the specific person she had secretly gone to get attention from was what had Billy enraged.

"I asked you a question, Hargrove."

Drawing sharply on his cigarette Billy continued to ignore Jaime, moving away from the mirror to spray himself liberally with cologne. Two could play her game, and it was a game Billy was very, very good at. She had set out the ground rules of their hook up and it was her who had broken it, so as far as Billy was concerned all bets were off and it was a free for all.

"If you don't answer me in the next two seconds I'm going to start breaking stuff." Jaime snapped. When she and Max had been dropped

off at the mall by Billy earlier that day he had been fine, yet for some reason he was acting like a dick and didn't have the balls to tell her what had happened to put him in such a foul mood.

When Billy still didn't answer her Jaime's temper spiked. Stamping over to him she snatched the bottle of cologne from his hand and threw it at the wall, making the glass shatter and the liquid spill down the wall. If he thought she was joking he was sorely mistaken, no one ignored Jaime Mayfield.

"You fucking bitch!" Roared Billy. She had wanted his attention and now she had it. Turning hotly on Jaime, Billy glowered down at her wanting nothing more than to strangle her. "Did you really think I wouldn't find out?"

Find out? Jaime racked her brain to try and think of what nonsense Billy was going on about but nothing sprang to mind, she spent all her time with him and last time she checked she hadn't been hiding anything from him. "You've been sitting in the sun too long, Hargrove."

Laughing bitterly to himself Billy shoved past Jaime to grab his car keys. If she thought he was going to stick around and listen to some bullshit lie she had cooked up Jaime was wrong, he was more than willing to play the same game as her. All afternoon he had been going over and over what he'd over heard at the pool, and he'd been getting more and more pissed off. Who did Jaime think she was? More to the point who the fuck did Harrington think he was? Billy had been playing by Jaime's rules ever since they started fooling around, for weeks he had been turning Heather down, not now though. Tonight he was going to take Heather on the date she had been bugging him for, and then he'd get her in the back of his Camaro, and there wasn't a thing Jaime could do to stop it.

"Where the fuck are you going?" Jaime yelled as Billy stormed from his room with no warning. Hot on his heels she followed him down the hall, into the living room and outside to the driveway, still he didn't say anything to her and Jaime's temper hit overdrive.

As Billy's fingers made contact with the car door, opening it a few inches ready to drive off and leave Jaime in the mess she had made,

it slammed back shut. The bitch did not know when to quit. Again he went to open the door, and again Jaime's hand slammed it shut. "I have a date, Mayfield. Now fucking move."

A rage unlike anything Jaime had ever felt consumed her body, the last thing in the world she was going to do after Billy's admission was move out of the way. "You have a date?" Was all she managed to get out, to angry to form the words she had actually wanted to say.

"Did I stutter?"

"Did you stutter? Did you fucking stutter? Fuck you!" Using all her strength Jaime shoved Billy's chest as hard as she could, knocking him backwards into his car with a thud. "A fucking date, Hargrove? A fucking date!"

"Yes a date, Mayfield! What is it you don't understand about that, huh?" Billy roared.

What didn't she understand? There was so much that Jaime didn't understand that she didn't know where to begin, her anger though knew exactly what she wanted to do and had her shoving Billy again. "You get in that car and we're done."

"We done the moment you started sneaking around with Harrington!"

Steve, that was what had caused Billy's bitch fit. Jaime would have laughed had she not been so angry. Someone must have seen her and Max in Scoops Ahoy and told Billy, she had no idea why they would tell Billy maybe because of the fight the boys had had, what ever the reason and who ever the person they had ruined her evening. "I'm not 'sneaking' around with anyone, Hargrove. Especially not Steve! No, that's a lie, I have been sneaking around with someone. YOU!"

"Don't fucking deny it! I heard-"

Jaime had no interest in what Billy had heard, she had no interest in anything he had to say, so she cut him off before he could finish. "I don't care what you did or didn't hear, Hargrove. I'm not doing anything with Steve, except buying ice cream for Max, so listen carefully to what I'm about to say. Get in your car, go on your date,

fuck her for all I care, but do not come anywhere near me. I am no ones second anything, I am an only."

Marching back down the driveway in the direction of the front door Jaime fought to keep her hands from shaking, she couldn't remember the last time she had been so mad, and it was taking all her power to go back inside and not slap Billy repeatedly across his stupid face. "This complex you've got with Steve is pathetic. Get over yourself, Hargrove." Jaime shot over her shoulder before slamming the front door behind her and successfully cutting the argument off.

Jaime wasn't sure how long she'd been laid staring at the curtains as they billowed in the warm summer night breeze. What had been a great day had turned into a real shit one that was for sure; when she had stepped back into the house after her argument with Billy she had heard the Camaro screech out of the drive and down the road, making it clear as day that he wanted whatever had been going on between them to be over. After breaking as many items in Billy's room as she could get her hands on Jaime had felt a little better, but as the hours had crawled by and Billy still hadn't returned any soothing effect the smashing had done disappeared.

Sitting up Jaime reached over to the bedside table, snatching up Billy's old tattered pack of cigarettes before lighting one. What was her problem? Billy had done her favour, now she could go and be exactly what Neil had accused her of being and enjoy her summer freely, it wasn't like she actually liked him. Although she had been enjoying her summer with Billy, he matched her venomous side perfectly and he was the best lay she'd had, but Billy had gone and fucked it all up with his ridiculous jealous rampage.

In the distance the front door opening and then shutting sounded drawing Jaime from her thoughts. Billy was back. A quick glance at her alarm told her it was a little past midnight and the anger she had been feeling all evening returned. He actually did it. Billy actually went on a date with Heather and slept with her and the realisation had Jaime spiralling. What would happen to their plans? They couldn't drive all the way to California with the hatred she was currently feeling for Billy, she was likely to crash the car just to kill him, so all their saving had been for nothing. She was officially stuck

in Hawkins, she was stuck with Neil, because there was no way she had enough cash for a flight. They had needed each other for their plan to work.

"Enjoy your date?" Jaime asked when her bedroom door had opened. It was too dark to see who it was but the glowing orange end of a cigarette was a dead give away.

"Do you think of me?"

Flicking on the lamp Jaime looked over at Billy and was surprised to see he had moved further into her room and shut the door behind him. "What are you talking about?" She had promised her self she was going to give Billy the silent treatment but Jaime couldn't help herself.

"Do you think of me when you're fucking Steve?" Billy spat savagely. He had been driving around all night trying desperately to dislodge the image of Jaime and Steve together from his mind, but he'd had little luck, and now he was in front of her it was only making it worse.

"You're pathetic." Jaime scoffed with an eye roll, as she dropped her cigarette in a near empty glass of water.

"Is he good?" Billy thundered on, moving closer to where Jaime was laid in bed as he stared at her intensely.

Again Jaime scoffed, was there no limit to Billy's delusions? "Stop embarrassing yourself, Hargrove."

"Is he as good as me?" Billy pressed, grabbing Jaime's wrist tightly and tugging her sharply.

"Let go of me." Jaime bit out as she tried to yank her arm out of Billy's iron grip. She didn't know what had gotten into Billy and why he thought she would let him intimidate her, but his attitude was getting real old real quick.

"Does he make you feel as good as I do?"

"I said get off of me!"

"Does he make you come?"

"Billy!"

"Tell me! Tell me he makes you feel better than I do!"

"Stop it!"

"Say it! Fucking say it!" Billy growled, his hold on Jaime tightening as the anger he'd been suppressing all night finally escaped. "Fucking say that Steve Harrington makes you feel better than I do!"

"I can't!"

"Why?"

"Because I haven't slept with Steve fucking Harrington!" Jaime hissed, giving up on dislodging Billy's hold on her. "I can't tell you something that hasn't fucking happened!"

Billy had lost his damn mind, that was the only logical explanation Jaime could come up with. His face was contorted in unadulterated rage, his eyes furious, and Jaime could smell the beer on his breath. None of that matter though, he could have a tantrum all he liked but it didn't change the fact that nothing had happened with Steve and Jaime wasn't about to give in to his temper.

"You're jealous." She smirked. "You're jealous and you're threatened."

Billy snorted. He was jealous, more jealous than he had ever felt before, he would rather die than admit that to Jaime though. When he had overheard a few girls at the pool talking about how they had seen Harrington and Jaime looking cozy at the mall a fire had sparked within Billy, and it had only grown as the day went on. He didn't know what he and Jaime were doing, and girlfriends were not his thing, he sure as shit knew that there was no way he was letting Harrington take her away from him though.

"And you're drunk." Jaime added, undeterred by Billy's snort of derision. "Now either get in bed and tomorrow I'll let you know exactly what it's going to take for you to make this ridiculous temper tantrum, or fuck off."

With Billy's hold on her dropped Jaime switched the light off and rolled on to her side, and just as she had predicted the bed dipped next to her as Billy climbed under the sheets. It was going to cost him making it up to her, and she was going to enjoy every second of it. "And don't even try telling me you slept with Heather, because I know you didn't."

It was true Billy hadn't even showed up to the date with Heather, and he wasn't surprised that Jaime could tell, for one he didn't even remotely smell of perfume or sex.

Another smirk curved across Jaime's lips as Billy's arm rest comfortably on her waist. Tomorrow was going to be fun. Tomorrow Billy was going to be her bitch.

A/N/ I can't believe we've hit chapter thirty! I never imagined when I started this story it would popular enough for me to continue it for so long, and I'm so glad it is! So thank you everyone so much for your support and for reading.

Guest: More Billy and Jaime. Hope you enjoyed :)

starsandrocks: Scoops Troop for life! I loved Robin, she fit in soooo well and she had to be in the story. And I know that her and Jaime aren't similar but I think they have similarities that would make them compatible as friends.

KlarolineCinderella: He is isn't he! Everyone needs a Steve in their life.

sukondis: I'm giving nothing away about how I'm going to end it, but there's a 50/50 chance it will be a sad one :(

centennialwriter: I'm so glad you like Jaime, because I love writing her! I didn't want her to be another OFC who has no flaws and is just an all round amazing person because that's not what people are like, and I hope I've done that well. I also try to keep official characters as true to the show as possible and I'm so pleased you think I've done that :)

31. Chapter 31

Chapter Thirty One

The next morning when Jaime woke she was alone and the sound of rock music was blasting through the house, not her choice way of being woken up. Flinging the sheets off she stomped out of her room to find the stereo that was blaring the music and shut it off.

As expected the music was coming from Billy's room, only he would play music so loud when he knew other people were still sleeping, wasting no time Jaime shut the stereo off and nearly sighed in relief when the house went silent. There was absolutely no reason for anyone to be making that much noise so early in the day and if it happened again she would smash the stupid stereo.

"I was listening to that, Mayfield."

Waving a dismissive hand at Billy, Jaime flopped down onto his bed still sleepy from the rude awakening he had given her. Why was he up and about so early anyway? From her position on the bed Jaime watched as Billy dried his hair with a towel, he was already in his swim shorts and obviously showered, so what time did he even get up? More to the point Jaime had no idea what the time even was. "What's the time?" She yawned, stretching out as a weak attempt to wake herself up more.

"Nearly one." Billy had been up for hours, he couldn't risk having his dad or Susan finding him in Jaime's bed, he had let Jaime sleep in though wanting to delay her torture of him as much as he could. Thankfully work would keep him busy for most of the day so he would only have to deal with it for the evening, even that was more of a headache than he needed. "I start work in thirty. If you're coming move your ass, Mayfield."

There was no way Billy was going to get to hide from her all day, oh no he needed to suffer for his little tantrum and Heather needed to be reminded of her place, going to pool would kill two birds with one stone. With that in mind, Jaime all but flew from Billy's room to get

herself ready because if she was so much as a minute late Billy would leave without her.

In record speed Jaime had ripped off her pyjama's and threw on her favourite red bikini, all that was left to do was find a pair of shorts and do her hair and make up. Max had always made fun off her for wearing make up to the beach when they had lived in California, a waste of time is what Max had called it but in Jaime's opinion being the best looking girl was never a waste of time. Hawkins might not have been California but that didn't mean she had to let go of herself like everyone else that lived there.

"I'm leaving!" Billy yelled from somewhere in the house just as Jaime finished her make up.

It hadn't even been thirty minutes and all Jaime needed to do was hairspray her hair and put some shorts on, Billy was not evading her that easily. "I'm ready!" She yelled back flipping her hair heavily to the right before coating it in hair spray. Now she was ready, or at least a step closer.

"See you, Mayfield!"

There was no time to waste putting her shorts and shoes on so Jaime did the next best thing. Snatching them up she sprinted barefoot from the house out to Billy's car, its engine already roaring, and threw herself into the passenger seat before Billy had a chance to drive off. "You can go." Jaime panted, all too pleased with herself that Billy had to endure her for the rest of the day.

The warm summer breeze blew gently, giving some small relief from the blistering heat. Laid out on her usual lounge Jaime quietly smoked a cigarette, the smoke clung to the humid air making her wave it away from her face every few tokes. Summer was Jaime's favourite time of year, it was part of the reason she missed California so much, there was nothing better than sun bathing all day then spending the warm evening on the beach drinking and partying. Hawkins didn't have a beach so the public pool had to suffice even though it was a little dated and dingy, and there was a real lack of parties. The majority of the people that had graduated Hawkins High

had already left for college, or were away on summer vacation, neither of them were an option for Jaime or Billy though so they had been stuck home all summer. The only silver lining was it had given them an opportunity to save for their eventual departure, then unlike their class mates they would never be coming back.

Inhaling deeply on the cigarette, Jaime watched as Mrs Wheeler mentally undressed Billy with her eyes, not that there was much to undress. Dressed in a turquoise and pink swimsuit, which in Jaime's opinion was much too young for a woman of Mrs Wheelers age, her blonde hair perfectly made up and the ugliest eye shadow Jaime had ever seen, Mrs Wheeler looked the queen of desperation. Why on earth would she think someone like Billy would be interested in her? It made Jaime laugh the real lack of shame the woman had, she didn't even bother hiding how badly she wanted Billy, there was no way Jaime would end up like that when she was old.

"Hey, Billy!" Jaime called out, a plan formuating itself in her mind. "Come down here." The last time she had been to the pool and shown Mrs Wheeler that Billy was otherwise occupied with her obviously hadn't sunk in, so she needed to up her game and Jaime had the perfect idea.

"Roll over then." It had become part of Billy's daily routine when Jaime came to the pool with him that he was incharge of applying lotion to her back, and it was one of his favourite jobs of the day, he kept his tone annoyed though not wanting Jaime to know how much he enjoyed it.

Grinning slyly at Billy, Jaime shook her head no. "Not now. Right now we're going to have some fun."

Following Jaime's line of sight Billy's eyes landed on what she was watching so intently. "You want a three way, Mayfield?"

"She should be so lucky that I'd drop my standards that subterranean." Jaime said with a scoff. "Remember our little bet, Hargrove?"

Of course Billy remembered the bet Jaime had come up with, for one it had been just before they fucked so there was no chance of him forgetting, but he had thought she was joking, that it had been part

of their weird foreplay. The cruel way that Jaime liked to play with Karen though made it all too clear that she wasn't aiming for him to actually take her to a motel. "What about it?"

"You're going to get Mrs Wheeler to meet you at a motel. Not take her, meet her. You'll make sure she gets there, then you'll leave and come back to me."

Plucking the cigarette from Jaime's lips, Billy drew sharply on it before answering. "And why would I do that? Why would I drive all the way to a motel just to drive all the way back. Gas costs money you know, Mayfield."

Was Billy really questioning her on this? He was lucky she wasn't making him kiss the ground she walked on after the ridiculous stunt he had pulled the day before, and if he knew what was good for him Billy would quickly fall in line. "Crossing me costs, Hargrove, and that little stunt you pulled last night is neither forgiven or forgotten. So you're going to suck it up like a good boy and do what I say."

Sucking on his teeth, Billy fought to stop himself from throwing Jaime in the pool. He might have got it wrong with her and Steve but that didn't mean he was going to be Jaime's bitch, he wasn't anyone's bitch and if she kept pushing he would actually go to a motel with Mrs Wheeler. "Not gunna happen, Mayfield. Come back something that benefits me."

Before Billy could get up off of the lounge Jaime grabbed hold of his wrist, scowling at him from behind her sunglasses. "You owe me, Hargrove. And I am willing to make your life very difficult if I need to."

"Do your worst." Billy grinned smugly, his eyebrows quirked. "You haven't got shit."

It was a recurring misjudgement on Billy's behalf, Jaime always had a plan, and they were always cruel and painful. If Billy wanted to believe she wouldn't do anything that was fine by her though, it would make the outcome that much more satisfying. "Okay, Hargrove." Jaime said sweetly, releasing her grip on his wrist. "Have it your way. I warn you though, before we leave this shit hole I'm

going to destroy that womans life, and I'm going to make sure she knows it's all your fault."

Done with the conversation Jaime picked up her cosmo magazine, opened it on a random page and held it up infront of her face shutting Billy out. It could have been simple, Billy could have just stood Mrs Wheeler up but oh no, he didn't want to play the easy game and Jaime was more than eager to play hard ball. Mrs Wheeler had been grating at her since summer began and Jaime was itching to put the older woman back in the hole she belonged in, the only reason she hadn't was because she and Billy had been having so much fun on their own. The infuriating way Billy seemed to always jump to Mrs Wheelers defence was wearing thin and after Billy's hissy fit Jaime was done with playing nice.

"Where are you going?" Billy yelled down to Jaime when she got up from her lounge. It was a stupid question which he already knew the answer to, she was off to make Mrs Wheelers life as miserable as possible, and as much as Billy didn't really care about Mrs Wheelers life it seemed unfair to unleash Jaime on her. He couldn't just bow down to Jaime's demands though, otherwise she would think that was the new pecking order and there was no way in hell Billy was following command from anyone, especially a princess like Jaime.

"Jaime!" Billy shouted again when Jaime sauntered in the direction of Mrs Wheeler and her friends. "I'll do it, okay!"

Instantly Jaime came to a stand still, a sly grin on her pink lips as she turned to face Billy. He was too predictable. "Tonight will work." There was no way she was giving Billy enough time to change his mind, she wanted it done or else she would go back to plan B.

Laying back on her lounge, cosmo in hand, Jaime beamed up at Billy in self satisfaction. "I got something from Lovelace yesterday." That got Billy's attention and even though she couldn't see his eyes behind his dark sunglasses, Jaime knew they would be sparking with lust. "You could have seen it last night, but you decided to act like a toddler instead. When you get back from checking Mrs Wheeler isn't a no show I'll be wearing it."

Any slight form of guilt Billy might have felt about what they were

going to do to Mrs Wheeler evaporated the second Jaime mentioned Lovelace. Licking his lips, trying to not think about Jaime in lingerie too much, Billy lit a cigarette and chuckled to himself. "Lets hope you're quieter than when you're here."

A/N/ I'm sorry I broke my upload schedule but my sister graduated Uni so I was away. I hope you all like this update even though it's delayed. Also I wanted to clear up something, the 'flaying' hasn't happened yet because I'm adding some time the show didn't. I hope that makes sense :)

Guest: Thank you so much, I still can't believe this story has made it this far and your kind words help to make writing easier. There will be more between Jaime/Billy/Max dynamic too. I hope you enjoyed this chapter :)

Mal: Thank you! Hope you like this one too :)

Daisy96: I don't want to reach that bit ever :(but it's coming. Hope you liked this update :)

Ladey Jezzabella: No need to apologize! Moving country sounds so stressful so I can only imagine what your life's been like lately, and the fact you took the time to write a comment is so beyond lovely :) We're almost at the dreaded night and I may cry writing it lol. I hope you like this update and that the craziness of your move has died down.

Guest: Thank you so much for your lovely comment! It means so much to me that people are enjoying it and that you think Billy is written well, because I think that's like the most important thing. I saw when I first started writing this that it was very Nancy kind of girls people paired Billy with and I just didn't see that happening, and I'm glad some other people agree too :) I apologize in advance if I break your heart lol.

Alyssa: Sorry for the update delay, hope it was worth the wait :)

IsabellaAnne-Rogers: I can't believe how quickly you read the entire thing! It's such a compliment! I hope you love this chapter

too :)

redhouseclan: I love Jaime, she's such fun to write :) Hope you like the chapter!

32. Chapter 32

Chapter Thirty Two

Jaime flicked boredly through the pages of her cosmo magazine, the photos and words blurring into a jumble of colors and writing. No matter how hard she tried to keep her attention on the magazine she couldn't stop herself from staring over the top of it at Billy. It was nearing the end of his shift so he was making his move on Mrs Wheeler as Jaime had instructed him to, what she hadn't expected though was the surge of unpleasant jealousy that had decided to raise its head the moment Mrs Wheeler pulled herself from the pool.

They were stood so close, too close for Jaime's liking, it was all pretend but from where she was sat it looked very, very real. Billy was better than she gave him credit. There was no way Mrs Wheeler wasn't going to show at the motel, there was no chance Mrs Wheeler wasn't going to get hurt, and that was the only reason Jaime remained sat on her lounge and hadn't broken up the intense exchange. Billy may not have been her boyfriend that didn't make the whole situation any easier to watch though.

"Get it together." Jaime admonished herself, throwing the magazine to the ground. If Billy knew how much his flirting with Mrs Wheeler was bothering her she'd never hear the end of it, that didn't stop Jaime getting to her feet and making her way over to the pair when Billy leaned in even closer to Mrs Wheeler. Jaime Mayfield would not be made a fool of by Billy Hargrove.

"You two look awful cozy." Jaime smiled once she had reached where Billy and Mrs Wheeler were stood, noting with satisfaction the embarrassed blush that crept across Mrs Wheeler's cheeks. "If I didn't know better I'd think you didn't have a husband, Mrs Wheeler."

"We're just talking, Jaime. Swimming, things like that." Billy had no idea what Jaime was doing, if she wanted to mess up their entire plan then she was going the right way because mentioning Karen's husband was a sure way to fuck it all up. "See you later, Mrs Wheeler."

The suggestive grin that Billy shot in Mrs Wheeler's direction didn't go missed by Jaime and it only amplified the jealousy she was already feeling. There wasn't a chance in hell that she was leaving Mrs Wheeler alone until she had said a few words. "How's Nancy? I heard she's a coffee girl for the paper, that must be so... invigorating."

Even Billy couldn't stop his eyes from widening at the cruel way Jaime was speaking to Mrs Wheeler, it was like the night Max went missing all over again, and just like then he was more than a little smug that he had made her so jealous. If there was one way to make Jaime even more jealous, and maybe get something out of the bitchy exchange, it was jumping to Mrs Wheeler's defense so that was exactly what Billy intended to do. "Got to start somewhere, right Mrs Wheeler?"

"I should get back to my friends."

Jaime smirked to herself as Mrs Wheeler returned to her friends, tail firmly between her legs. "Don't worry, Mrs Wheeler! I'm like one hundred percent positive Nancy will be knocked up and married to Byers soon, then she'll be living out the suburban dream just like you!" She called out to Mrs Wheeler's retreating back just to rub salt in the wound.

"What the hell were you playing at? You think she's likely to go to the motel now, Mayfield? Not fucking likely." Not that it mattered to Billy either way, but her had spent the last five or so minutes laying down the ground work for Jaime's plan and she had come and shit all over it in less than a minute.

"Do you think I upset her?" Smirked Jaime with feigned concern, as she turned her back to Mrs Wheeler and her friends and pulled Billy's sweaty body into a hug. "Now she'll definately show."

To say he was confused was an understatement. There was no way Mrs Wheeler would show with Jaime all over him like a rash and insulting her eldest daughter, as far as Billy could tell Jaime had ruined their game because she was jealous. "You basically just pissed up me like a bitch in heat, Mayfield. She'll never take the bait now."

Removing her arms from Billy's neck, Jaime's eyes rolled at just how

dumb he could be. Did he not understand women at all? "That's exactly why she'll show, Hargrove. I just gave her a reason to."

"You really think a grown ass woman like her is that petty?"

Oh yes Jaime thought that, no she knew that, even boring Mrs Karen Wheeler wasn't a complete wet blanket. "That 'grown ass woman' is married and flirting with a boy who went to school with her daughter. She'll show. If not for you she'll at least want to get me back."

Giving Billy a condescending pat to the chest Jaime went back to her lounge to collect her things up. She'd had enough of the pool for one day, and she'd certainly had enough of Hawkins most desperate housewife, all she wanted to a shower and to fool around with Billy before he went and stood Mrs Wheeler up. "Lets go, Hargrove. I can't stand the smell of desperation any longer."

For what seemed like years Jaime had been laid out on Billy's bed idly flicking through one of his playboy's while he got ready for standing up Mrs Wheeler. As always Billy was wearing his signature unbuttoned shirt and tight levis which had Jaime glancing over the top of the magazine at his ass. As much as Jaime had no complaints about the outfit that Billy was wearing, the levis really were a gift from god, that didn't stop the unease she was feeling about Billy getting all dressed up just to drive his car to a motel. If he actually followed through and indeed slept with Mrs Wheeler then Jaime was more than ready to kill both of them and ruin their lives before she did so.

"I could do this." Jaime said, turning the playboy magazine to face Billy. "Maybe once we move back to California I will."

Sucking on his teeth with a smirk Billy eyed Jaime hungrily from the cropped tube top to the Daisy Duke shorts, she might have been narcissistic but she wasn't wrong. "Your tits are too small, Mayfield."

Despite his weak insult Jaime had seen the look on Billy's face so if anything he only verified what she had said, and with any luck it would remind him what he would miss out on if he slept with Mrs

Wheeler. "You remember the plan?" Jaime asked, placing the playboy back in the drawer beside the bed. "We don't want her to see you, or she'll think you actually want to fuck her."

In front of Billy Jaime was doing her best to conceal how jealous and uneasy she was, and had he had not known her for so long Billy might not have realised, but he had and he did. "Don't worry, Princess, there's no reason to be jealous."

Letting out an annoyed snort, Jaime peeled herself off of her comfy position on the bed and sauntered over to where Billy was propped up against the chest of drawers, ready to knock him clean from the pedestal he had put himself on. Matching Billy's self satisfied smirk with one of her own, Jaime kept her eyes locked on his while her right hand made quick work of slipping past the waist band of his jeans. Grasping hold of Billy's already hardening cock Jaime began moving her hand up and down at a painfully slow pace, holding back from laughing when Billy braced himself on the chest of drawers. God it was too easy.

"If you follow this like a compass." She began sweetly, squeezing Billy's cock as she did. "I will rip it from your body and make you swallow it." When Billy didn't answer her, instead nodding his head as his eyes fluttered shut as he enjoyed the feel of her hand, Jaime stopped abruptly and squeezed harder. "I mean it, Hargrove."

"You bitch!" Yelled Billy shoving Jaime backwards so hard that she almost fell to the floor. Apart from the harmless flirting, if it could really be called flirting, with Mrs Wheeler he had given Jaime no reason to think he'd mess about behind her back, so he really didn't appreciate the painful grip she'd had on him. "Try that shit again, Mayfield, and you're dead."

"I fucking mean it, Billy. If you so much as-"

"You'll what?" Billy cut in. "You're being a jealous bitch, Mayfield. A dumb, jealous, bitch." Closing the few steps between them that he had created when he shoved Jaime, Billy hooked his fingers in the front of her shorts and tugged her sharply into his solid body. "I want you in whatever it is you brought from Lovelace and on my bed when I get back. I'll be about an hour."

As Billy had anticipated Jaime's expression remained hard as she scowled up at him, why did she always have to make everything so difficult? It had all been her idea and yet somehow he was in the wrong, Billy doubted he'd ever truly understand how girls' minds worked, all he knew was he was putting all the effort into the dumb little game Jaime had started and he sure as hell was getting rewarded for it.

Tangling a hand in Jaime's long hair Billy tipped her head back with a sharp yank and pressed his lips against her in a bruising kiss. As he ran his tongue along Jaime's bottom lip a feminine moan slipped from her making Billy pull back from her enticing lips with a smirk. "See you soon, Mayfield."

With one last searing kiss, Billy gave Jaime's ass a slap before leaving her alone in his bedroom. Lord knew he was going to enjoy himself when he got back.

A/N/ Sorry I messed up my uploads schedule again! It was my boyfriend's birthday and I had his family come down and visit, so I've been totally run ragid. I hope you enjoy the update though :)

starsandwistrockets: I'm so glad you loved the last chapter! And that you're taking the time to comment on every one I post, that means alot. I have a plan all set out for how Jaime plays out in the whole situation and I hope it works out well :)

Guest: Thanks so much, and I hope you liked this chapter :)

Lauren: She's such a bitch and it's so fun to write! I love her so much and I'm glad you do too :)

Guest: Sorry it took me a while to update! I hope it was worth the wait :)

Jjss: It took me longer to update than I'd have liked, but I hope you like it :)

33. Chapter 33

Chapter Thirty Three

All night. Jaime had waited all night for Billy to come home from standing Mrs Wheeler up at the motel and still he hadn't returned.

A rage unlike anything she had felt before had consumed her for the first few hours, but as the night slipped into morning her initial anger shifted to concern. Had Billy decided to go behind her back and sleep with Mrs Wheeler he still would have come home at some point, especially as Mrs Wheeler would need to get home to her family, so all through the early hours of the morning Jaime had been going through all the horrendous scenarios that could have happened to Billy.

A door opening and soft humming coming from the hallway had Jaime rocketing off of her bed and out of her room. It was a long shot that Max would know anything about Billy's whereabouts but it was worth at least asking. "Max!" She all but screamed as her younger sister stepped through into the living room, bringing Max to an abrupt stop. "Have you seen Billy?"

There was a frantic undertone in Jaime's voice that confused Max, why was her sister of all people worried about someones whereabouts? She might have loved her sister but that didn't change the fact that Jaime was always out for number one. "No, haven't you?"

As Jaime sighed at her response Max took the opportunity to take in her sisters appearance, and it was anything but usual. "Did you even sleep last night?"

"Yes." Jaime lied defensively. There was no way she could tell Max the truth, that she hadn't slept for a single second because of the amount of anger and worry she had been consumed by because Billy hadn't come home. "What does that even have to do with what I asked you? Forget I asked."

Stomping back to her room, a fresh wave of annoyance and fear washing over her body, Jaime kicked at one of her white stilettos sending it crashing into the far wall. *"Fucking Billy."* What the hell was he playing at? He had specifically told her he would be back within an hour, he had asked her to wear the new lingerie she had brought, so why wouldn't he come home? None of it made sense, none of it, and Jaime wasn't sure whether to scream or cry. She was too exhausted to cry, and the last thing she wanted to do was cry over Billy, so she settled on screaming.

Unbeknownst to Jaime Max had followed her and was watching her older sister through the small opening of the door, and she leapt when a shrill scream ripped from Jaime's throat. It was a good job their mom and Neil weren't home because neither could have ignored the ear splitting scream and then they would have been asking where Billy was.

"Jaime." Max said as she tentatively stepped into the bedroom. "What's really going on with you and Billy?" All summer Max had seen how close Billy and Jaime had become, and she knew the things they got up to when they were alone, for sometime she had been wanting to ask her sister what was going on but up until that point she hadn't felt brave enough to. Ever since seeing the demodogs Jaime had become even colder and nastier except for with Billy, and it led Max to believe that whatever the two had going on was more than either wanted to admit.

"Jesus, Max. You want a step by step guide on what me and Billy do? Because I think you know." Snapped Jaime anything but in the mood for Max's ridiculous questions, she had more pressing matters to deal with.

"He's in love with you."

That got Jaime's attention. Dropping the clothes she had selected for the day Jaime spun on Max, disdain clear on her face. "Shut up. You don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't I?" Max asked, eyebrows raised and the hand not holding her skateboard on her hip. "Just because to both act like I'm not here doesn't mean I'm not. I see everything, you're both like the worst at

hiding what's going on. All summer you've been inseperable, he hasn't been with a single girl since you, does that sound like normal asshole Billy to you? Why can't you both just say it?"

"Say what, Max?"

"That you love each other." Max almost yelled in exasperation. No matter how dumb Jaime wanted to play she knew her sister, and she knew what she saw, she knew what she heard, so any denial that Jaime was going to offer out was pointless. "In your own weird, creepy way."

Love? As far as Jaime was concerned Billy didn't even know the meaning of the word, and she sure as shit didn't believe in it. Where had love ever gotten anyone? Their dad loved them and now he never got to see them, their mom loved Neil and she was too afraid to have her own opinion on anything, so why on earth would she want to love anyone?

"You need to grow up, Max." Jaime laughed, returning to the clothes she had momenterily forgotten. "Love doesn't exist, it's something people tell themselves to make them feel better about their shitty lives."

Ignoring her sister Jaime quickly changed our of her pyjama's and into the matching cropped top and shorts she had brought on her trip to the mall with Max; she needed to head out as quickly as she could and find Billy so she could kill him for making her worry. Throwing her long hair into a high pony tail, Jaime moved to her vanity to quickly apply make up but before she could sit Max had stepped in front of her. "I'm trying to get ready."

"To find Billy?"

"Yes to find Billy! What the fuck is your problem, Max?" Snapped Jaime, shoving Max aside. She didn't have time to have some pointless argument with Max, or indulge her delusions, Billy didn't love her and she didn't love him. End of discussion.

"If you don't care about him why do you care where he is?" Countered Max.

For a moment Jaime went quiet, it was the first time that Max had ever backed her into a corner and instantly she hated it. Concentrating on applying her mascara Jaime repeated the words Max had said over and over in her head like a mantra, until a suitable answer presented itself. "I never said I didn't care, you're putting words in my mouth." It was a weak answer at best but it was all Jaime could come up with. Max had successfully sent her brain spinning and all she wanted was for the entire conversation to be over, it seemed that Max had other ideas though as she pressed on.

"You don't care about anyone though, do you? That's what you like people to think but last night you obviously didn't sleep because Billy didn't come home, I think that's more than just caring about someone. What are you so afraid of?"

Jaime had reached the end of her tether and if Max continued to push her she was going to snap. Jaime Mayfield wasn't afraid of anything, and she wasn't about to be bullied into some childish admission by her little sister.

"Want to know what I think?"

"No." Jaime deadpanned. Having finished her make up she was ready to leave the house, but as she slipped her feet into her stilettos she realised that without Billy she had no ride.

"You're afraid that if you actually let someone in they'll hurt you. Especially someone like Billy because he's *exactly* the same as you so you know what he's capable of. Also-"

Anything else Max was going to say was shot down by Jaime's hand slapping over her mouth. Jaime had asked her nicely to stop and still she kept pushing, so she had left her no other option than to physically shut her up. "I'm only going to say thing once, Max. I don't give a shit what you think, and I sure as shit don't want to hear it. Billy's not here which means I don't have a ride, it also means right now he's what's known as missing. So I'm going to hitch my way to the pool and see what the hell happened to him. Nod if you understand." Under Jaime's hand Max nodded her understanding. "Good. If you see Billy tell him I'm looking for him."

Dropping her hand from Max's mouth Jaime snatched up her sunglasses and purse, and marched from her room wanting as much distance between her and Max as quickly as possible. Before she was even out of the front door though Max's voice sounded again, but this time it was tinged with concern.

"What if he's actually hurt?"

That was something Jaime didn't want to think about, it was the only logical explanation she could think of but she refused to believe it, there was no way Billy was actually going to be hurt. Forcing a smile on her face Jaime turned to face her sister, all the annoyance gone when she saw the worried look on Max's face, and she tried to reassure not only her but also herself. "He probably ran out of gas, or got drunk or something. You know what he's like. I'm sure he's fine."

As much as Max wanted to believe the smile on Jaime's face and the reassuring words she was saying something in Jaime's eyes told her that she was really worried, and that in turn had her worrying. Billy might have been an asshole but he had become slightly more tolerable, and more than anything Max was scared what would happen to Jaime if anything bad had happened to him.

"I'll check in with you later!" She called out to Jaime as she sauntered down the street without a second glance. If anyone could find Billy it was Jaime, all Max hoped was that it was sooner rather than later.

A/N/ Another update! It's short again and I'm sorry but I really wanted to get something posted and I felt something needed to happen between Max and Jaime. I hope you guys enjoy it, let me know :)

starsandwistrockets: I know! I didn't want to make him go but I had to! Billy will be back next chapter and I hope you liked this update! :)

MulishaMaiden: I didn't want to flay Billy but I had to! And you're right Jaime has no idea what's coming. Hope you enjoyed the chapter :)

gerardlover123: Ask and you shall receive lol! Enjoy :)

Guest: I hoped to update sooner. Hope the wait wasn't too long :)

Xxxcanddy: I'm glad you like Billy and Jaime :)

Tintailsx: It makes me so happy when people love Jaime and Billy as much I do. Hope you liked the chapter :)

Jo: Your comment was so lovely, thank you so much. I'm so happy you think their relationship feels real and I can't believe how fast you read all the chapters, it's the greatest compliment I could hope for! I don't want to give anything away with what's to come but I hope you stick around and enjoy it all :)

34. Chapter 34

Chapter Thirty Four

"Is Billy here?"

It hadn't taken long for Jaime to get to Hawkins Pool, after walking for only a few minutes a man had pulled over and immediately agreed to drive her to the pool. The short drive had gone excruciatingly slow with the slightly balding man asking her a never ending stream of pointless questions, while he tried his best to disguise the way his eyes kept lingering on her bare legs. The whole ordeal had Jaime cringing, was ever single inhabitant of Hawkins shamelessly desperate, or was it just the middle aged ones? Whatever the answer Jaime had been more than relieved when the car had swung into the pools parking lot, and she had wasted no time getting as far away from her driver as possible without so much as thank you.

"His shift doesn't start for another thirty minutes." One of the girls who worked at the pool answered as she chewed loudly on a piece of bubblegum. "Don't you like usually come here with him?"

All Jaime had been looking for was a simple yes or no answer, instead the insipid blonde was trying to strike up some kind of conversation, something Jaime had no interest in doing at the best of times. Since Billy had started his job at the pool Jaime had made a point of not interacting with any of the other life guards and she sure as hell wasn't about to start.

Pulling her sunglasses down from their perch on top of her head, recovering her eyes, Jaime headed out to the pool leaving the blondes question unanswered and ignored. She would not miss the idiots that lived in Hawkins, not even a little, that was if Billy hadn't gotten himself killed in some kind of accident on the way back from the motel. The thought had Jaime's stomach somersaulting, and for a moment she thought she might actually throw up, luckily she reached her usual lounge in record speed and was able to drop down onto it and regain her composure. The gnawing dread although lessened

wouldn't leave her. How had no one seen Billy? Hawkins was such a small town that it was almost impossible for no one to be seen at all, and it wasn't like Billy blended in.

"Hi ladies."

As the familiar voice reached Jaime's ears a sudden realisation hit her and anger along with it. Mrs Wheeler was possibly the last person to have seen Billy, even if he hadn't gone into the motel she might have recognized his car, and the thought had her spiraling. Before she even realised she had gotten up from her lounge Jaime was marching over to where Mrs Wheeler was setting herself up for the day with such determination that anyone in her path immediately moved out of her way.

"Where the fuck is he?"

All four women froze in confusion, their attention fixing exclusively on Jaime, but none of them answered.

"I'm not in the habit of repeating myself, Mrs Wheeler. So answer me or I'll go and ask your husband." Jaime threatened calmly, a spiteful smile on her lips. It was by no means an empty threat she was more than willing to go and divulge exactly what Mrs Wheeler had planned the previous night, and if she continued to just stare at Jaime with big bambi eyes that was exactly what she would do.

"Where's who?" Karen asked with a nervous laugh. "Jaime, I have no idea what you're talking about."

It was Jaime's turn to laugh, Mrs Wheeler was playing a very dangerous game of chicken with her and after a night of no sleep Jaime was even more short temper than usual. "You really want to do this here? In front of your friends. In front of your daughter. I am more than happy to do that, my guess is you'd rather not. So I'll ask you one last time, where is Billy?"

The loud roar of a car engine interrupted whatever answer Mrs Wheeler was going to offer out, making all four women turn to locate the source of the noise, Jaime however didn't even need to look to know that it was Billy's car.

Walking at a fast pace Billy headed into the building dressed in his swim shorts and a vest making it clear to Jaime he had to have gone home at some point. She was one hundred percent certain he hadn't been home all night which meant he must have gone home once she had left to find him, maybe he had been waiting for her to leave? Maybe he and Mrs Wheeler had hooked up and he had spent the night at the motel not wanting to risk Jaime killing him? Whatever the reason behind his brief disappearance Jaime was going to get to the bottom of it.

"I don't know why you think I would know where Billy is, but that was him wasn't it so it seems your search is over." Said Mrs Wheeler with a smile of her face that made Jaime want to strangle her. "Now if you don't mind I need to use the restroom."

Not waiting for Jaime to answer Mrs Wheeler sidled around her, heading into the pools building and out of sight.

"Was there anything else you needed?"

Mrs Wheeler's friend drew Jaime's attention away from where she had been watching her disappear into the building and focused the spiteful rage she was feeling on to her. She was going to regret the smug tone she had used. "From you? No. I have something for you ladies though, call it advice. We all see you, and I mean ALL. It's kind of sad that none of you realised how everyone has been laughing about you and the pathetic way you adjust your swimsuits for Billy. I mean I get it, he's young, he's hot, your husbands are old and dull, but there's no way someone like Billy would ever look at women like you. No amount of posing or pushing your chests out will change the fact you're way past your peak. I hate to be the one to say it but you all look like you've had those kids of yours, jazzercise isn't a miracle worker." With a forced smile Jaime turned her back on the women and began to follow the path Mrs Wheeler had taken, she needed to speak to Billy, but not before dealing one last blow to the housewives. "Oh, and remember what I said about the sun being aging for women of your age!"

As she stepped through the door of the pool building Jaime could just make out the muffled voice of Mrs Wheeler coming from one of the storage rooms. Following the sound Jaime found both Mrs Wheeler

and Billy, the later facing away towards the shelves of pool and cleaning chemicals seemingly ignoring everything Mrs Wheeler was saying.

"You've got to be joking." Sneered Jaime, making her presense known to the two. "You must really want a divorce, Mrs Wheeler."

A flustered blush crept up Karen's neck settling on her face as her eyes shot between Billy's back and Jaime. From first meeting Jaime she had known the girl was bad news, her first assessment had been drastically wrong though, the girl was nothing short of evil and Karen wanted nothing more to do with either of them. It simply wasn't worth losing her family over. Wanting to defuse the intense interaction Karen spoke to Billy deciding he was the more rational of the pair. "Please, Billy. You have to understand."

Jaime's eyes rolled at the pathetic way Mrs Wheeler was trying to appeal to Billy's soft side, which was a ridiculous idea in the first place and only highlighted how little Karen Wheeler knew Billy, there was no time for Jaime to voice her opinion though as Billy finally showed signs of life and shoved passed Mrs Wheeler.

"Stay away from me, Karen."

A cruel grin curled across Jaime's lips but quickly disappeared when Billy marched past her too, not even bothering to look at her. What the hell had she done? Nothing, Jaime had done nothing, and she was going to be sure to remind Billy of that when she caught up to him. He had disappeared all night, he had made her worry so much she couldn't sleep, and now he was giving her the cold shoulder. No, Jaime was not going to allow that.

"Billy!" She yelled out leaving Mrs Wheeler alone and forgotten in the supply closet, but Billy didn't stop he continued his purposeful walk out to pool side. "Billy!" Jaime called again, still he didn't acknowledge her. "I swear to god, Hargrove!"

But as Jaime tried her best to catch up to Billy she noticed something was off; instead of the confident strides he usually took around the pool he was unsteady on his feet and bumping into people. What the hell was wrong with him? Finally having caught up to him Jaime

grabbed ahold of his right arm and yanked him to face her ready to launch a verbal assault on him, but when she took in his sweat soaked, pale face anything she had been planning on saying died in her throat. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

A pained expression swept across Billy's sickly face as he tugged to get his arm free from Jaime's hold. The struggle gave Jaime time to really examine Billy and suddenly the worry she had been feeling all night and morning tripled. She had seen Billy hung over, she had seen Billy high, whatever this was she had never, ever seen. "Billy, what happened last night?" Jaime asked, her voice significantly softer.

"Let go of me." Billy growled lowly, his eyes finally making contact with Jaime's. "Let. Me. Go."

Something happened behind Billy's eyes, something Jaime couldn't explain, it was almost as if Billy hadn't been there at all but the moment she touched him a flicker of him had returned but it somehow hurt him. Still though Jaime refused to let go. "Not until you tell me what happened to you last night."

Quicker than Jaime could have anticipated Billy's free hand latched on to her left arm, gripping it so tightly it had her wincing in pain. As the seconds ticked by the hold he had on her only increased in intensity until Jaime had no choice but to let go of his other arm for fear he would actually break hers.

"Don't touch me again."

Without another word Billy was stumbling along side the pool again towards the life guard chair, leaving Jaime completely dumbfounded. "B-Billy!" She yelled out again, but now up on the high chair Billy was doing anything but looking in her direction. "*What the fuck?*" Looking down to where Billy had been gripping her arm Jaime noticed the faint outline of a bruise already forming. Whatever that was it wasn't Billy. Jaime knew Billy, the real Billy, and he would never hurt her. Which begged the question what the hell had happened when Billy left their house to meet Mrs Wheeler, because as much as Jaime hated the older woman this was clearly not her doing.

Scrabbling for a logical solution Jaime was drawing a blank, how could she find an answer to something she didn't understand? She needed help and she needed it fast, but who the hell would help her? There was only one name that leapt out at her, and even that was a long shot, she had to try though.

Throwing one last glance at Billy, Jaime made to leave Hawkins pool to find the only person she could think of asking for help. All she hoped was that Steve would put aside the mutual hatred he and Billy shared to help her.

A/N/ Billy's been flayed again and I'm heart broken! I'm sorry if anyone was hoping I wouldn't follow the shows plot, but I hope everyone enjoyed the update :)

KairiSohma: I'm so glad you love the story and I hope this chapter didn't disappoint :)

Guest: Hope you liked the update and that it was a quick enough upload for you :)

starsandwistrockets: You are so right about Max being the more mature of the two (even though Jaime definately thinks she is) I love writing their scenes because their so different, but they love each other because they're sisters. There will be alot of Max/ Jaime to come so stay tuned :D

Fessa: Thank you so much for your kind words, I can't believe you check everyday and I'm so touched and humbled by it! I hope you loved this update as much as you've liked the rest and I look forward to reading your thoughts :)

35. Chapter 35

Chapter Thirty

"Just the person I was looking for." Jaime announced stepping into Scoops Ahoy as she shoved past the queue of people waiting for ice cream.

With Billy being indisposed Jaime had had no choice but to get the bus to Starcourt Mall making her already bad mood even worse. There was a reason she never caught the bus and lord knew she wasn't going to get it again in any hurry.

"What are you doing here?" Asked Steve as he pressed a scoop of ice cream onto a cone and handed it over to a young girl. "Aren't you usually pool side?"

Weaving behind the counter Jaime made herself comfy as she deliberated how to answer Steve's question. She needed help with the Billy situation, and she needed it fast, but how was she actually going to explain to Steve what she had seen? She was going to sound like a crazy person, or like she was over reacting, but Jaime knew Billy and she knew what she'd seen and something was definately wrong. On top of that would Steve even agree to help her? They had a good friendship of sorts since the night in the tunnels, that didn't change the absolute brutal beating Billy had given Steve though and he would be well with in his rights to tell her to shove it.

With that in mind, Jaime flicked her long pony tail over her shoulder and smiled sweetly at Steve. There was no choice but to charm Steve into doing what she wanted, and luckily it was something she was an expert at. "I need your help, Steve."

Steve let out a light laugh as he cast his gaze away from slinging ice cream to where Jaime had perched herself behind the sales counter. If ever there was someone who didn't need help from anybody it was Jaime. "Since when do you need anyones help?"

Hopping down from the counter top she was sat on Jaime moved

closer to Steve. If she fluttered her eye lashes in his direction how could he refuse her? Not only could Jaime get any boy ever to do anything she wanted, Steve was a softy and was always looking to help some lost cause. "Please, it would mean alot to me."

For a moment Steve stared at Jaime, entirely unsure why she thought he was too dumb to see what she was doing. Since battling the tunnels and demodogs he had figured Jaime out completely, and voiced his thoughts to her numerous times, still it seemed she didn't want to acknowledge that someone had seen the true Jaime. "Don't do that. You don't need to manipulate me to help you."

Immediately the charming grin on Jaime's face fell and she stepped back giving both of them space. At least she didn't need to keep the act up for any longer, because it was honestly exhausting on top of the stress she was already feeling, and judging by the confused concern on Steve's face she looked as stress as she felt. Where the hell did she start though? "It's Billy."

That wasn't a name Steve had heard in a while, and of all the things he had been expecting Jaime to ask for help with Billy would have been his last guess. Ever since graduating he and Billy kept a vast amount of distance between each other, and it had been working out great even with Jaime's visits to the parlour, if he helped her then all of that would be destroyed. The only good thing that had happened all summer was not having to deal with Billy's shit, and Steve didn't know if he was willing to open that door again. "What about him? He trying to beat up little kids again?"

"Very funny, Sailor Boy. Look will you help me or not?"

There was so much going on with the potential Russian Spy situation that if he was honest Steve didn't think he even had time to help Jaime with any problem, Billy related or not, then there was his job. As boring as it was he needed the job and he was already barely doing his role, and no doubt helping Jaime would require him to leave the mall which meant leaving Scoops Ahoy, and that wasn't really an option he could take into consideration. "Look, Jaime." Steve sighed in resignation. "I'd love to help you but I've got my hands full with work and Dustin, so I can't."

"Forget it."

Getting Steve's help had been a long shot from the get go but Jaime had been holding out that he would agree so his refusal was still hard to take. In all her life Jaime had never felt so alone and lost, what the hell was she supposed to do on her own? There were many things she needed no ones help with but this she couldn't handle alone, and now there was no one left to ask. With no further need to be in the ice cream parlour Jaime stepped out from behind the service counter, ignoring the calls of her name from Steve, intent on getting back to Hawkins Pool to corner Billy again and at least keep tabs on him.

Before Jaime left the store though someone caught her attention as they by passed her to get into the parlour. "Max?"

A confused Max turned to face her older sister, tugging a brunette girl along with her. "I thought you were going to the pool? Did you find him?"

Had Jaime found Billy? Yes. Was Billy okay? Anything but, how was she ever going to explain it though? In all the stress and worry Jaime hadn't even considered that Max could be of help, and now she felt dumb for finding Steve before her sister. They were family so Max was obligated to help her regardless of her feeling about Billy, not that Jaime was in any way certain what Max could even do to help. She was her only hope though. "I need your help." It wasn't the best explanation but it was all Jaime's frazzled brain could come up with.

"With what? Me and El were going to get ice cream, why don't you come with us?" Asked Max no less confused than she'd been when she first saw Jaime.

A bomb was ticking in Jaime's head and she was trying so hard not to let it explode, but she didn't have time for ice cream and stupid questions. Since their shopping spree she and Max's relationship was slowly making repairs and Jaime didn't want to undo all the progress they'd made by snapping at her sister, that being said if Max didn't agree to go with her Jaime was likely to blow. "Just come with me." She said through gritted teeth. "Bring your little friend too, I don't care. I just need your help."

"But-"

"Just fucking come!" Jaime screamed having finally lost her patience, making both Max and her friend jump in shock. "There's something wrong and I need you, Max! Jesus fucking christ, is it too much to ask that you'd help me?"

Jaime's shouting was drawing in a lot of unwanted attention for the other customers at Scoops Ahoy, a wave of whispers circulating as parents covered their young children's ears, all Max had wanted was to enjoy her day with El and get some ice cream but Jaime seemed intent on ruining it with her crazy and embarrassing outburst. "Would you be quiet, people are staring!" Max hissed as she shot El an apologetic look.

"Fucking let them!"

No longer able to stand by and watch Jaime swear and shout as loudly as she could, Steve made quiet 'I'm sorry's' to the people waiting in line as he made his way over to shoo the eldest Mayfield from the store. "Jaime, you've got to leave. Someone could call the mall cop...or the real ones."

Was every single person Jaime knew suddenly a complete pussy? It was either that or she had been hanging around with Billy for so long he had warped her sense of normal, Jaime was tilting in favour of her initial conclusion and she hoped none of them ever needed her help in the future because she was more likely to help Mrs Wheeler than either Max or Steve. "Fuck you both."

"Jaime! Jaime, wait!" Max shouted running to keep up with Jaime as she stormed away surprisingly fast in her stilettos. "Jaime! Where are you going?"

For a moment Jaime could do nothing but laugh at Max's question. Had her sister even been listening to anything she had said? A fresh wave of anger hit Jaime and had her slamming to a stop so she could get it into Max's thick head. "I'm going back to the pool. There is something wrong with Billy and I don't have time for ice cream, or this bullshit conversation. Either come with me and help, or leave me alone!"

When Max didn't answer within the two second slot Jaime had mentally allowed her she shot off again at the same fast pace. With any luck Billy would still be at the pool by the time she had caught the bus, but it was a big gamble and if Billy didn't go home then Jaime would be back to square one of having zero idea where Billy was. Behind her Jaime could hear Max still calling for her but this time she didn't stop, someone had to help Billy.

For what felt like days Jaime had been trawling the streets of Hawkins looking for any sign of Billy, but she'd found nothing. When she had gotten to the pool Billy had already left and not one of the other life guards knew where he might have been heading to. She had wanted nothing more than to keep searching for Billy until she found him but Jaime's feet were screaming for her to sit down, and not just for a few seconds on the curb like she had done a few hours previous. Exhausted and in pain Jaime had had no choice but to head home alone.

Drawing closer to the house she called home Jaime noticed Neil's car parked out front making her feet subconsciously move slower. That was all she needed, to deal with Neil and her mom on her own, and have to deal with the millions of questions they'd no doubt fire her way about Billy's whereabouts. What would she say? If she was honest and told Neil she had no idea where his son was then he would go out looking for Billy, and if he found him there was a strong possibility he would kill him. If she lied and Billy didn't come home as he hadn't the night before then she would also be in Neil's firing line. All Jaime's options were shit, and none of them included her finding Billy which was really all she wanted to do.

"I'm home!"

On the couch Neil raised his eyes from his news paper and eyed Jaime skeptically. "Where's Max?"

Of course Neil wasn't concerned about his own son, all that matter was poor helpless Maxine was okay, and Jaime would have laughed at his question if he hadn't been so intimidating. Instead she kicked her shoes off, almost sighing in relief, as she opened the door which led to the hallway not wanting to be around Neil or her mom or an

extended amount of time. "She's with her friend El at the mall. She's fine."

"Watch your tone young lady." Neil admonished, returning his attention to his paper.

"Whatever." All the fight that Jaime had once had was gone. She didn't care anymore, for all she cared Neil could bounce her off of the living room walls, none of that mattered any more. The tiny shred of hope of finding Billy that Jaime had been holding onto had long since gone, leaving nothing but cold emptiness in its place. Steve and Max may not have understood the severity of Billy's sudden change but Jaime did, so not only was California gone but so was he.

Never in her wildest dreams would Jaime have imagined that she would be wallowing in depression over Billy Hargrove, but there she was doing just that. Having reached the safety and isolation of Billy's bedroom Jaime flopped down onto the unmade bed, burying her head in a pillow as she did. Pressing further into the pillow she let out the scream she had been holding in all day, the soft material absorbing the majority of the noise, still though she didn't feel any better. Having no choice but to come up for air Jaime rolled onto her side and pulled the sheets over her tired body, enveloping herself in Billy's scent. Gripping the sheet so tightly to her chest that her knuckles turned white Jaime inhaled deeply wanting as much of Billy's comforting scent as she could humanly get.

"Jaime?" Susan asked softly from the doorway. "What are you doing in here?"

Jaime had no idea how long her mom had been stood there and she didn't care, there was no logical explanation she could offer out anyway. "Just leave me alone." Much to Jaime's surprise her mom disappeared back through the door and shut it gently behind her, no further questions asked. Anyone else would have put it down to Susan realising she needed space but Jaime knew the truth, it might have taken her awhile to realise but she did, Susan was just a bad mother. Ever since getting with Neil she had gone from a great mom to a shit one, and if Jaime was honest she hardly saw her as a mother any more.

A bitter laugh slipped from Jaime's lips at the realisation that Max was no longer going to be left alone to deal with their mom and Neil. At least there was a small silver lining to the shitty day she'd been having.

A/N/ A short update but I wanted to get something up. I hope you all enjoy it :)

vandecou: Thanks for the comment, I'm glad you're liking the story so far.

Guest: Thanks so much! Hope you liked this update too.

CharitinaX: You're comment was so lovely to read, I can't believe you're obsessed its such a compliment so thank you! I hope you liked this update, even though not a lot really happened but things are going to get moving soon :)

shoot-for-the-stars845: I don't know where to begin on your comment except for thank you so much! Everything you said was so kind and as a writer on here it really helps to motivate. I pretty much have the whole season sort of mapped out in my head in regards to how Jaime slips in with it all and I hope it all works out aswell as it does in my head lol. I hope you liked this update and there will be another one soon :)

36. Chapter 36

Chapter Thirty Six

"Jaime?"

Abruptly Jaime leapt to life the sudden yelling of her name, waking her much more violently than she would have liked. Rubbing the sleep from her tired eyes she could just about make out the blurry outline of Max and the friend she had seen her with at the mall. "Jesus, Max. Are you trying to give me a heart attack?" She asked sitting herself up, flicking her long hair back off of her face to try and help make her eyes adjust to being awake so quickly.

"Did you sleep in here all night?" Questioned Max. Jaime's presense in Billy's room had totally thrown her and caused her to momentarily forget why she and El were there in the first place. "Nevermind, it doesn't matter. Have you seen Billy? Was he here...with you?"

After all the fuss she had caused yesterday only now Max wanted to know where Billy was? Jaime wasn't sure whether to laugh in her sisters face or respond with the exact same indifference Max had done back in Scoops Ahoy. That wouldn't find Billy though. Withholding the bitchy responce she was dying to say Jaime threw back the bed sheets and padded over to the packet of cigarettes laying on the chest of drawers, quickly lighting one before answering Max. "Does it look like he was here?"

Not waiting for Max to respond Jaime stomped out of Billy's room down the hall to her own, far from surprised when she heard Max following behind her. She'd had enough of people ignoring her when she said there was something wrong and now Max was going to get a taste of what she was dishing out the day before.

"Jaime, I'm serious. El...Well... El saw something. Something to do with Billy." Max tried to explain stumbling over her words as she did; it was going to be difficult to explain how El saw what she did without giving away everything that she was capable of. Hopper would kill both Max and El if he found out they'd willing told

someone about El's powers. Thankfully the mere mention of Billy being seen seemed to have been enough to peak Jaime's interest, so it didn't look like Max was going to have to go into much further detail.

"Will one of you just spit it out." Snapped Jaime bored of the dramatic pause the two younger girls had created why they look warily between themselves. "Or you can just leave me alone?"

Finally El stepped forward, with one more quick glance back at Max for support before she tried her best to relay what she had seen. "He was with a girl. She was screaming-"

"Motherfucker!" Jaime didn't need to hear anymore to know exactly what Billy had been up to, and she certainly didn't need Max's little friend to tell her any more details. She was going to kill Billy. She was going to find him just so she could kill him and whatever slut he had snuck off to be with. A new determination drove Jaime to rip the clothes she had slept in off, regardless of Max's friend, and throw on anything else she could get her hands on. The quicker she left the quicker she could get her revenge on Billy.

Max couldn't remember a time when she'd seen Jaime look so angry, and if she was completely honest it scared her a little, she still wasn't convinced of what El had seen and much like Jaime she had drawn the conclusion that Billy was with another girl. The only problem was Max didn't know if Billy potentially hurting someone was better or worse than if Jaime found him and he had cheated on her. "El said he was hurting her, not that he was...you know."

Too pissed off to bother with hair or make up Jaime shoved her feet into her shoes and was ready to go. It didn't matter how much Max protested that it wasn't what Jaime was thinking she knew Billy better than anyone, and disappearing at night time to fuck some skank was exactly something Billy would do. In fact Jaime didn't know why she was even shocked, if anything Billy had probably been doing it the entire time they're little arrangement had been going on, and the more she thought about it the more angry Jaime got. "Who was the girl?"

"I don't know."

Searching El's face Jaime couldn't see any sign that she was lying so as far as she was concerned both El and Max had served their purpose, she didn't need help killing Billy and she knew where he would be, so there was no need for her to stick around. "I'll see you later, Max."

Leaving the Mayfield-Hargrove house Jaime pounded down the sidewalk in the direction of the pool, her feet were still bruised from the vast amount of walking she had done looking for Billy the day before, but it only fueled the unadulterated rage that was bubbling inside of her. There wasn't a force on earth that was going to be able to stop her from wrapping her hands around Billy's throat, and by god was she going to enjoy it, then once she was finished with him she would move onto the slut he had downgraded to. Who the hell did Billy Hargrove think he was? No one made a fool of Jaime Mayfield, no one.

"Jaime! Wait up!"

Without slowing her pace, Jaime quickly glanced over her shoulder to see Max and El biking towards her, the latter holding out something red for her to see. "I'm not in the mood to play twenty questions, Max. So if you don't mind-"

"We found this," Max panted. "In the bathroom. There was blood too. Do you know who's it is?" When El had found the belt bag and whistle Max had wasted no time ushering her out of the house and after Jaime, because if anyone was going to know who the Hawkins Community Pool bag belonged to it was Jaime.

Drawing to a stop to take in the belt bag there was ultimately only one name that immediately jumped out at Jaime. "Could be Heather's. But all the life guards have one, so it could be anyone's." Snatching the offending item out of El's hands Jaime inspected it closer; the strap was adjusted way too small to be any of the male life guards so it had to be one of the girls, and if she had to lay money on who's it was Heather would be her bet.

"So we go to the pool and check on Heather."

Check on Heather? Jaime might have been disillusionally enraged but

she definitely heard her sister correctly. They wanted to check and see if Heather was okay, which made no sense when it was very, very clear exactly what Heather and Billy had been up to. "Why would you want to check on her? Billy's been fucking her, and now I'm going to kill her. You don't need to go anywhere near Heather fucking Holloway, unless you want to watch me rearrange her face. Then by all means tag along."

Again Jaime set off down the sidewalk her rage finally having more direction than just Billy and some faceless girl. Now she had two targets, and by the time she was finished they were going to wish they'd never been born.

"El thinks he hurt her! You look crazy, Jaime. Have you seen yourself?"

Any other day Jaime would never have left the house without looking perfect, but today was a different kind of day, today she couldn't have cared less. There wasn't a doubt in Jaime's mind that Max was right about her looking crazy, she hadn't bothered with hair, make up or even showering, none of that mattered though because today she was running on fury. "I will put my hair into a pony tail if that makes you feel better, Max, but I am not stopping for anyone or anything. Do you understand?"

Max understood loud and clear. Jaime had gone crazy from jealousy, and even though Max was leaning more towards Jaime's theory than El's, she doubted that anything would stop Jaime's war path. It would be much easier for her and El to simply go along with Jaime's insanity and do their own investigating while she went crazy on whoever Heather was. "We're coming with you."

About half way on their journey to Hawkins Community Pool rain had began pelting the three girls; luckily both El and Max had seen fit to wear raincoats but Jaime, having left in such a fit, had neglected to grab any kind of jacket and was thoroughly soaked when they stepped into the closing pool building.

"Where's Heather? Or Billy, either will do."

The manager of the pool stared up at Jaime with indifference and it had her slamming the belt bag down onto the surface. She was sick of people looking at her like she was an inconvenience, and the next person to do it was going to find out very quickly exactly how bad her temper was.

"We think it belongs to Heather." Max offered out not wanting Jaime to unleash her fury on the manager, no matter how bad his customer service skills were. "We wanted to return it to her."

Looking between the three of them with scepticism, the pool manager finally settled his gaze on Jaime, again speaking to her in the same bored tone. "She's not here. She never bothered to show up to today."

Jaime was shocked, in all the time she had spent at the pool over the summer Heather hadn't missed a single shift, same as Billy. So why wasn't Heather there? More importantly why wasn't Billy either? As they had entered the Community Pool large groups of people were rushing out, or being herded by the life guards, yet Jaime hadn't seen even a glimpse of Billy. "And Billy?" She asked sharply.

"Not here either. I thought he was your boyfriend, why don't you know where he is?"

Snatching up the belt bag with a scowl at the manager, Jaime turned her back on him and the female life guard who was sat next to him to speak to Max about what their next move should be, but Max wasn't behind her any more, she was stood with El over by the notice board that had named photos of all the life guards.

"Shouldn't someone of your age have a real job? Because I don't see girls lining up to date the thirty year old life guard who wishes he was still in high school." Jaime shot over her shoulder as she moved over to where Max and El were stood inspecting the notice board. "What are you two looking at?"

Reaching out to the board El grabbed one of the photo's and tugged it sharply from its tack, showing it to the two Mayfield sisters. "I can find her."

Jaime had wanted to ask how the hell El thought she was going to

find Heather by simply having a photo of her, but the two younger girls had already shot off to the womens locker room without so much as a glance in her direction. It was official, Jaime was never having children. In all her time in Hawkins Jaime had never even seen El and now there she was following behind her like a well trained dog, and it wasn't even like Heather's location was magically going to present itself in the womens locker room. Nevertheless Jaime threw open the door and trailed behind Max and El until she caught up to them in the showers.

"And how exactly are we going to find Heather in these damp, disgusting showers?"

There was no choice but for Max to tell Jaime about El's powers, and the looks that El had sent her way said the same thing, because if El was right then they really needed to find Heather and Billy. Biting the bullet Max decided to give a brief explanation as she flicked all of the showers on. "El is special, Jaime. She can see things and do things we can't. Trust me she can find Heather."

The world had gone mad. The world had gone mad and Jaime was the only sane person left, that was the only explanation for Billy's disappearing and Max's ridiculous claims of El being like one of her comic book heroes. Every kid wished they were special, Max had been no exception and had been convince she could fly so much that Jaime had convinced her to jump off of a bunk bed, the girls weren't kids anymore though and they needed to grow up. "Or I could just ask that asshole manager where she lives? Instead of playing make believe."

It came as no surprise to Max that her sister didn't believe what she had said, it wasn't the most believable thing, there was one way she was sure she could convince Jaime though. "I know you remember the Demodogs. If they can exist is El having powers so hard to believe?"

Moving her eyes from Max to El, Jaime watched as she taped up a snorkle and then sat infront of the many running showers. As people went El looked nothing special, just an ordinary teenage girl, so it was a little far fetched that this small, unassuming girl was some kind of super hero. But Max was right, she did remember the Demodogs,

and had someone told her about them without having seen them herself Jaime never would have believed it, but she had and they had existed. "What now?" Jaime finally spoke, she had nothing to lose by seeing if Max was telling the truth.

"Quiet." El ordered, pulling the goggles over her eyes.

Jaime's eyes rolled but she sat down beside Max all the same. What were they even waiting for? It wasn't like Max had really explained what El could actually do, and as far as Jaime was concerned covering her eyes with some taped up goggles wasn't really achieving much.

"What do you see?" Max asked El.

"A door. A red door."

Again the room went quiet except for the loud spray of the showers. They were wasting valuable time in the most ridiculous way Jaime could think of, if she had asked the manager for Heather's address they probably would have already been then and she wouldn't have been sat on the damp, mould infested floor of the womens locker room.

Just as Jaime got to her feet ready to just go and ask for the address El suddenly ripped the goggles from her head, panting as she did, stopping Jaime in her tracks. "Is she okay?" Getting to her knees infront of El Jaime wiped the fresh blood that was trickling from her nose with her thumb. "Max?! Is she okay?" Jaime asked again when Max just stared at El with worry. Was everyone she knew just completely useless? El was still gasping for air, chest heaving, and all her sister could do was stare like some kind of idiot.

"What happened?" Max spoke in a hushed voice, ignoring the questions Jaime had fired her way. "What happened?"

Still El didn't answer, and Jaime found despite the ugly anger that had been consuming her she reached out to the girl she didn't know and wrapped her arms around her, rubbing soothing circles on her back as she did. "It's going to be okay." Jaime whispered. "It's going to be fine."

A/N/ Another update! It took me longer than usual to write this chapter, it didn't work out the first few time but I think it turned out okay. Let me know what you think.

Guest: Glad you loved the last chapter, thank you so much. Hope you enjoyed this one :)

: Thank you so much for your comment, I'm so happy that you enjoyed how I've done season 3 so far because it's pretty daunting lol. Thank you for noticing the way she shows other characters different sides, I personally think her personality just works well with the ones the show already created, and I'm touched that you noticed and thought it was good. We are definately seeing psycho Jaime in the next chapter because she's going to heather's house. So watch out lol. Again thank you for the lovely comment and I hope you liked the chapter :)

37. Chapter 37

Chapter Thirty Seven

The storm only seemed to be getting worse as Jaime trailed behind Max and El as they made their way to Heather's house. Thick sheets of rain pelted into them making Jaime wish had grabbed a jacket even more. Despite the horrific storm it was still warm but Jaime was so drenched her teeth had began to chatter long before they reached the house that El had seen.

"Is this it?" Max asked El, pulling the bike the two were sharing to a stop. When El's head nodded Max yelled over her shoulder to Jaime, hoping that her voice carried over the hammer of rain and occasional thunder rumbles. "This is it!"

Raising her hand to let Max know she had heard, Jaime picked up her pace to reach the two younger girls. All Jaime wanted was for the whole ordeal to be over and for her life to get back to normal. She had been thoroughly enjoying her summer with Billy, and the prospect of leaving Hawkins had only made it all the sweeter, she wanted that back.

Reaching where El and Max were waiting for her all the skepticism she had been feeling left Jaime. The red door. Down the path leading to the large house was an unmistakably red door, just as El had said, which meant that everything else she said suddenly became significantly less far fetched. What if Billy had hurt Heather? What if that was why he hadn't come home when he was supposed to be meeting Mrs Wheeler? Billy was many things, many bad things, but he had never hurt a girl before and coupled with the weird behaviour she had witnessed at the pool Jaime was certain she had been right all along. Something was wrong with Billy, something bad.

"Well lets go then!" Striding ahead of the two younger girls Jaime led the way up to the red door with confidence that she didn't really have. In truth she had no idea what they were expecting to find. Heather missing? Heather dead? All the options looked terrible and if the uneasy churning in Jaime's stomach was anything to go by what

ever they found wasn't going to be good. "Should we knock, or try find another way in?"

Apparently neither needed to be done because before Jaime could even think to find an unlocked window El had stepped up to the door and was staring at it seriously. Then, if Jaime wasn't baffled enough, the metallic sound of a lock clicking open sounded and the once firmly locked door swung open. Where the hell was the girl from? There was no time for Jaime to deliberate the many questions that had bombarded her brain though, Max and El had already stepped into the house and there was no way Jaime was going to let them possibly find a dead body on their own.

"This is where she lives." Max whispered as she moved closer to a family portrait that was hanging on the wall opposite the front door.

Casting a glance at the photo that Max and El were looking at Jaime saw the grinning face of Heather with her parents beaming back at her. What ever special thing El had done in the shower room had obviously worked because there was no denying this was Heather's house. "I've had to look at that stupid face all summer. That's Heather all right. Do you think anyone's here?"

Almost on queue the sound of a woman laughing carried through the house making the three girls stiffen in shock. The house had seemed so quiet that Jaime had been almost certain that it was empty so the sound of laughter had come as quite the surprise, especially as they had all entered the house thinking something awful had happened. The last thing Jaime had imagine hearing was laughter, but perhaps that was a good sign. No one would laugh if they thought their daughter was missing.

Dropping her voice even lower Jaime clicked her fingers infront of Max and El's faces pulling their attention onto her and away from where the laughter had sounded. "Follow me."

When both girls nodded their understanding Jaime led them slowly to where the sound had come from making sure she was atleast two paces ahead of them, Heather's parents were unlikely to be pleased they had broken into their home and as far as Jaime was concerned she was the most qualified to talk their way out of it.

"Isn't that cute, huh?"

Jaime would recognise the deep voice that had spoken over the laughter anywhere, and it was a turn she hadn't expected. Subconsciously she out stretched her left hand behind her flicking her fingers to signal for the girls to stay behind her. If things were going the way she thought they were Jaime wanted both of them out of her way while she killed both Billy and Heather.

Inside Jaime's chest her heart beat so fast it felt like it was going to burst from her chest, when she rounded the corner and her eyes fell on the cozy family dinner that all changed and her heart felt as though it had stopped beating entirely.

"Jaime." Billy said, lowering his drink down onto the table. "Max."

Heather's mom and dad were eyeing all three of them with the exact expression Max had anticipated, after all they had broken into their house, it wasn't them that had her worried though. Glancing up at her sister it was more than clear that Jaime was ready to blow, and unlike Heather's parents or El Max knew that when Jaime lost it anyone within a three mile radius was viable to become one of her victims. Damage control needed to be done. "We didn't mean to...barge in. We tried to knock, but...maybe you didn't hear us over the storm."

Billy chewed on his food watching both his step sisters with disbelief but said nothing. Instead it was Heather's father who spoke.

"I'm sorry, who is this dripping all over my living room right now?"

With a chuckle Billy dropped his cutlery onto his plate, quickly swallowing the food in his mouth as he did. "I'm sorry. Janet, Tom, these are my sisters, Jaime and Maxine."

Sisters? Since when had Billy ever referred to either she or Max as his sister? Jaime was so stunned by the entire scene that was unfolding before her she had been unable to form any words, but as Billy rose from his seat and grew closer to them Jaime found she had suddenly found her voice again. The last time she had seen Billy he had looked like he was about to drop dead, now though he looked the picture of

health, which likely meant that Heather too was fine and her initial assumption had been correct.

"What on earth are you doing here? Is something wrong?"

Having reached where the three of them were stood Billy had situated himself closest to Max and was directing his questions solely at her, which only served to increase the rage that had begun to bubble inside Jaime's chest. Shoving Max behind her Jaime stepped up to Billy glaring up at his tanned face wishing a hole would burn through it. "Yes, something is fucking wrong. You knew that already though, didn't you?"

"We just wanted to make sure everything was okay." By the venomous way Jaime was speaking to Billy Max was sure that there was nothing anyone could do to defuse the incoming eruption from her sister, that didn't stop her from trying to calm things before they escalated though. Apparently Jaime didn't get the message though because she had raised her hand to silence Max without breaking her vengeful eyes from Billy.

"Okay? Why wouldn't it be okay?"

Jaime had given Billy enough time to at least try and explain what the hell she had walked into but he had made zero attempt to do just that, so all bets were off and Jaime had officially reached the end of her tether. "Cut the shit, Hargrove, what the fuck have you and that slut been doing? Not that everyone in this room isn't aware of exactly what you've been doing, I just want to hear you say it. Fucking say it, Hargrove!"

"Excuse me!" Exclaimed Tom, shocked to hear a girl speaking in such a way. "I think you need to-"

"If I wanted your opinion I'd ask for it." Jaime shot at Tom not allowing him to finish telling her what he thought. There was only one person she wanted to hear from and for once he seemed to be uncharacteristically quiet. "What even is this, Hargrove? Since when have you ever gone to some pathetic family dinner for a girl you're fucking?"

"I'm sorry, Jaime, I don't understand why you're getting so irate. Are you feeling okay? Because frankly you're being rude."

There was a dark under tone as Billy finally answered her, Jaime couldn't have cared less though, she was happy to create the biggest scene any of the Holloway's had ever seen and be as rude and bitchy as she saw fit. "Am I feeling okay? Am I feeling okay?" Without hesitation Jaime drew her arm back and slapped Billy as hard as could across the cheek, reveling in the almighty crack it gave off even if it had done nothing to curb her temper. "Oh I'm feeling just fine, Hargrove, just fucking peachy!"

"Where is she?"

Both Billy and Jaime turned to look at El. Had she not been clear enough when she had wedged herself between them and Billy, or was El just too dumb to realise that her purpose had been served? Although Jaime had to admit the question she raised was a good one, so she switch her attention back over to Billy gripping his face in her fingers to force him to look at her again. "Yeah, where is she, Hargrove?"

Against Jaime's fingers Billy fought to look at El as he answered in the same levelled calmness he had been using since the girls had arrived. "I'm sorry. Where is who?"

"Well, they're a little burnt, I'm sorry-" Announced Heather as she entered the room holding a tray of cookies with a bright smile on her face.

Just when Jaime didn't think she could possibly get any angrier along came something to prove her completely wrong. Nothing was wrong with Heather, nothing was wrong with Billy, despite his poor choice in replacing her, and Jaime was about ready to burn the Holloway house to the ground.

"This just keeps getting better." She sneered, shoving past Billy making a beeline for the dining table. "You have no idea what you've done, Holloway, no fucking idea. What did you really think was going to happen? You can't honestly say you thought I would just let you get away with it, or are you as dumb as you look?"

Unable to tolerate the insane outburst that was currently happening in his house, Tom made to get out of his chair to escort Billy's eldest sister from his home and restore normality. "You need to leave. You need to leave right now, or I will have no choice but to call the police."

"Stop embarrassing yourself, old man, and sit back down. No one here gives a shit what you have to say, so do everyone a favour and shut up. I'll be leaving when I'm good and ready." To illustrate just how much she was not to be fucked with Jaime hit the hot tray of cookies from Heather's hands, sending them flying all over the floor, before she turned hotly on Billy again. There was no guarantee that Tom wouldn't call the cops and have her removed and she'd be damned if Billy wasn't going to endure her temper for the entire duration. As mad as she was at Heather it was Billy that had her enraged to the point where she could feel her hands trembling.

"I'm embarrassed for you, Hargrove. I'd be laughing if it wasn't so truly pathetic. We were so fucking close to leaving this place behind, yet at the last minute you clearly decided that knocking up some small town slut and living in dead end suburbia was for you. I always knew I was better than you, Hargrove, I just didn't realise how much by."

An uncomfortable quiet fell over the room as Jaime paused to catch her breath and close the distance between she and Billy. As much as she wanted to kill Billy something deep down wasn't settling well with Jaime; Billy hadn't retaliated, not once, he hadn't even tried to silence her or make her leave, all he had done was stand silently and allow her to scream in his and Heather's face. That was not something Billy did. Ever.

Standing as close to Billy as she physically could Jaime took his face in her hands, pulling him down to her height so she could speak into his ear. "One day I'll come back to this place, and I will have forgotten all about you but you will have thought of me every damn day." Under Jaime's fingers she felt Billy's jaw clench, obviously he wasn't feeling as calm as he wanted Heather's parents to think and Jaime knew exactly what would push him over the edge. "You'll be just like your dad."

That got Billy's attention. As quickly as his eyes shot to lock with Jaime's his hands grabbed ahold of her wrists just as tightly as he had done at the pool. *"I told you not to touch me."* He hissed quietly enough that only Jaime could hear before putting some much needed distance between the two of them.

"We'll be leaving now." Max announced with a weak laugh. "Come on, Jaime." She needed to get her siser out of there before she got on another roll and it became impossible to extract her from the Holloway's house. Jaime had made her point, and Heather was fine, there really was no reason for them to stay any longer. Still though Jaime didn't move. "Jaime, let's just go. Please."

Slapping the tugging hand that Max had wrapped around her bicep, Jaime smirked at Janet and Tom almost ready to leave with El and Max. "You two must be so proud to have such an accomplished whore for a daughter. She'll have popped a few kids out from different fathers soon for you to support, bet you can't wait."

"You are a spiteful little girl, aren't you?" Tom scowled, wanting nothing more than for Billy's sisters to be gone from his house and if they weren't gone in the next few minutes he would make good on his threat of calling the police.

Again Jaime smirked, flicking her soaked hair over her shoulder. "I might be spiteful, Mr Holloway, but that won't stop you from thinking about me tonight when you have scheduled sex with your wife. And yes I'm as good as you imagine I am, ask Billy."

Happy with the damage she had done Jaime strutted around Max and El, making sure to sway her hips as she did, lord knew she knew how to make an exit. "Come on, girls!" She called back when she didn't hear their soggy foot steps behind her. "I think we out stayed our welcome."

A/N/ Another delayed update, I'm sorry! It's summer break here so I have limited time to write. I will try to upload everyday though (or at least every other) Let me know what you thought :)

: It happened! And I hope it was as good (or bad I guess lol) as

you hoped. It was actually harder to write than I anticipated it would be because Billy isn't his usual self, so I hope it was okay :)

Christinaxx: Than you so much and I hope you liked this one too :)

starsandwistrockets: Hope everything had calmed down for you and you're able to relax :) I'm glad you think Jaime joining Max and El was a good idea because I really couldn't see her with anyone else and I didn't see her going solo either. Not too many spoilers but she will definitely be there for the sauna test, so prepare yourself :(Thanks so much for commenting even though you've been busy and stuff, and I hope you enjoy this update :)

Jo: Thank you so much for your comment! I hope you liked the update :)

Guest: Thanks so much, it means a lot that people are enjoying my story. Hope the chapter was good for you :)

38. Chapter 38

Chapter Thirty Eight

In the hours that had passed since finding Billy at Heather's house the rage that Jaime had been consumed by hadn't lessened in the slightest, if anything she was growing more and more pissed off with every second that ticked by.

After getting El and Max safely back home Jaime had jumped straight in the shower hoping the hot water would wash away everything she was feeling, it didn't. As she had stood under the scolding spray of water her mind was assaulted with the events that had taken place at the Holloway house and the days leading up to it. Something still wasn't sitting right with her. Billy wasn't Billy, and no amount of hurt and anger was enough to distract Jaime from the obvious truth that something was wrong with Billy. She had known him long enough to know exactly how Billy Hargrove would react to pretty much any given situation, so his placid demeanor when she had confronted him was a screaming red light. He should have yelled, he should have forced her from the house, he should have done anything but he had just wanted to look at El.

Jaime didn't even know where to begin with El. Her whole day had been thrown completely upside down and she didn't know how to process anything she had seen. El had super powers, Billy was fucked up, she was never leaving Hawkins. Life had well and truly decided to take a giant shit on her.

Making her way to the bedroom next to her own Jaime pushed the door open before closing it behind her. "You two okay?" She asked as she took a seat on the end of Max's bed. Both of them were snuggled under the comforter with a small pile of comic books between them, at least they were having a decent night. "I'm going out. If Billy comes back while I'm gone just stay in here, you hear me, Max? And I don't think I need to say not to mention Billy to mom or Neil."

The chances of Billy coming home at all that night were slim to none so Jaime wasn't really worried about him coming home while she

wasn't there, but both girls needed to keep quiet about him in front of Susan and Neil. If either realised that Billy was staying out all night then there was going to be one hell of a kick off and Jaime didn't want that happening while she wasn't there for Max and El.

"Where are you going? You're not going back to Heather's are you?"

The last place on earth that Jaime had any desire to be was near Heather so the panic in Max's voice was unnecessary. "God no! Like I want to be anywhere near that slut. I'm going over Steve's."

Max's eyebrow quirked when Jaime mentioned Steve, there was only one reason she could see that her sister would be going to see him and with everything that had gone on with Billy it seemed like the most obvious move Jaime would make. "Steve's? Really, Jaime? I thought you and him were actually, you know, friends now."

As much as Max's assumption was logical it was in fact wrong. Jaime had no intention of making Billy jealous with Steve, she doubted it would even work anymore, she just wanted to be with someone and not on her own. Since Billy had gone weird on her Jaime had come to realise just how alone she was in Hawkins, and had Billy returned to normal she wouldn't have cared, but he hadn't and if she was entirely honest she was beginning to feel extremely isolated.

Picking up one of the comics Jaime threw it Max, hitting her in the head. "It's not like that you bitch." Laughed Jaime. "Steve has a really nice house and booze. And no offense you two, but hanging around with kids all day has taken its toll."

"Because we're the high maintenance ones." Max teased as she threw the comic straight back at Jaime, who ducked out the way before it could hit her. "What time will you be back?"

Jaime wasn't sure she ever wanted to come back, but that wasn't an option and with things being how they were she wasn't about to say anything like that to Max. As grown up as the two girls acted they were still kids, and Jaime had seen how much the days events had shaken them, especially El. "Are you okay? I mean I don't know what you did, or what you can do, but you bled from your nose. I don't need to be a doctor to know that shit isn't good."

"I'm fine." El answered with a small smile, but it quickly fell when she looked Jaime in the eyes. "He seemed wrong."

There was no need for El to state who she was referring to because Jaime knew exactly who she meant, and she had been having the exact same thought. She really needed to get away for the evening though so it really wasn't the time to dive into the complex conversation with El. With that in mind Jaime let out a sigh and took El's hand in her own. "Just forget about it for tonight. You can play super hero tomorrow, but tonight just be a kid because that's what you are. You don't owe anyone anything, and Billy isn't your problem, okay? Just have fun reading your nerd books with Max."

Max was in shock. Complete shock. She had never in her entire life seen Jaime act that nicely to anyone, ever, except for her. There was boundaries to Jaime's kindness that extended exclusively to Max so it was beyond weird seeing her sister act so sisterly and gentle with someone else. Maybe Steve had been right when they had all been down in the tunnels, maybe Jaime wasn't being her true self?

"You did something to him. You hurt him when you touched him. I saw something...something in his eyes."

For a moment Jaime was stunned into silence. She knew exactly what El was talking about, it was the same look Jaime had seen at the pool when she had grabbed Billy, and now she officially wasn't the only one to notice it. Just like El Jaime wasn't sure what happened when she touched Billy, she just knew that something definitely changed in him, and as much as she wanted to talk about it with the only other person who had witnessed it it just wasn't the time. They all deserved a normal night.

"We'll talk about it tomorrow." Jaime finally spoke as she stood from Max's bed, moving over to the door ready to leave. "Don't wait up."

It was the first time Jaime had ever seen Steve's house and to say she was speechless was an understatement. She had known that Steve's family were well off and had a nice house, but it had been shockingly down played. As she waited at the front door for some one to answer her knocks, Jaime surveyed as much of the Harrington house as she

could without having to move away from the door step and came to the conclusion that if she had to stay in Hawkins forever maybe marrying into Steve's family wasn't such a bad option.

After a few more seconds the door swung open revealing a confused Steve. "Jaime? What are you doing here?"

"I was in the neighbourhood." Jaime smiled in return still unable to remove her attention fully from the impressive house that Steve called home. "So are you going to invite me in or what?"

Stepping aside Steve waved for Jaime to come in, closing the door softly once she was inside. Steve couldn't think of a single time he and Jaime had had one on one time and suddenly he felt a little nervous. She wasn't the easiest person, and she definately wasn't predictable, so Steve was never sure which Jaime he was going to be faced with.

"Steve, who was it?" A male voice called out from somewhere in the house.

A smirk tugged at the corners of Jaime's lips as she looked as Steve fidgetted on his feet. "Aren't you going to introduce me to your parents?" She teased, smirk widening. Jaime knew exactly what Steve was expecting and why he looked so uncomfortable; he had witnessed how vindictive and nasty she could be and wasn't sure if she'd be like that with his parents, what Steve didn't know was that parents loved her. Jaime wasn't stupid and being mean rarely got what she wanted making her more than a little skilled in being the perfect girl nextdoor. "I promise to behave."

"You? Behave? Yeah, not likely." Replied Steve in a hushed voice before he yelled out to answer his dad. "It was no one! Just someone asking for directions!"

Jaime wasn't sure whether to be offended that she had been reduced to someone asking for direction to keep her presence secret, but she rolled with it never the less. "So, are we going to go make out in your room now?"

How had he gone from being constantly mocked by Robin to Jaime?

Did all the females he know want to make his life difficult? In spite of the teasing though Steve was pleased to see Jaime and if his parents knew a girl was calling late at night she would have been straight back out the door. "Let's go by the pool."

Following Steve out into his backyard Jaime's eyes widened when she saw the pool he had mentioned. "Pool?! Steve why have I been slumming it at the community pool all summer when I could have been using yours?"

Steve let out a light laugh as he dropped down onto one of the loungers. If ever there had been a more ridiculous question asked Steve hadn't heard it. "Like Billy ever would have let you come here."

Although it was a fair comment Jaime wasn't happy that Steve saw her as Billy's little lap dog. Never had she ever, or would she ever, ask Billy Hargrove's permission to do anything. Had she wanted to go to Steve's house to use the pool she would have whether Billy liked it or not. "Is that how you see me? Billy's bitch, who does whatever he says?"

"No! That's not what I meant. It's just...well...it's not like Billy is my biggest fan." Steve had no doubt that Billy would have kicked his front door down if Jaime had come by to use the pool, but that wasn't the only reason for what he had said. A lot of girls came into Scoops Ahoy, and a lot of them also used the community pool, meaning that Steve had overheard some interesting conversations from more than a few girls. What he couldn't decide on was whether he was brave enough to bring up what he'd heard to Jaime.

Sat at the edge of the pool with her feet moving in slow circles in the illuminated water Jaime looked as innocent and angelic as could be. In fact when Steve had first met her at Tina's Halloween party he had assumed she was as cute and innocent as she looked, just like Nancy, he had been so wrong though. Jaime might have looked sweet but she was cold, ice princess and was twice as mean as Billy. In their short time together at Hawkins High Steve had watched as Jaime masterfully manipulated people using and destroying them for her own amusement, yet Steve couldn't help but feel a kind of fondness for her. He hoped it was their time in the tunnels together bonding them and not that she had actually just manipulated him like she did

most people. There was only two people Steve had ever seen Jaime be authentic and genuine with, Max and Billy.

"I heard something at work." Steve began cautiously. "Some girls saying you were Billy's girlfriend. That can't be true though, right? Billy's your brother."

The circles Jaime was making with her feet momentarily stopped as she processed what Steve had said. In all honesty she was surprised that someone she knew hadn't put two and two together quicker, the double life she and Billy had been living had been bound to catch up with them sooner or later. Who would have thought it would have been clueless Steve Harrington who figured it out.

"Billy will never be my brother." Jaime scoffed, leaning back on her elbows to look at Steve's puzzled face. "I knew Billy long before our parents got married. He was always so fun to play with. I don't know if you've noticed but most people don't like to challenge me, but Billy always did, even if in the end he did what ever I wanted just like everyone else."

Steve wasn't one hundred percent sure he was getting what Jaime was hinting at, but he had a feeling he had it right. "So, you...and Billy?"

Jaime had no idea why she was divulging all the details on her and Billy's relationship, all she knew was it was relief to say all the things she had been keeping inside out loud. "It was a game to begin with, just a way to keep me entertained in this shit hole town. Then something changed. Somewhere the step that we'd been unable to take back in California had happened without either of us realising, and we made fucking plans. We were going to leave Hawkins behind, our asshole parents, but then I had to send him to meet Mrs Wheeler!"

Mrs Wheeler? Steve had been keeping up with Jaime's ramblings just fine until she threw out Nancy's mom, that was a curve ball he really didn't understand. "Mrs Wheeler? What's Karen Wheeler got to do with you and Billy?"

Waving her hand dismissively at Steve's interruption, not mentally

prepared to go into the whole Karen Wheeler fiasco, Jaime went on ignoring the question entirely. "Something has happened to him, Steve. Today he was wearing a shirt, right, and it was completely buttoned. When have you ever seen Billy not flaunting himself like some kind of asshole? I'll tell you Steve, never! And he didn't even fight with me when I stormed into Heather's house and informed her parents what a slut she was. Does that sound like Billy to you?"

Pausing a moment to allow Steve time to digest everything she'd just thrown at him, Jaime added one more thing but this time her voice was significantly softer. "He won't even let me touch him."

"Well shit." Steve finally said, his brain successfully fried. "Isn't this something you should talk to a girl about? Like Carol or something?" He was well and truly out of his depths and Steve had no idea what to even say about everything Jaime had told him, his mind was still stuck trying to work around Jaime and Billy being 'together'.

"Carol's been gone ages." Jaime laughed. "And even if she hadn't been I didn't like her enough to tell her what I just told you, Steve Harrington." Pulling her feet from the pool Jaime took the few steps needed to stand in front of where Steve was led out on his lounge, before she took hold of both his hands. "Maybe you missed the memo, but I didn't like the losers that went to that shitty high school. Well, except for you and your ridiculous hair."

In front of Jaime the confused expression Steve had been wearing shifted into a warm grin. Yanking him to his feet Jaime dragged him to the edge of the pool before jumping into the glowing water pulling Steve in along with her. The water hit her skin with a stinging chill, even with the scorching weather they'd been having recently the pool remained ice cold and being submerged in it had been a massive shock to the system.

"Fuck!" Steve yelled when he broke the surface gasping for air and from the cold. Beside him, treading water also, Jaime was laughing madly. "You're a bitch, you know that?"

"Don't be such a baby." Jaime teased, laughing again when she splashed Steve in the face.

Swimming closer to Jaime, with a grin of his own, Steve grasped her waist and threw her up into the air, laughing as she squealed coming back into the frigid water. "Now who's the baby?" He laughed triumphantly when Jaime's head popped up from under water.

Again Jaime splashed Steve, this time though she went to swim away once she had. A hand wrapping around her ankle stopped her hasty get away before it could really start, and before she could escape Steve had launched her into the air again.

"I can do this all night." Steve grinned as he swept his wet hair from his face.

This was exactly what Jaime had needed. For one night she just needed to forget everything and actually be a teenager. She had been so wrapped up in getting the hell out of Hawkins, and then worrying about Billy that Jaime had forgotten what having childish fun felt like. Thank god she had decided to go to Steve's.

A/N/ Another update! :) I wanted to let everyone know I'm away on holiday as of Thursday 22nd for two weeks, so there will be no updates in that period. Sorry! :(

I will get another update up though before I go :)

Guest: I agree with you that she doesnt have self cofidence but I don't think she acts edgy or has no self awareness (that's just me though lol) I hope you're enjoying the story though despite you not liking Jaime so much.

Jo: Thanks so much for your comment :) I'm so happy you liked the last chapter. I am planning to follow the show as closely as possible, I mean obviously there might have to be small changes to slot an OC in, but I'm hoping to keep as true to it as possible.

Guest: Funny you should say you want more Jaime/Billy scenes because they are acoming my friend! :D

Guest: You know I was actually originally going to put her with the Scoops Troop, but I decided against it because of her close

relationship with Billy.

39. Chapter 39

Chapter Thirty Nine

An incessant beeping woke Jaime what felt like only minutes after falling asleep. She and Steve had had a late night, or morning, after playing around in the freezing cold pool they had moved up to his bedroom to dry off, and warm up. Jaime had every intention of heading home once she had borrowed something dry to wear from Steve but he had produced a decent amount of pot so her plan of going home had quite literally gone up in smoke.

"Jaime, you've got to get up. I've got work." Steve spoke from beside Jaime once he had shut his alarm off.

Still groggy from sleep Jaime managed to sit herself upright once she had felt Steve heave himself off of the bed to get ready for work. Rubbing at her eyes to try and fool her body into thinking she was actually wide awake and ready for the day, Jaime followed Steve's lead and began the process of getting dressed. The skirt and tube top she had been wearing the previous night was hanging on the radiator to dry, but when Jaime grabbed both items they were still very much wet.

"Great." She grumbled to herself, throwing her clothes onto the floor. Now what was she going to do? It wasn't like she could walk the streets of Hawkins in nothing but her bra and panties which was currently all she had to wear.

The door to Steve's room swung open and Jaime hoped it wasn't his parents, the last thing she needed was having to explain to Mr or Mrs Harrington why she was stood in their sons room in nothing but her underwear.

"Shit! I'm sorry!" Steve exclaimed, quickly spinning to face away from Jaime. He had been expecting to find her dressed and ready to leave, not practically naked. "I thought you'd be dressed by now."

It was almost cute how awkward Steve was acting when Jaime had

spent pretty much most of the night in just her underwear, obviously the pot had taken the edge off of Steve's dorky embarrassment, and it wasn't as if anything had happened between them. Jaime dreaded to think what he would have been like if they had had sex.

Taking pity on Steve's delicate disposition Jaime picked her soggy clothes back up and threw them at him, laughing when he leapt in surprise. "My clothes are still soaked. I'll need to borrow something. Well anything but that ridiculous uniform you're wearing."

"Ha ha." Doing his best not to look at Jaime longer than needed Steve went about trying to find something of his that she could wear at least until she got back to her own home and her own clothes. Rifling through his drawers as quickly as he could Steve came to the realisation that the only thing that Jaime could borrow was a tee shirt and his old Hawkin's high gym shorts, and he was certain that Jaime wouldn't be impressed by the selection. "Here's a shirt. You want shorts too?"

Having caught the tee shirt that Steve had thrown her way Jaime examined it; by the looks of things it was a well worn shirt and had stretched out a significant amount, meaning the shorts were likely unnecessary. Holding it up to her body as she crossed over to the mirror Jaime checked the length which, although was extremely high on her thigh, was enough for her to feel comfortable without Steve's unflattering shorts. "No, I'll be fine like this."

Yanking the tee shirt over her head, pulling the length on her hair out from the collar once it was in place, Jaime slipped her feet into her shoes and snatched up her wet clothes. "Ready when you are, Sailor Boy."

Following Steve through his impressive house and out to his car Jaime stole one last glance at the enviable house. Steve had no idea how good he had it, and not only because he had a huge house with a private pool, but because not once for the duration of her stay at the Harrington's had there been an argument or fight. The house had been silent save for the noise the two of them had made listening to music and messing around while they got high. If Steve ever stayed at hers he was in for one hell of a shock.

"Where do you live?" Asked Steve when Jaime climbed into the passenger seat.

Shaking her head no Jaime scanned the interior of the car for a packet of cigarette's, even if Steve had told her once that he didn't smoke. Everyone smoked so Jaime was confident she would find a crumpled packet stashed away somewhere. "Can you drop me at the community pool?" She asked, flicking open the glove compartment and finding the forgotten carton of cigarettes she had been expecting.

Pulling out of the drive Steve headed in the direction of the community pool not needing to ask why Jaime wanted to go there. They might have gotten unreasonably high and finished his dad's bottle of vodka but Steve remembered the conversation they had had about Billy clearly. Knowing what he did suddenly made everything make so much more sense and made him question why he hadn't noticed something that was so obvious. Billy and Jaime's relationship, even at school, was a complicated one that people couldn't ignore. They could be eye wateringly cruel to each other, yet at the same time were fiercely protective of each other, Billy more so than Jaime. No further proof was needed than the fact that no boy at Hawkin's High had dared to ask Jaime on a date, too scared that Billy would kill them, and Steve didn't doubt he would have.

Casting his eyes to the right Steve chanced a glance at Jaime. Smoking quietly on his secret cigarette stash she was staring out of the open window, her legs outstretched and resting on the dashboard completely uncovered by the tee shirt she had borrowed. When Billy discovered who the shirt belonged to he was not going to happy.

"I can feel you looking at me." Jaime smirked without turning to look at Steve. "There something you want?"

"Why did you want me to take you on a date?"

That was unexpected. Apart from when she had told Robin how Steve had stood her up neither he or Jaime brought up their date that never happened, because as far as she was aware there was no love lost there. Steve didn't like her and she didn't like him, so there had been no need to dwell on it, up until then at least.

"Was it to make Billy jealous?"

"No." Jaime said as the car turned into the community pool car park. She was never going to tell Steve the truth about the dare, not with Billy acting the way he was, Jaime couldn't risk losing the only other person in Hawkins she could stand.

Opening her door Jaime climbed from the car, shutting the door behind her before leaning through the open window to speak to Steve. "I'm going to give you some advice, Steve. Robin is way hotter than Nancy fucking Wheeler, and she's mouthy and puts you in your place. Make your move before someone else does."

Sauntering across the parking lot towards the pool Jaime searched through the chain link fence looking to see if Billy had bothered to show for his shift. He had. Sat atop the life guard chair Billy was watching all the people who were already at the pool from behind his sunglasses. Even stranger than his outfit choice at Heather's house Jamie's eye bulged in disbelief when she saw the amount of layers Billy was wearing to work. There wasn't a time ever that she could remember seeing Billy in more than a shirt or tee shirt, yet there he sat in the summer heat in a sweater, towel and hat, under a parasol. Was he not unbearably hot? Even in Steve's shirt Jaime was beginning to get hot, so Billy must have been dripping with sweat.

"Hargrove!" Jaime called out once she had made it pool side. They needed to talk about what the hell was going on with him, not just the Heather situation but his general personailty, no person changed that much in a few days and coincidently it all lined up with when he had left alone for the motel. "We need to talk, so get down from there."

Slowly Billy's head twisted to look down at Jaime but he made no move to climb down from the life guard chair. "I don't think we do, Jaime."

It was the answer Jaime had been expecting so she had already formulated a way to get Billy to change his answer. Kicking her stiletto's off Jaime stepped to edge of the busy pool and turning her back to it. "I will jump in this pool and stay underwater until you're forced to pull me from it, and seeing as you look like someone pissed

in your cornflakes when ever we touch my guess is you don't want to have to do that. So I'll say it once last time, we need to talk. Get down."

Still Billy didn't even shift in his chair leaving Jaime no option but to follow through with her threat. "Have it your way, Hargrove." Not two seconds after the words left her mouth Jaime had dropped backwards into the pool, sinking almost to the bottom. As the seconds ticked by Jaime's lungs began to burn in their desperate need for oxygen, still though she forced herself to stay beneath the waters surface. No matter what was wrong with Billy if he wanted to keep up a normal facade he would have no choice but to 'save' her because if he didn't the live guard job he'd been enjoying all summer would be swiftly removed from him.

Just before Jaime really began to panic, she really couldn't last under water any longer, a strong arm wrapped around her waist forcefully dragging her to the surface. Immediately Jaime let out a spluttering cough, desperately sucking in as much oxygen as she could, Billy had cut it damn close. "So are we having that chat?" She said between coughs as Billy tugged her to the pools edge and heaved her out after himself.

Silently Billy led the way into the pool supply closet where Mrs Wheeler had cornered him, admitting his defeat against Jaime. His insides still groaned in pain from having had to touch her, an internal battle over before it had really begun, she had no idea the lengths and effort it took to keep her safe and he needed to get that into her thick skull before he was shoved back down again.

"What the fuck is going on, Billy?" Jaime demanded the second the two of them were in the privacy of the supply closet. "I know you. I know you more than anyone in this town, and I know something is wrong. I mean what the fuck are you even wearing? It's like ninety degrees! And since when have you ever covered yourself up? Jesus, Billy, I've seen you in an unbuttoned shirt in the snow!"

Grabbing hold of Jaime's arm Billy pulled her roughly to him, his face brushing against the soft skin of her neck. "Not you. I told it not you. Anyone but you."

If possible Jaime was even more confused than she had been before Billy had said anything. His cryptic little explanation, if it could even be called that, had done nothing but create more questions that needed answering. Like who had he told? Or, why not her? "What are you talking about? I don't understand."

As fast as Billy had grabbed Jaime he threw her away from him, the pain her touch caused becoming too much. There was no way he could explain to her what had happened the night he had gone to the motel, at least not without it knowing, and if there was one thing Billy wanted to do with the shred of control he still had was to keep Jaime safe from him. "Stay away from me, Jaime."

Billy could fight and push all he wanted but there wasn't a chance in hell Jaime was ever going to listen to him. How could she stay away from him when it was so clear something was wrong? For the first time in her life Jaime actually wanted to help another person and all Billy kept doing was shoving her away.

"We were going to leave, Billy." Jaime breathed when Billy made to leave the closet. Having successfully stopped Billy's exit Jaime continued, hoping that something she said would resonate somewhere within him. "That was why you got this job, so we could be happy together in California. I remember the first time I met you in middle school, you got into a fight trying to impress me, and ended up doing that alot even in high school. I remember the first day we all lived together, how your dad burnt the burgers on the bbq and blamed you for distracting him. We spent all night on the beach drinking cheap beer while I cleaned you up. Through all the shit we've always had each others backs, what's so different this time? I can help you, Billy. Let me."

In front of Jaime Billy's eyes scrunched shut, his hands claspig at his temples, as he mumbled incoherently to himself. Now she was really worried. Before Jaime could react in anyway though Billy's head had snapped upright and he was marching down the closet straight for her. "Bi-"

Billy's lips crashed into Jaime's cutting off anything she had wanted to say. For a moment Jaime remained stiff, too shocked by the action to really react to it, but when Billy's hands cupped her face pulling

her closer to him still her hesitation quickly dissolved.

Pulling back from Jaime's lips, his hands still holding her face, after only a few seconds Billy tried one last time to get the message through to her. "Stay away. Don't be a dumb bitch this time." Not giving Jaime enough time to try and argue or persuade him again, he had pushed his luck with it long enough, Billy strode from the supply closet.

Alone and confused, Jaime's mind was officially melted. Nothing made any more sense than it had done days ago, the only thing that had become clearer was Billy's adamancy that he didn't want any help. Not that Jaime had any idea how she would even go about helping him.

Stepping back into the heat of the day Jaime looked over to the life guard chair; Billy was sat back on it like their conversation hadn't even happened, still covered in his many layers even with the temperature only increasing as the day went on.

"Jaime?"

The other side of the chain link fence, crouched behind a gold car, Max called out to Jaime making her brow furrow further in confusion. "What are you two doing here?"

"Why are you wet?" Max asked having slunk closer to the fence but remaining out of Billy's sights.

Jaime had forgotten all about the soaked tee shirt she was wearing after her chat with Billy, but when Max pointed it out the damp weight of it suddenly felt disgusting against her skin. She needed to change. "I fell in the pool. But forget about that, what the fuck are you two doing here? Because I know it's not swimming."

"Mike has a plan. To help Billy."

A/N/ This will be the last update until I'm back from my holiday, so I hope it was a good one and everyone enjoyed it. Let me know your thoughts. I didn't put the sauna test in this

chapter because I didn't want to rush it and I'm thinking it will be a chapter all of its own.

starsandwistrockets: You're comment about Steve's singular brain cell honest made me laugh so hard. It's such an accurate description of him! I'm glad you like their friendship because I love it too. Hope you liked the update :)

Guest: I'm so glad you enjoyed the last chapter so much, that means alot. It was something different to whats happened so far in this story and I wasn't sure how well it would go down. There will be more Steve and Jaime scenes to come :)

Kairi: Thank you so much! It makes me so happy you love the story and Jaime/Billy because honestly they're my favourite thing to write. Hope you liked the chapter :)

A Star Writer: This is most definately a Billy x OC story. I can reassure you now that nothing is ever going to happen romantically between Jaime and Steve, so have no fear :)

MulishaMaiden: Yay! I'm so relieved you loved the Jaime and Steve scene, it was a gamble but I think it worked well. As promised there was some Billy/Jaime interaction in this chapter so I hope you enjoyed it :)

40. Chapter 40

Chapter Forty

The pool had officially closed and the endless noise that came with the many people who cooled off there all day had been replaced by an eerie silence that had Jaime fidgeting as she hid with Max and some of her friends while Mike and El began the plan. If it could really be called that. In actuality Jaime had little to no idea what the kids hoped locking Billy in a sauna would actually achieve, all she could see it doing was pissing him off, but they had been adamant it would help him so Jaime had had no choice but to agree to their ridiculous idea.

"I find you, it is your funeral."

Billy's voice carried clearly through the quietness of the empty building, he was getting closer and very clearly angrier. She might have agreed to Mike's plan but that didn't stop Jaime from opening the door a crack to see if she could catch a peek of Billy.

Only a few feet from the closet they were hiding in Billy was stalking towards the sauna room, exactly where Mike had been luring him, the muscles in his back tense from the rage he was feeling. If either Mike or El got caught before they managed to lock him in the sauna they were as good as dead of that Jaime was certain. Billy's temper wasn't to be messed with at the best of times and now he was acting so strangely it was best to remain out of his war path.

"What are you doing?" Max hissed, yanking Jaime back from the door. "If he sees us..."

Catching the door with the palm of her hand before it could slam the few centimeters it had been open, Jaime span hotly on her sister her own temper beginning to ignite in her chest. Yes she had agreed to go along with the kids madness but that didn't mean she was suddenly falling into rank and doing whatever one of the little shits said. Her loyalty in their current situation was to Billy which judging by Max's sharp tone hadn't resonated with them, and she was going to be sure

to rectify that.

"That is Billy out there." Snapped Jaime keeping her voice low no matter how much she wanted to yell. "It is Billy who you want to lock in a sauna and boil alive, and I'm still unsure how that is even going to help him. The only reason I agreed to this was because you promised it would help him, so do not for one minute think I will fall into line like one of your little fucking friends. If I think that he's going to get hurt I will end this so fucking fast, am I being clear enough for you, Max?"

Moving back as much as the small closet would allow Max studied her sister carefully. She was trembling, her jaw set hard, and a fire that Max had never seen before crackled behind her hazel eyes. She was terrified. It wasn't the fear that Jaime displayed when Neil lost his temper it was something completely new, she was terrified for Billy. Max had known that Jaime was worried about Billy it wasn't until she looked into her sisters eyes though that she was finally aware of how strongly she felt for Billy.

"It will work. It did for Will." Max reassured softly.

Max's promise did little to convince Jaime but she dropped the argument regardless. It was time for them to move. Wasting no time Jaime threw open the closet door and ran towards the sauna room, where El would already be, with Max and her friends in tow. Before they had even begun to execute the plan Jaime had known just how badly Billy was going to react to it all, still though when she caught a glimpse of the look on his face it shook her to her core. There was a nasty madness in Billy's eyes unlike anything Jaime had ever seen before and it made the chain they were using to keep him locked in the sauna seem entirely flimsy and breakable.

Billy pounded at the door of the sauna, the chain rattling as he did, making all the kids take a step back and the tension in the room rise. If he got out there was no telling what he would do. It was for that reason Jaime moved from next to her sister to the front of the group, ushering all of them to take another step back just to be safe. If the chain she wanted them all to be as far from the door as they could be.

Suddenly the assault on the door stopped yet it brought Jaime little comfort, she already knew why Billy had stopped. In the bustle to get into the room, and with El having thrown him into the sauna, there was no chance that Billy had managed to realise that she was there. Now he had though and a guilt that was almost painful pulsed in every nerve ending Jaime had, she didn't even want to look at Billy afraid she wouldn't be able to follow through with the plan that was already in motion.

"Jaime." Billy breathed, all the rage gone from his voice as he stared pleadingly at Jaime.

Against her own will Jaime's eyes dragged slowly up the blue door until they finally settled on Billy's saddened face. It was a stark difference from what he had been displaying upon entering the room and it was one Jaime wasn't prepared for. It hurt. It hurt everywhere to look at Billy so vulnerable and it made her heart beat ferociously in her chest.

"B-" Jaime's throat was too dry for anything more to come out, and no matter how much she swallowed the lump in her throat refused to dislodge. What the hell were they doing? It was all quickly becoming too much and they hadn't done more than lock Billy in the sauna, panic swirled in the pit of her stomach making Jaime want to vomit and without realising it she stumbled forward half a step.

"Do it." Instructed Max not wanting to give Jaime the opportunity to destroy the work they had already done, not that she didn't understand the dilemma her sister was visibly trapped in. Max couldn't remember a single time where she had ever seen Billy look the way he currently was, and she would have been lying if she said she hadn't had a moment of doubt.

Grabbing hold of Jaime's wrist Max gave it a gentle tug, wordlessly telling Jaime not to move any further which thankfully seemed to work because when Will darted forward and cranked the heat dial as high as it could go Jaime didn't move so much as an inch.

A hazy steam formed behind where Billy was visible through the sauna's window as the temperature steadily increased, beads of sweat popping up all over his exposed skin and trickling down and out of

view, yet he kept his gaze fixed solidly on Jaime. If any of them was likely to break and let him out it was her. She was so desperate to help him that it was only logical that she wouldn't allow the kids to keep him locked up if she could see he was in pain. "Jaime why are you doing this to me? Why do you want to hurt me?"

Again Jaime swallowed hard but this time it was to restrain the tears that were dangerously close to spilling. Jaime Mayfield didn't cry, even if what Billy said hurt her more than a knife to the chest, she needed to be strong not just for the kids but for Billy too. She, Max and Billy had been through alot in their time together so what was one more thing? Once it was all over Billy would be back to normal and they could follow through with leaving Hawkins and their shitty parents behind them, or at least that was what Jaime kept telling herself as her eyes remained locked with Billy's.

"Jaime! Let me out of here!" Roared Billy, his patience with being soft completely run dry. "Max! Let me out! You kids... You think this is funny? You kids think this is come kind of sick prank, huh?"

Much like at Heather's house Jaime lifted her hand behind her flicking her fingers signalling for the kids to stay back. In the very cut down explanation she had been given by Mike and Max it was likely that Billy's temper was only going to get worse, that Jaime could deal with, still though she didn't want any kids murdered on her watch and it didn't seem that any of them were aware of what they were dealing with. The night Max had disappeared they had gotten a taste of what Billy's explosive temper could be like, but that was going to be nothing compared to what was to come, and the spit that Billy fired at the sauna window only highlighted that.

"You little shits think this is funny? What is this? Open the door. OPEN THE DOOR!"

All of the kids leapt at Billy's yell and even Jaime found herself shuffling an inch back.

"Open the door! Open the goddamn door!"

Max's eyes darted to Jaime, concern evident in them and what appeared to be a slither of doubt. Doubt that what they were doing

was wrong. None of which shocked Jaime, she had warned them all explicitly that in theory the plan was easy but when it came down to it and someone was screaming and pleading it was going to be much, much harder. Harder than even Jaime had anticipated.

"We're at two twenty." Said Will after checking the temperature gauge when Billy slid out of sight. He didn't remain there long though and quickly fell back into the safety of the group.

"So when do we know we can let him out?" Jaime whispered frantically. "Two twenty isn't just hot, it's fucking boiling. I mean how long can he stay in th-"

Jaime came to an abrupt stop, her stomach dropping like she was on a rollercoaster, as the sound of sobbing carried from behind the sauna door. Screaming and yelling she could deal with, the soul wrenching vulnerability and sadness killed her. When Billy had returned to his violent outbursts Jaime had been relieved, she had come too close to unlocking the chain when he had softened, now though she just wanted to die as the sobs continued. With every cry Billy let out it felt like someone was punching holes in her heart and she feared she really would throw up this time.

"It's not my fault." Sniffled Billy. "It's not my fault."

All the kids looked to Jaime expectantly as though she knew how to handle the situation. What the hell did she know? She knew that something was wrong with Billy, she knew that before anyone else, and she knew he was in pain, but in that exact moment she had no idea what they should do.

"It's not my fault, Max. I promise you, it's not my fault."

Much to Jaime's surprise Max began to move forward, closer to the door of the sauna to talk to Billy through the glass window. There wasn't a chance in hell that Jaime was going to let Max get that close on her own though, especially with the wild mood swings Billy had been displaying, so she quickly stepped to her sisters side and peered through the glass trying desperately to not let what she saw break her down.

"What's not your fault, Billy?" Asked Max softly, taking hold of Jaime's hand and squeezing it tightly for some much needed support.

Sat on the floor, knees to his chest, hands pressed together in a pleading manner, Jaime felt her heart literally break in two. This wasn't the Billy she knew. Billy was arrogant, hot headed, foul mouthed, not broken, and that was the only word that sprang to mind when Jaime looked at the Billy locked in the sauna.

"I've done things, Max. Really..." For a second Billy broke off as a sob escaped. "Bad things. I didn't mean to. He made me do it."

That got Jaime's attention. Before Max and her friends had arrived at the pool and she had managed to get Billy on his own he had mentioned not letting someone have her, so who the fuck was it? Or what. As much as she had tried the image of the creature in the tunnel was forever burned into her memories, and no matter how much everyone still wanted to keep her in the dark it was pretty damn obvious that whatever was wrong with Billy was somehow linked to the demodog.

"Who made you do it?"

"I don't know, it's like a shadow. Like a giant shadow. Please, Max."

"What did he make you do?"

"It's not my fault, okay?" Billy cried, his voice raising again. "Max, please. Please, believe me, Max, it's not my fault. I tried to stop him, okay? I did. Please believe me, Max. Please believe me."

Jaime had heard enough. There was no way in hell she was going to stand by and let Billy get boiled alive in some sauna because some stupid kids thought it would help him when he very clearly needed some actual help. Beside her Max was crying, crying for Billy, and that only solidified that Mike's plan needed to stop.

"This shit is over." Jaime croaked, the lump that had formed earlier still very much in place. "We are letting him out, and we are going to help him. You heard him. He's in pain."

"No!" Mike yelled as he leapt to block Jaime from getting to the

padlock. "He can't come out yet. You don't understand-"

"I understand he's in pain!" Jaime screeched as she rounded on Mike more than ready to physically remove him from her path if she needed to. "What if it was Nancy in there, huh? Would you be so quick to hurt her? Because I fucking doubt it. So I'll say it one last time just to make myself crystal clear. We. Are. Letting. Him. OUT!"

When Mike still didn't move out of her way Jaime closed the distance between them, making them stand almost nose to nose before giving him one last chance to stand down. "You're all scared of Billy, I get that, but I'm going to tell you something. If you don't move the fuck out of my way or open that damn lock you're going to wish it was him in this room with you and not me."

"I can't-"

Seizing hold of Mike's collar, not interested in anything else he had to say, Jaime yanked him as hard as she could to get him out of her way, but he was stronger than he first appeared. Mike struggled against Jaime's shoves, holding his own well enough that she made no progress in getting any nearer to the padlock. Without even being able to process how it had happened some how Mike had managed to get ahold of both of Jaime's arms, successfully rendering her powerless as he wrapped his own arms around her, holding her tightly to his body.

"I will fucking kill you, Wheeler!" Jaime growled, still fighting as much as she could against Mike's restraining grip. She had no idea who the kid thought he was man handling her, and the moment he dropped his hold on her Jaime was going to make him wish he'd never been born.

"I feel him. He's activated."

The battle Jaime and Mike were engaged in stopped instantly when Will spoke. She might not have known fully what he meant but the look of fear on the Byer's kids face was enough to convince her something very, very bad was about to happen, and by the way Mike had immediately stopped fighting her to look to where Max was still stood by the sauna door it was Billy they needed to be afraid of.

"Max, get away from the door." Mike spoke quietly, his chest heaving.

"What?" Asked Max without looking away from where she was watching Billy.

"GET AWAY FROM THE DOOR!"

It all happened so quickly Jaime was barely able to digest what was happening. No more than a second after Mike had yelled at Max the window of the sauna door had smashed into a thousand pieces, shards glass spraying every, as Billy squeezed through the small gap slashing a broken piece of tile around wildly.

With a new found strength she didn't know she possessed Jaime threw Mike from her and flew over to Max, who was cowering just out of Billy's reach, and wrapped her arms protectively around her shielding her from Billy.

"Let me out, you bitch! Let me out!" Roared Billy as he smashed at the door with the piece of tile. "I'll fucking gut you!" Grabbing hold of the pole being used to keep the door blocked Billy threw it over to where Jaime and Max were stood, roaring in rage as he did. "Let me out!"

Suddenly Billy fell back from the broken window giving Jaime a chance to shove Max back into her group of friends, and get herself in front of them. When she had agreed to the plan never in a million years had she thought things could get so out of hand. Billy had never physically hurt either she or Max yet there he had been trying to split Max open like a pig, they all needed to get out of there. They needed as much distance between them and Billy as possible. But before Jaime could voice it the lights above them began to flicker on and off in sporadic patterns, and disturbing groans sounded from in the sauna.

"What the fuck is going on?" Panted Jaime to no one in particular. Had any of the kids actually told her exactly what was going on with Billy she would have been better prepared, instead they had decided to keep her in the dark and now she had to try and keep them all safe without knowing what she was keeping them safe from. "Mike?"

Mike remained quiet, but when a monstrous roar that sounded anything but human tore from Billy Jaime was stunned into a silence of her own. They were out of their depths. They were potentially going to die, and it was all her fault for agreeing to their stupid idea of boiling Billy alive in a fucking sauna. "You all need to get out of here." Jaime gulped, not removing her eyes from the door of the sauna. "You go. I'll stay here. Slow him down."

God knew she didn't want to stay behind on her own with whatever it was Billy had become, they were kids though and no matter what it was still Billy, so Jaime would stick to her decision no matter what. Go." She said again as she gave Max and El a shove towards the exit. "Get out of here before it's too late."

It was already too late though. A scream broke from Jaime when Billy threw himself at the sauna door, the chain straining against the thick pipe it was latched around when he repeatedly threw himself manically into the door. The pipe had already begun to bend out of shape from the power of Billy's hits, it was going to break it was only a matter of when it would happen, and when it did there was nothing between them and Billy.

Shock had rooted Jaime to the spot, she was unable to do anything but keep her position between the sauna and the kids. In reality what could she do? When it came down to her versus Billy there was never going to be an ending where she came out on top, all Jaime could do was pray that she could somehow break him free of what ever had consumed him quickly enough to get Max and her friends to safety.

The door broke open signalled the beginning of the end. Billy rolled to his feet, standing before all of them chest heaving as he eyed them intensely but his gaze lingered on El the longest. The brief pause gave Jaime a chance to get a proper look at Billy, and what she saw made her blood run cold. His body was covered in black veins, his eyes which she had always found to be one of his best features now made fear induced goosebumps prickle across her skin like she was nothing more than prey being hunted. The last time she had felt in anyway similiar to how she was currently feeling was in the tunnels under Hawkins when she had come face to face with the demodog, yet some how this was so much worse.

"Billy, you have to stop." Jaime managed to choke out, forcing herself to take a step closer to Billy. "You have to stop before you hurt someone, please."

Apparently there was going to be no chance for Jaime to try and appeal to the real Billy who was trapped somewhere in the monster before her, because before she knew it Billy was launched through the air by a bench weight and pinned to the wall by it. He writhed and fought against its hold, choking on the pressure it had on his neck, and for a moment Jaime feared that however El was doing it she was actually going to kill him. "Stop!" She screamed. "You're hurting him!"

El didn't stop though. Raising her left arm to join her right she pushed the weight into Billy with even more force, screaming out from the effort it took, but even so Billy was still able to push the weight away from his neck until he dislodged it entirely and threw it at El, knocking her to the ground.

Quicker than Jaime could process the horrendous situation blew up to cataclysmic. Without pausing Billy was on El grabbing her by her hair so he could wrap a hand around her throat. When he lifted her so high that her feet no longer touched the floor Jaime knew she couldn't stand by in terror any longer; a courage she didn't know she even had sent Jaime running at Billy where she grabbed at the arm he was using to strangle El in a desperate attempt to dislodge him. "Let go of her! Billy! Let go! You're going to kill her!"

For a moment Billy pulled his attention from El and stared blankly at Jaime. There was fear evident in her eyes yet she didn't stop tugging at him for even a second, her attack was unrelenting yet it was ultimately going to be pointless. Still gripping El crushingly, Billy shot his elbow into Jaime's face successfully removing her from his arm and sending her crashing to floor in heap.

"Help her!" Jaime shrieked, blood pouring from her nose down into her mouth, as she willed one of the kids to do better than she had. The force of the blow had her vision blurring and head spinning, making getting back to her feet more than a little difficult. "Fucking help her!"

Her yells must have worked because the next thing Jaime knew Billy was on the floor next to her, with Mike stood over him wielding the pole that had been used to help barricade the door over his head.

"Go to hell, you piece of shit!"

The blow that Mike had been hoping to strike Billy with never landed. Quick as lightening his hand had shot up and caught the pole, before he threw it away like it was nothing. They were fucked. Completely and utterly fucked. Still on the ground Jaime could do nothing but watch in horror as Billy stalked towards Mike, backing him against the wall he had been pinned to only moments earlier, and pray that he only hurt the boy instead of out right killing him.

"Billy!" Gaspd Jaime in a last ditched attempt to get through to him and possibly spare the Wheeler kid. "This isn't you! I know you! Billy, please don't hurt them! Pl-" Any further pleading was cut short when out of know where Billy lifted from the floor, hovering as he floated backwards away from Mike. "What the fuck?!" It came out as a whisper, the whole thing too surreal to draw a stronger reaction from Jaime, she had known that El had powers but lifting another human with nothing but her mind was something else.

A hoarse scream ripped from Jaime's throat when suddenly Billy was no longer just suspended in the air but was flung across the room so hard that he crashed through the solid brick wall. The world around her became inaudible, the cries tearing from her throat nothing more than buzzing even though they stung her throat in pain. Scrambling to her feet Jaime made to run to the hole that Billy's body had created in the wall, but before she could take more than a few steps two tight grips prevented her from getting any closer. In her manic state she was barely able to acknowledge it was Max and Lucas who were gripping her so tightly, all her brain knew was that Billy was hurt and she needed to get to him. "Let go of me!"

In that moment Max wasn't sure who she was more worried for, Jaime or Billy. The Mindflyer made Billy stronger so she was certain he would be fine even after being put throw a brick wall, Jaime however looked like she had lost her mind. Her usually very put together sister writhed frantically against she and Lucas, her face shining from the volume of tears that were pouring down her cheeks,

and the red pool staff tee shirt Jaime had changed into had bunched up revealing her bare lower half, entirely disheveled from her fighting. Billy wasn't the only one who was changing.

"Jaime, stop! We have to go! He's dangerous right now, okay? Jaime, did you hear me?" Pleaded Max as she and Lucas began the difficult task of pulling Jaime away from the hole so Mike, El and Will could see what had happened to Billy. "He's going to be fine. We're going to help him."

Lucas' eyes bulged in disbelief at Max's promises, and she couldn't blame him for it. Billy was stronger than any of them had been prepared for, it was one hundred times worse than with Will, that didn't matter if it got Jaime to calm down though.

"I need to go to him!" Jaime screamed again. Did none of them understand? Did none of them care that no matter what it was that was taking over Billy it was still Billy? Billy Hargrove who she had known for years, Billy Hargrove who had saved her from being raped, Billy Hargrove who was going to save her from Hawkins.

Drawing on all the strength she had left Jaime shoved both Lucas and Max from her and sprinted the small distance to the hole in the wall. Pushing past El, Mike, and Will, Jaime finally managed to look through the hole but what she saw had her even more afraid and confused. She had been expecting to find Billy unconscious on the ground, bleeding, hurt, instead he was running away like he hadn't just been put through a fucking wall.

"You're going to tell me everything." Jaime breathed having finally regained some self control from the shock of seeing Billy on his feet. "And I mean everything. Then we're going to help him." Stopping to face Max and her friends, Jaime looked pointedly at El. "We're going to help him without nearly fucking killing him. Because if Billy gets hurt, or dies, I promise you he won't be the only one going in the fucking ground."

A/N/ I'm back! It took me longer than I anticipated to write this chapter but I wanted to do it right (which I hope I have lol) Let me know what you think :)

Xxtina: Sorry for the long wait, I was on holiday but I'm back to normal now :)

: Omg thank you so much. I'm glad that you liked that he kind of fought for control and that you loved the chapter so much! I hope this one doesn't disappoint :)

Guest: You're too kind! I promise nothing with how this will end and I hope you enjoy it all the way through. Let me know what you thought of this chapter :)

Ladey Jezzabella: Thank you for your comment, and I'm so pleased you're still reading this ever lengthening story lol. I hope you liked the chapter :)

Jo: Yay! I'm so happy you loved the Jaime/Billy scene because they are my favourite!

Kairi: I hope the wait for the chapter was worth it and you enjoyed it! And I love that you loved Jaime/Billy scene :)

41. Chapter 41

Chapter Forty One

A warm breeze curled through the night, carrying stray grains of sand and spraying them over anything in its path. It was strange how Jaime had never noticed it before, that something so insignificant was now anything but. Never again would she feel the scratchy tickle of sand peppered air against her bare skin.

"Party's over there, Mayfield."

Clutching a palm full of sand Jaime slowly released it from her grasp, watching as the grains were swept away in the wind, like a timer steadily running its course. Soon California would be nothing more than a distant memory, her friends story's that she would tell others, her home just a building that once was. God she wished she had more time.

"You're nauseating." Jaime said finally turning her attention to Billy. All night she had had to endure watching Billy being is usual sickeningly charismatic self with her best friend, which was anything but unusual, the move was weighting heavy on her though and Jaime found that some space was much needed.

"Lisa doesn't seem to think so." Grinned Billy, dropping down onto the sand bank. When he had seen Jaime slink away from the fire something pulled him in her direction, like a magnet he was drawn to Jaime no matter how much he shouldn't have been. "You jealous, Mayfield?"

Jealous? Jaime Mayfield didn't get jealous, or at least she didn't allow other people to think so. Billy was her step brother now, officially, they were no longer king and queen they were in fact siblings, so the last thing that was allowed was jealousy. "Oh, without a doubt, because having you throw yourself at me all night is what I want so desperately."

There was a cold edge to Jaime's voice that didn't go unnoticed by

Billy. The bitch was an ice queen at the best of times, but there was always an element of playfulness between the two of them, since the wedding that had swiftly disappeared. Their parents had fucked their lives up, well and truly obliterated them, none of them were happy.

"All you had to do was ask nicely, Princess."

Despite herself Jaime couldn't help but laugh. Under normal circumstances she would of fired some kind of bitchy remark that would of had Billy's blood boiling, she just didn't have it in her. The party their friends had organized was perfect and was a night Jaime was never going to forget, a sadness tinged it though, a finality that she couldn't ignore. Tomorrow they would be piling into Billy's camaro to start their new life in Hawkins, Indiana, a new life she, Billy and Max had never signed up for. Much like their parents marriage.

"Is that actual laughter?" Billy teased. "You got some warmth in you, Ice Queen?"

Maybe it was the pot, maybe it was the booze, what ever it was had Jaime subconsciously shifting closer to Billy. They had been so close to taking the next step, so fucking close, he would never not be hot though and he would never be her brother. What harm was a little flirting really? "Why don't you ask your friends, Hargrove? Find out how warm I can be."

There was something Billy wouldn't miss. He would die happy if he never had to hear another male tell him how great Jaime was in bed, or how great her body was, all it served to do was rub salt in a wound. He would never have her. He would never touch her how he wanted to. Jaime Mayfield was off limits.

Ignoring the flash of anger Jaime's comment had ignited, Billy mirrored her and leant in closer, a smirk on his lips as he toyed absently with a strand of her hair. "Or you could be a big girl and show me yourself."

If Billy wanted to play chicken Jaime was more than prepared to show him how it was done. Tutting softly Jaime shook her head no, a smirk of her own curving the corners of her lips, successfully drawing

Billy's attention to them. How he ever thought he could best her at their little games was beyond her. "Be a man, Hargrove, find out for yourself."

Unsurprisingly Billy took the bait and the fingers that had been twirling around Jaime's hair moved steadily upwards before settling on her left cheek. What Jaime hadn't expected was the rush of heat that spread through her entire body, all he had done was an innocent touch to the face. What was she, some kind of virgin? Jaime put it down to the fact she hadn't been with a boy in a while, because there was no way that Billy Hargrove could make her hot and bothered. He was her play thing, not the other way around. Yet, he had rendered her immobile as he leaned closer to her lips.

Never before had the pair been so close, and it gave Jaime the opportunity to really appreciate just how handsome Billy really was. The vibrancy of his icy eyes was so intense she finally understood what Lisa was making such a fuss about. Whatever it was that was brewing between them couldn't happen though, it needed to end and quickly. Bringing a hand up to Billy's chest in order to push him back, and create some much needed space, Jaime found herself distracted when her fingers slipped under the opening of his shirt, touching the heat of his hard chest.

Neither of them spoke, too afraid to shatter the tension that had built. It wasn't how Jaime had envisioned her night ending, but she found that she didn't mind, it was possibly going to be the only chance they had to see if their chemistry was more than just playful teasing because when they moved they would just be known as brother and sister, not King and Queen. How could they pass on it? There wasn't a chance in hell she was making the giant leap though. Oh no, Jaime had meant it when she told Billy to be a man and find out for himself.

As if reading her mind Billy closed the slither of space between them and pressed his lips firmly against her own. For a moment Jaime was too stunned to react until a strong grip tugged at her waist pulling her flush against Billy's body. Their kisses became desperate, frantic, both so swept up in the feel of the other they momentarily forgot why they shouldn't be kissing in the first place.

"Jaime."

Billy pulled back from her swollen lips, as he stared at her with blown pupils, he didn't let go of her though and Jaime could have sighed in relief. How was she going to go back to pretending they were step siblings after this? It was going to be impossible.

"Jaime! Jaime, wake up!"

With a groan Jaime begrudgingly peeled her eyes open, mentally cursing Max for interrupting her much needed sleep. God she needed sleep, ever since Billy had gone to the motel Jaime hadn't gotten a good nights sleep and her body was screaming for it. Adrenaline had been the only thing keeping her going for most of the night the second it ran out though she had crashed on the couch in Mike's basement.

"Nancy and Jonathan are here. Something happened last night." Max explained as she took the space on the couch next to Jaime. "Something to do with some old lady."

"Mrs Driscoll." Corrected Nancy.

Rubbing at her tired eyes Jaime snatched up her pack of cigarettes and made swift work of lighting one. It might have been the exhaustion but she had no clue why Nancy or anyone else thought she even remotely cared about some old lady. "And I give a shit because?" Jaime said blowing a cloud of smoke above her head before fixing her gaze on Nancy. "My plate is pretty full, so I don't really have time for some old woman."

Nancy shifted in agitation, arms crossing in front of her chest as she let out a quiet scoff. "I wasn't asking you to give a shit. Everyone knows you don't care about anyone but yourself. And put that cigarette out."

That woke Jaime up. In their time together at Hawkins High Nancy had never been one to confront her, or anyone for that matter, obviously her new job had given her a bit of back bone and Jaime was happy to yank it straight back out. Getting to her feet, ignoring Nancy's request of putting her cigarette out, Jaime let out a scoff of

her own. "Do you want to play, Wheeler? Because I've had one hell of a shitty night, and I'd hate to make you cry in front of your boyfriend and your little brother."

"Why is she even here?" Nancy asked Mike, not wanting to engage Jaime any further. The two had never had any kind of altercation before, but they definitely did not like each other, and Nancy didn't want to give Jaime the satisfaction of an argument. In school she had watched Jaime, and Nancy was pretty certain she had her pegged; if she refused to take the bait Jaime would likely get bored quickly and leave her alone.

"Why am I here?" If Nancy had been hoping to enrage Jaime further she had succeeded. Not much pushing was required for her to blow at the best of times, but everything with Billy had Jaime strung higher than usual and it was taking all her self control not to leap over the coffee table and ring perfect little Nancy Wheeler's throat. "While you were playing nice with some old woman, I was with *your* brother dealing with a psychotic Billy. So do not stand there like I'm a spare part when you've only just joined the fucking race!"

"I was investigating a lead!"

"Oh well thank god for that! What would we have done without your 'investigation'?"

"Then you won't need the information I have then!"

"What I fucking need is Billy back to normal!" Jaime yelled, her hands waving wildly around her threaten to set the basement alight with the cigarette between her fingers. "Tell me, Nancy, can you do that? Can you get that thing out of him? Because if the answers no then you are of no use to me!"

As the two girls argued everyone else in the room looked to Max to step in and break them up, except for Jonathan who was weakly pulling on Nancy's wrist. Sometimes she wondered if she and Jaime had been born the wrong way round. "Stop, Jaime. This isn't helping."

Max was right, the argument wasn't helping but it was releasing some of the aggression that had built up in Jaime. Who did Nancy even

think she was? There she stood in her cute little dress, perfectly made up, acting like she had had a bad night.

Dropping the end of her cigarette onto the floor Jaime squished it under her foot, never breaking eye contact with Nancy as she did. "Nothing is helping, Max. You were all so certain that the sauna was going to fix everything, and it fucking failed. Spectacularly. Right now I need to go home and shower, get out of this disgusting tee shirt. I can't think straight, and I sure as hell can't deal with anymore failures."

The tension in the room drastically dropped at Jaime's admission. It had been abundantly clear that she was mentally exhausted the moment she had passed out on Mike's couch, when Lucas had asked why it was all effecting Jaime so badly Max hadn't been able to give him an answer. Wasn't like she could outright say that Jaime and Billy were in love, for one her sister would kill her and deny it. A small break would probably do her sister the world of good, and keep her and Nancy from killing each other, so Max was quick to back Jaime's idea. "We'll call you when we have a plan."

"I'll smooth things over with mom and Neil."

In all the madness Jaime hadn't had time to give her mom or Neil a second thought, there was no way they hadn't noticed none of them had been home though. Unless Billy was actually heading home. So, whoever walked through the door first was going to take the brunt of Neil's temper and Jaime wasn't going to chance that person being Max.

"Keep my sister safe." Jaime said to Mike as she made her way to the stairs. "I won't take long. Call me." She added to Max this time, a small amount of reluctance slowing her from leaving. If anything happened to Max she'd never forgive herself, in her current state though she was of no use to anyone, so for both their sakes she needed to get herself sorted. Billy needed saving, Max needed protecting, and Jaime would be damned if she was going to fail at either.

A/N/ Sorry for the delay on an update, I've been sick and didn't

have the energy to sit down and write. I know not alot happens in this chapter but I needed a little filler chapter. I hope you guys enjoy it anyway :)

MulishaMaiden: Thank you so much! I'm so happy you thought I weaved her in well because I was really worried. I hope you enjoy this little update :)

: I'm glad you liked the chapter, even though you felt Jaime was a bit useless lol. I get where you're coming from (and she did slap him in Heather's house) it's just I felt like being faced with a dude who's covered with black veins and broke a metal door open, that fear mightstop her from doing anything too physical. If that makes any sense at all lol. Anyway I hope you enjoy this update :)

Guest: Yay! I'm glad you loved it, hope you do this one too :)

Kairi: I'm so happy! I know this one isn't as actioned packed but I hope you enjoy it :)

42. Chapter 42

Chapter Forty Two

By some miracle when Jaime arrived back home both Neil and her mom were still in bed meaning she was able to sneak in without having to quickly figure out what bullshit she was going to feed them. In all honesty she was beginning to doubt that either of them noticed the absense of she, Max and Billy, but she couldn't risk not having some lie to hand, and lying to Neil took some planning. Luckily as she had washed the sweat and grime from her tired body in the scolding spray of the shower Jaime had managed to come up with something that would protect all three of them, or at least she hoped it would.

Max would be easy to account for, she had been spending all summer with her friends and she'd actually had a sleepover with El, so that would be the story Jaime gave her mom and Neil. Her and Billy would be more tricky. Neil had already been on at her because he thought she was the town whore, and she had no idea if Billy had even been going home or if he had seen their parents. In the end the only explanation she could conjure that kept both she and Billy safe was bringing Tommy and Carol into the equation.

"Jaime? Is that you?"

Shutting the water off Jaime stepped out of the shower, wrapped a towel around herself, and mentally prepared herself for facing her mom. "What?" Squeezing around Susan, Jaime headed back to her bedroom followed by the soft foot steps of her mom. Obviously there was going to be no way of avoiding the conversation.

"Where have you been? I didn't hear you come home last night."

Busying herself with picking out some clean clothes Jaime offered out the briefest explanation possible. "I stayed at Carol's." Having settled on the new neon pink mini skirt Billy had brought her before he went insane, and a cropped top Jaime turned her attention to Susan. "I'm trying to get dressed."

Choosing to ignore the request for her to leave, Susan studied her eldest daughter doubtfully. Jaime had changed so much since moving to Hawkins that she barely recognised her anymore, they barely spoke anymore, in fact Susan wasn't even sure they had said more than two words to each other the entire summer. It all came down to Billy. For reasons unknown to Susan Jaime seemed to think she was a blind idiot. It was impossible to ignore the vast amount of time she and Billy had been spending together, although Neil had failed to notice which Susan wasn't upset about. However, if Jaime chose to keep lying to her she was more than willing to clue her husband in on what she suspected was happening.

"Do you think I was born yesterday, Jaime? I can see exactly what has been going on in my own home, so why don't you stop lying."

Laughing bitterly at her mom's weak attempt of actually parenting Jaime decided to take the bait and bite back. "Tell me, mom, what is it I'm lying about?"

"I know Carol has been gone all summer. I bumped into the mother at the store at the beginning of summer. So you are going to tell me exactly what it is you've been doing, because I already have my suspicions." Crossing her arms in front of her chest to show her eldest daughter she meant business Susan threw the only snippet of information she had that would potentially throw Jaime off. "It's a little too convenient that Billy told me that exact same thing this morning when I saw him."

Billy had been home? Was he still home? Clothes and the impending argument with Susan suddenly unimportant Jaime shoved past her mom, tore down the short corridor to Billy's bedroom, and threw the door open so fast it banged loudly against the wall. She hadn't been lying when she had told Nancy and the kids she couldn't take another failure, so when she was presented with the silence and emptiness of Billy's room Jaime's legs almost gave out beneath her.

"Jaime! This is unacceptable! You need to tell me now that there is nothing going on between you and Billy. Are you listening to me?"

Jaime was over listening to anything her mom had to say. She had much bigger problems than her mom deciding to try her hand at

parenting. The most important being where the hell did Billy go? Jaime was convinced if she could find Billy on her own, or at least not try boiling him alive, there was a chance she could get through to him. The real him.

"Jaime, I am not messing around. Tell me." Pressed Susan as she moved to grab Jaime's arm.

"Don't touch me." Jaime spat, snatching her arm away from her mom's fingers. She kept pushing and Jaime was reaching snapping point after everything she had endured the previous night. If her mom wanted the truth she was going to get it.

Rounding on Susan, Jaime stepped close enough that there was only a slither of space between them. Her face contorting into a spiteful sneer Jaime unloaded all the pent up fear and anger she'd been holding in. "You want the truth? You want me to tell you that I've been *fucking* Billy. Would that make you happy, mom? Would it make you happy to know that we've been sleeping together in your house while you and Neil are both home? In your bed when your out? Tell me, mom, is this the kind of thing you wanted to fucking hear?!"

With every word Jaime said her voice rose until she was all but screaming in her mom's face. Worry was plain as day on Susan's face but that didn't deter Jaime, still she thundered on unable to stop the stream of words even if she'd wanted to. "You're so fucking blind that you don't even see what's going on around you. All you care about is keeping Neil happy, and lets be honest he's a cunt! You choose not to see what he does to Billy, you choose not to see how fucking miserable me and Max were moving here. Billy was the only thing I had, mom! The only fucking thing! And what? You want me to be sorry for you making it that way? Well fuck you!"

Again Jaime barged past Susan, but this time no foot steps or screeching followed her. Obviously her point had been made loud and clear. Relief flooded Jaime's body when she reached her own bedroom and was able to get dressed without further interruption, she needed to get back out and look for Billy with the kids, enough time had been wasted on her mom already. Not bothering with make up Jaime made quick work of throwing her long hair into a high pony tail before slipping her feet back into her stiletto's. As she looked

down at the white heels her mind went back to the tunnels and how she had almost destroyed her favourite shoes, which she had been anything but happy about. As fast as the shoes went on they came back off and Jaime darted into Max's room to search for a pair of sneakers to borrow.

"Jaime! Get out here now!"

Icy cold dread shot through Jaime when Neil's booming voice sounded through the house, she couldn't ignore him though that would make it much, much worse. Summoning as much courage as she could Jaime straightened her tennis socks before dragging herself to the living room where she knew Neil would be waiting for her.

Just as she had expected Neil was stood in the middle of the living room, a stern expression on his hard face as he waited for her. What Jaime hadn't anticipated was that her mom would be stood at his side, she was much happier sticking to the sidelines of Neil's punishments, maybe she had pushed her mom too far? "Yes?"

"I want you to tell Neil everything you just told me." Susan said.

It seemed Susan was on a roll for suprising Jaime because she had not expected her to speak up at all, let alone challenge her to be as upfront with Neil as she had been with her. For a moment Jaime faltered, unsure of whether to rise to her moms challenge or not. "I'm sure you've already told him." It was a bold move but Jaime was too fired up to offer anything diplomatic.

"Do you want to repeat that, young lady?" Neil spoke, silencing Susan from answer with the simple lift of a hand.

Jaime might have still been scared of Neil, but after the sauna test and seeing how far gone Billy was with all the Mindflyer shit the fear that usually kept her from opening her mouth had evolved into anger. Anger that pushed her to shout at Neil for the first time in her life. "I said I'm sure she already fucking told you!" Turning her white hot rage on her mom Jaime pointed a shaking finger at her. "You're a pathetic bitch. You went running to him because y-"

Before Jaime could process what was happening Neil had crossed the

room and struck her so hard with the back of his hand she could taste blood. Her face was still sore from the hit she had taken from Billy, so when the split second of shock passed her head felt like it was going to explode it hurt so bad. For so long Jaime had been convinced that Neil was going to end up killing Billy, but as she looked into his cruel eyes she feared it could actually be her.

"You will never speak to your mother like that again. Am I clear?" Neil said in a measured voice, his hand gripping Jaime's jaw to force her to look at him. "I said am I being clear?"

Over Neil's shoulder Jaime could just about make out her mom, who hadn't so much as moved an inch in reaction to the slap Neil had given her, she was pathetic. Looking up at her step-dad Jaime nodded her head yes, silently willing that it would enough to make him back off.

"Say it."

Every fibre in Jaime's being told her to tell Neil to go fuck himself, thankfully though the logical side of her that wanted to survive the encounter prevailed so instead she gave him what he wanted. "I won't do it again."

"Go and change. You look like a whore." Releasing his hold on his step daughter, Neil gestured in disgust at her with a shake of his head. "Is it any wonder Billy didn't say no when you walk around offering it up on a silver platter. It's a small miracle Maxine hasn't turned out anything like you."

Not waiting to hear what other insults Neil wanted to throw her way Jaime flew from the living room back to the safety of her bedroom, and only once she had shut the door did she allow the few tears that had so desperately wanted to escape fall. God knew how Billy had put up with his dad for so long. Why couldn't it have been Neil who got flayed? Jaime would have happily sacrificed him for the good of man kind. Or even her mom, at least she had Max would have had to have gone back to their dad. No, it had to be the one person she relied on, and it was all her fault. Even before the kids had explained everything to her Jaime had known what ever was wrong with Billy had happened the night he drove to the motel. The motel she had

sent him to. Had she not been so concerned with making a fool of Mrs Wheeler Billy wouldn't have been flayed. It was all her fault and Jaime had never hated herself up until that realisation.

"Jaime! Max is on the phone for you!"

Jaime couldn't help but laugh weakly to herself at the normalcy her mom spoke with, like Neil hadn't just slapped her daughter across the face. Wiping the tears from her cheek roughly with the back of her hand, Jaime took a deep breath before yelling back. If Max was calling it meant they had a plan, and that was much more important than the shit show that she had just endured. Billy was more important.

A/N/ I'm sorry this update took so long but my house has been taken down by sickness and this is the first time I've been able to write. I'm feeling a little better so the upload schedule should be regular now. I hope it was worth the wait and y'all enjoy it :)

MulishaMaiden: I'm so glad you liked the last chapter, and the whole confrontation between Jaime and Nancy. Their dislike is very much mutual lol. I hope you like how things played out in the Hargrove-Mayfield house :)

Kairi: Thank you so much, and I promise Jaime and Billy are going to reunite very, very soon :)

starsandwistrockets: Thanks so much for your lovely comment. I'm so pleased that you enjoyed the sauna test so much, I feel like it was a real turning point for Jaime. I hope you like this update, let me know your thoughts :)

musiclover246: Hope you enjoy :)

43. Chapter 43

Chapter Forty Two

It was already dark by the time Jaime rejoined the group at the hospital. She had had no intention of going anywhere near Heather's house when Max had called saying that was where they were, so she had opted to meet them at the hospital instead. Jaime was still unclear why exactly they were going to the hospital, Max hadn't wanted to say too much on the phone, so when she finally walked through the hospital's entrance where they were all waiting for her it was the first thing Jaime asked.

"Why the hell am I here?"

A look of disdain washed over Nancy, she had been enjoying not having Jaime around and had even asked Mike to convince Max that she wasn't needed. He had refused. "Mike catch her up, me and Jonathan will go up."

Dropping down into one of the uncomfortable waiting area chairs Jaime waved Nancy off with a scowl, more than happy to spend as little time with her as possible. They would never be friends, ever, what Jaime could make no sense of was why Nancy seemed hell bent on making their time together as bad as possible. Jaime for once hadn't started any altercation, it had all been Nancy, and it was beginning to wear extremely thin. As important as finding, and helping Billy was Jaime wasn't above knocking Nancy Wheeler off the horse she had sat herself upon before doing so.

"What the hell happened to your face?" Max asked. She had noticed the splotchy bruising when Jaime had walked into the waiting area but hadn't wanted to say anything until everyone else was preoccupied. "Is it from Billy?"

Tentatively Jaime flickered her fingers across the sore skin of her battered cheek, her mind replaying exactly how she had gotten the injury against her own will. "I'm going for a cigarette." How could she tell Max it was Neil who had caused the majority of the pain she was

in? Their home was bad enough without the added fear that Neil was more than prepared to physically assault them as well as Billy. That had been the only barrier of protection either had felt when it came to Neil, he would never lay a hand on them because they were girls, how wrong they had been. Max was held on some kind of pedestal by both Neil and Susan but that gave Jaime no sense of relief, she now knew exactly what he was capable of.

Standing in the chilly night air Jaime quickly lit a cigarette, inhaling deeply before letting the smoke out with a shakey breath. God she needed Billy. He was the only other person who understood how small and insignificant Neil could make someone feel, but here she was getting some old woman instead.

"Was it Neil?" Max whispered. She had quietly followed her sister outside needing to know what had happened. There was a strong chance that Jaime wouldn't say a word and simply tell her to mind her own fucking business, she still had to ask though.

Jaime couldn't help but smile. Max was too smart for her own good. "It's nothing."

The softness that Max had evaporated and was replaced by an anger she didn't know she was capable of feeling. Jaime was a bitch, she was nasty, spiteful, but above all she was her sister. "That's bullshit, Jaime! That isn't nothing, that's definately something."

"I don't want to talk about it. Just drop it."

Max wouldn't drop it. Stepping closer to Jaime she was able to see the extent of what Neil had done properly and it had her stomach dropping. At first Max had only seen bruising, upon closer inspection she could see a split lip, that looked as though it had only recently stopped bleeding, and ugly marks on her neck. It was one hundred percent not nothing. "What did he do?"

Waving dismissively, Jaime plastered a smile across her tender face, not wanting Max to worry more than she already was. The last thing they needed was any more stress ontop of what they already had to deal with, everyone needed their full attention on saving Billy not pandering over a few bruises on her because Neil couldn't control his

temper.

"We got in a fight about me not coming home. That's all. Don't be dramatic, it's not even that bad." As if to highlight just how much of a lie it was Jaime's face throbbed and she was unable to hold back a wince before Max could notice it. Smiling apparently was not an option.

"Tell me. I want to know. You look like shit, and it scares me." Admitted Max, hoping that if she was open it would encourage Jaime to do the same.

Jaime didn't want to think about what had happened, didn't want to mentally re-live any part of it, and she couldn't help but slightly blame herself for what had happened. The slap she could have dealt with, sure it hurt but it was just a slap, what had followed still had her hands clamming with sweat when she thought about it. Why had she opened her big mouth again? Why had she antagonized him after he had hit her? Had she just changed her clothes like he had asked odds were Neil would have left her alone, but oh no, she had had to fight him on it.

"Jaime?"

Flicking her drained cigarette into the road as she blew the smoke into the dark air above her head, watching it puff out before it dissipated into nothing, Jaime pushed all the unwanted images from her head burying them as deeply as she could. Max didn't need to know. No one needed to know.

"Get in here! Somethings happening!" Lucas yelled, giving Jaime the distraction she had so desperately wanted. "Will can feel it again! Hurry up!"

With one last fleeting glance at Jaime Max shot off behind Lucas, disappearing out of sight through the hospital entrance. Moving at a slower speed Jaime followed the path the two kids had taken, in no hurry to be disappointed again when they failed at whatever the plan was this time. She caught a flash of red hair disappearing through the door leading to stairwell just as she reached the front desk, obviously the old lady was going to be more work than they'd first anticipated.

Sighing Jaime again dropped into the hard, plastic hospital chair. All she wanted was for everything to return to normal, and as time seemed to speed past her the likelihood of that happening just decreased, and decreased, until she was left feeling completely deflated.

"You should get that stitched."

Looking up through her lashes at the receptionist Jaime scoffed loudly enough for the woman to hear, her fingers subconsciously coming up to her sore face. "Is that your professional opinion as a receptionist?"

The receptionist let out a chuckle, her head tilting slightly as she took in all of Jaime, much to her displeasure. "You're not fooling anyone, little girl. That shitty attitude might work on everyone else, but not me. You think I've never seen a woman come in here looking like you before. You gonna tell me you walked into a cupboard too?"

For a second Jaime was stunned into silence trying to figure out which part of what the woman had said pissed her off more. Who the hell did she think she was? Did she really look like the kind of girl who would let a man walk all over her? She had witnessed her mom being an expert at it too much to ever let herself become like that, not that she'd say that. Frankly it was none of her fucking business and Jaime was going to make that crystal clear. "I don't know what gave you the idea that I in anyway wanted to speak to you, so how about you go back to eating your feelings and I'll go back to happily pretending you don't exist?"

"Was it your boyfriend?"

Was there anyone who didn't want to push her? First it was Nancy, then her mom, and now some jumped up nosey receptionist. Did she have a stamp on her forehead that read 'do your best to piss me off'? As much as Jaime wanted to put the woman in her place and shut her the fuck up a small part of her told her just to leave it alone, which never happened.

"Fuck you." Not wanting to hear anything else the receptionist had to say Jaime got to her feet and marched towards the doors she had

entered through only minutes previous. If she removed herself from the situation then there was no chance she could lose her extremely short temper and run the risk of being arrested. Apparently the world wanted to test her though because before she could leave the waiting area the receptionist spoke again.

"He'll never change. It'll get worse. You're too young for that shit."

Spinning hotly on her heels, Jaime stormed across to the desk her face contorted in anger. "This little fantasy you've created is just that. Fantasy. I don't have a boyfriend, and if I did I'm not pathetic enough to let him lay his hands on me, okay? Go back to your oreo's and mind your own fucking business."

The older woman was unfazed by the harshness in Jaime's voice, she had worked at the hospital long enough and been alive long enough to know how to handle people with bad attitudes. "He really scares you, huh?"

Jaime's brain seemed to glitch at what the woman had said, and all the images she had pushed down came bobbing back to the surface leaving her feeling suffocated by her own thoughts. "You don't know what you're talking about." She spat venomously. "We're done here."

Marching away from the desk as quickly as humanly possible Jaime screamed loudly internally in an attempt to block out anything else the nosey bitch had to say. She had no idea what she was talking about, and she had no right shoving her nose where it wasn't wanted or required. It was no ones damn business what happened within the walls of the Hargrove-Mayfield house, and even if it had been there wasn't a single person who could stop Neil from doing anything he wanted. He was like a hurricane, destroying anything that got in his path or crossed him.

Shaking from rage Jaime struggled with lighting the tip of another cigarette, she needed to do something to calm her while she waited for the others to come back from the old lady, although she would have preferred a strong drink. The flame licked the end of the cigarette, the smoke doing its job of calming her buzzing body before she blew it out into the cool night. Snapping the lighter shut Jaime's gaze lingered on it, taking in the shine of the metal and her own

obscured reflection. She had lost count of how many times she had borrowed the lighter from Billy, usually he never went anywhere without it.

Suddenly the silence of the evening was broken by the distant sound of glass shattering, driving Jaime to step away from the wall she had been leaning against out into the road so she could look up to see where the noise had come from. Immediately she wished she hadn't. Falling from one of the higher windows was what first appeared to be a large blob of trash, when it hit the ground like a bomb it became clear that it most definately was not trash. Inching slowly away from the fleshy being Jaime hesitantly peeled her eyes off of it and back up to where she had first seen it.

"What the fuck is that?!" She yelled up to where she was certain Max and her friends were. "Don't tell me this is the old lady?!"

"Get up here."

A/N/ I want to quickly say anything said about domestic violence is not my opinion before people come for me lol. Any way I hope you all enjoy this update :) we are well into season 3 and I'm going to be sad when it's finished.

MulishaMaiden: I'm glad you liked the last chapter, and that you weren't shocked that Neil would hit Jaime. I try hard not to have things happen that make you think 'errrr what?' The end of your comment made me laugh, Jaime had offically decided to wear suitable shoes but not to be sensible just to make sure she doesn't break her favourite heels lol. Hope you like this one too :)

Kairi: Jaime is so sassy. I like to think she says everything we all wish we could lol.

Ladey Jezzabella: You are so kind! It's the best compliment ever to hear that you think my writing is how the show should have been and it honestly means so much to me. I agree that Billy was a complete cop out as the season villian and it was completely too obvious. I remember when the trailer first dropped I said to

my boyfriend Billy was going to be the villian (and I was right unfortunately) I hope you enjoy this chapter as much and I can't wait to read your thoughts on it :)

Guest: Sorry on the wait. I was as quick as I could be :)

44. Chapter 44

Chapter Forty Four

Yet again Jaime was forced to wait around with Max and her friends, and yet again she was anything but happy about it. The only good thing about the entire situation was that they had moved from the Wheeler's basement to the godforsaken shack El lived in, as much as Jaime hated nature at least she didn't have to see Mrs Wheeler and have the nightmarish reminder of where Billy had been heading the night he disappeared. What she was more than over though was the constant bickering that Max and Mike had going on.

A mutual decision had been silently made between she and Nancy where they avoided even acknowledging they were in the same room as each other, so Jaime had situated herself away from the kitchen next to Max on the couch. What a mistake that had been. Initially she had listened to the pair with mild amusement but it had quickly grown tiresome. The way they went on at each other Jaime would have sworn they were dating had she not known otherwise. In someways they reminded her of she and Billy, both refusing to back down to the other, and the last thing Jaime wanted to be actively thinking about was Billy.

"You two are giving me a migraine." Jaime spoke in exasperation when she couldn't handle their spat any longer. "Do El and Lucas know you two have a thing for each other?" She added with a smirk nearly bursting into fits of laughter at the look on their faces. Truly it was priceless.

"Don't be a bitch, Jaime." Max shot back, her cheeks a bright shade of crimson. "The last person on earth I'd have a thing for is him."

An outraged Mike frantically looked between the sisters as he tried to figure out which one he hated more. He eventually settled his glare on Max, she was his immediate problem. "You're hardly top of my list either."

"Your denial speaks volumes." Teased Jaime more than happy with

the discomfort she had caused the pair, and that it had the desired outcome. Not two seconds after Jaime had pointed out the clear tension between Mike and Max they had both quickly left their spots on the couch to go over to the kitchen and bore Nancy with their arguing instead. Thank god, she wasn't sure how much more her brain could take before she snapped and killed the pair of them.

Fanning the smoke of her freshly lit cigarette from her face Jaime watched with mild interest as Mike and Max began explaining their lovers quarrel to Nancy. Both had valid points she just didn't care to hear either of them. If they put that much effort into helping Billy odds were he would likely not be flayed any longer, but no they had just had to go find some crazy old lady at the hospital.

With no one's attention on her Jaime slipped from the couch and quietly opened the door to the room El was using to try and find Billy. In the whole shit storm that currently surrounded her Jaime found El to be the most tolerable. None of them cared about Billy, not even Max really, yet El hadn't displayed any dismissal of his well being like the others. From what the Byers kid had told her they had all banded together to save him, fate of the world be damned, yet for Billy it was more than justifiable to hurt him.

"How's it going in here?" Jaime asked as she sat down on the bed. She already knew the answer to her question, she had lost track of how long El had been locked away in solitude, and that was anything but a good sign.

Removing the blind fold from her face El let out a long sigh. "Not good."

Shocker. Nothing to do with helping Billy become un-flayed had been easy, why would finding him be any different? Letting out a sigh of her own Jaime reached out and grabbed the blind fold from El when she went to tie it back up. "Take a break." As much as Jaime wanted to find Billy as quickly as possible she couldn't let a kid injure themselves in doing so, especially when the whole nose bleeding situation still freaked her out. "Does it hurt?"

El shook her head no, wiping the blood from her nose with a bunch of tissue. "Does yours?"

At that Jaime stiffened, the cigarette balanced between her fingers pausing before it could reach her lips. She had expected Max to ask what was up with her face but never had it entered Jaime's mind that anyone else would. What the hell was she going to say? The truth? That her step-dad had beat seven shades of shit out of her and it hurt like hell? "A little."

"Bad man?"

Jaime could have laughed at how simply El had summed Neil up, and how effortlessly she had gotten it but hadn't felt the need to pry. "The worst." She laughed weakly unable to keep her eyes on El. This wasn't how she operated, Jaime did not ever share emotional things with anyone let alone some kid she barely knew, but the words were out of her mouth before she even realised she was saying them. "Billy is the only thing that keeps me and Max safe from him. And now he's gone."

"I will find him." El said matter of factly, resting a hand on Jaime's knee. "I will help him."

For what felt like the hundredth time Jaime felt tears stinging at the backs of her eyes. Who even was she anymore? No wonder Nancy fucking Wheeler kept trying to go toe to toe with her she was turning into a pussy. Inhaling deeply on her cigarette if only to distract herself from the prickling in her eyes, Jaime removed El's hand from her knee and began pacing the small room like a caged animal. Never in her life had she felt so entirely vulnerable and it was making her skin crawl and her palms sweat. *"It's all my fault."*

"What is?"

Guesturing all around her wildly Jaime felt the first tear she'd been fighting to hold back trickle down her cheek. "All of this." She whispered. "I sent him to that fucking motel. If he hadn't gone we wouldn't be here right now. He would have been home, he would have been *safe*. What if you can't help him? Then what? You kill him? All of us kill Billy?" The thought had been spiralling around in Jaime's head since the sauna but up until that moment she hadn't allowed herself to believe it to be a real option. It just couldn't be. She wouldn't allow it. "He cannot die."

The desperation in her voice was monumental and it had Jaime cringing. She never begged anyone for anything, she took what she wanted in life with little to no regard of anyone else's feelings, yet there she was crying to some child over Billy. And she couldn't stop. The tears she had kept at bay so expertly now showed no sign of stopping. Granted they weren't dramatic sobs but it was the first time she had truly cried since Neil stopped her from seeing her dad.

"I need him to be okay." Jaime choked. "I can't lose him, I can't." Without warning her legs gave way beneath her and Jaime landed hard on the carpeted floor. Her ears rang so loudly she could hear nothing else, her entire being was being suffocated as it was hit by the tidal wave of realisation that Billy could very possibly die. What could she do to stop that? Nothing.

"I will help him." Jaime just heard El say as she felt arms wrap around her, the pressure bringing her out of her own head. "Friends don't lie."

A/N/ I'm here still I swear! I'm sorry about the long ol' wait but life got crazy. This chapter is crazy short and I'm sorry but the next one is a big one where El goes into Billy's memories so hold onto your hats kids! Hope you all enjoyed :)

Kairi: I'm so happy you liked the last chapter! I hope this one is okay :)

Ladey Jezzabella: I think you're so right Nancy has always been the 'good girl' and Jaime isn't to say the least. I mean don't get me wrong it would be hard to get on with Jaime when she is such a bitch too lol, but there may be a friendship on the horizon. I hope you enjoy this super short chapter :)

BirkenstockBilly: Jaime is a bitch to anyone and everyone it's what I love most about her lol. No one is safe from her sass! I promise you this there is more to come between Max and Jaime so keep your eyes peeled :) Thanks for letting me know about the mishap with chapter numbering! what an idiot lol!

Guest: Sorry for the long wait! Hope it was worth it :)

45. Chapter 45

Chapter Fourty Five

"She's found him."

The intense conversation Jaime had interrupted with her abrupt re-entry died instantly and everyone's attention shot over to where she was stood in front of El. It had in fact been more than fifteen minutes since El had found Billy but Jaime had wanted to be one hundred percent sure before she involved anyone else, they didn't need to know that though.

"Found who?" Nancy asked slowly, speaking on behalf of the group.

Jaime couldn't have stopped her eyes rolling even if she'd wanted to. "Santa Claus. Who do you think?" She snapped in exasperation at the sheer stupidity of the question as she moved to grab Billy's leather jacket, which she had removed earlier, from the couch.

The low muttering Nancy was making barely registered Jaime had bigger fish to fry. At long last she had a pinned down location of Billy and she sure as hell wasn't about to let it slip between her fingers. Having shoved her arms into the jacket Jaime was ready to leave and she wasn't going to wait around for anyone.

"Where are you going? Jaime, don't be stupid, you can't do this alone." Max protested as her sister marched past them all in the direction of the door. She knew how badly Jaime wanted to help Billy but it was most definitely not a solo mission. Billy was dangerous, whether Jaime wanted to believe it or not, so taking him on alone was suicide. "Jaime!" When her sister didn't stop, or even acknowledge she had spoken, Max leapt into action grabbing ahold of her just before she reached the front door.

"Max," Jaime began in a measured voice, her temper threatening to explode at any moment. "I am going to him. You can all do whatever the hell you want, but I am going to him. I have spent more than enough time doing nothing and if I have to endure one minute more

of it I'm going to lose it. Let me go."

How could she just let Jaime go? It was nothing more than sending her off to her death, yet Max felt her hold loosening of its own accord. Maybe Jaime could help Billy? It wasn't like anyone of them knew exactly how to deal with the situation, and no one knew him like Jaime did. Fully letting go Max could do nothing but watch as Jaime disappeared from Hopper's cabin, the door slamming shut behind her. What if that was the last time she ever saw her? What if Billy did kill her? Or worse she ended up Flayed too? Max's mind was in over drive and torn between running to stop Jaime and letting her go.

"Why did you let her go? He's dangerous." Nancy said, voicing all the worries that were circling around in Max's head. "We should stop her before she gets too far."

Max couldn't help but laugh at Nancy's suggestion. "Are you going to stop her? You don't know my sister, you don't know what she's capable of."

"I went to school with Jaime, I know exactly what she's capable of."

"You go after her then." Challenged Max with the quirk on her eyebrow, sometimes she was so like Jaime it scared her.

Leaving Nancy to make her own decision on whether to chase Jaime down or not, Max returned to the couch where the others had gathered as El set up to look for Billy again. Taking the seat between Will and Lucas, Max let out a shakey breath as she focused her gaze on the fuzzy screen of the TV. There was so much that none of the others knew, so much that accounted for Billy being Billy and to a certain extent Jaime being Jaime. None of them would ever understand the horrors that went on inside of the Hargrove-Mayfield house, so they could never understand why Jaime felt the way she did. Billy hadn't always been so angry, yes he had been an ass since Max had first met him, he had shown moments of softness with her though and she would never forget that. Before Hawkins both Jaime and Billy had been different people and that was something Nancy, Mike, everyone, was never going to see.

A gentle squeeze to her left hand pulled Max from inside of herself.

"She'll be okay." Lucas reassured in a quiet voice so only Max could hear. "Like she said, he would never hurt her."

She might have dumped him but Max appreciated the gesture more than Lucas knew. She loved Jaime and no matter how much she had played it down to Nancy she was petrified that something was going to happen to her.

"Your sisters kind of scary, if you hadn't noticed. I'm sure even a Flayed Billy would think twice about crossing her."

A small chuckle slipped from Max's lips at Lucas's admission easing some of the tension she was feeling. "You are such a pussy."

Christmas had once been one of Jaime's favourite times of year up until her mom had married Neil at least. Now the once fun and happy season had turned into a glittering mess of violence, tinsel and turkey. At least when they had been in California she and Max had the small chance of slipping out and sneaking to their dad's for a few hours, in Hawkins though they were trapped in Neil's tiny kingdom with no hope of escape.

"I got you something."

Looking up from freshly painted nails Jaime grinned at Billy who was leaning casually on the door frame to her bedroom. It hadn't been long since their secret sexcapades had started but already life seemed to be a little brighter, for the first time in a while Jaime felt like she had something good in her life, and now she also had a gift. "It better be expensive, Hargrove. I'm not cheap."

A smirk of his own curved across Billy's face as he crossed the threshold and quietly kicked the door shut behind him. The last thing their already shit christmas needed was Neil or Susan suspecting something was going on between them. "Look cheap to me, Mayfield." Billy taunted, throwing the small box he had haphazardly wrapped into Jaime's awaiting hands.

Jaime couldn't help but feel shocked as the present landed in her grasp. The size and shape of it made it abundantly clear he had gotten her

jewellery, something she had never in a million years expected from Billy Hargrove. They might have been sleeping with each other exclusively but they sure as hell weren't dating, and Jaime had seen on numerous occasions the indifference that he treated girls with, so the gift had her stunned.

"You actually going to open that, Mayfield?" Billy asked with a cigarette between his lips. "I can always give it to someone else."

Ignoring Billy's empty threat Jaime tore the paper apart until it revealed the deep green jewellery box beneath it. Not that she would ever admit it but a fluttering had begun in her stomach, a sensation she wasn't used to, no one had ever made Jaime feel this way before. Tentatively she flipped the lid open, a smile forming as she looked down at the necklace Billy had gotten her. It was perfect.

"Put it on me then."

Taking the necklace from Jaime's outstretched hand, Billy draped it around her neck before fastening it at the nape of her neck. Stepping back Billy inhaled deeply on his cigarette as he admired how the gold chain of the necklace seemed to sparkle against Jaime's milky white skin, which the single pearl that hung from the center of the chain seemed to match perfectly.

The appreciative look on Billy's face told Jaime that she looked amazing in the necklace, not that she ever doubted she wouldn't. "You did good, Hargrove." It was the closest thing to a thank you Billy was going to get from her, even though she was extremely thankful for the beautiful gift. Getting to her knee's on the mattress so she matched Billy's height better Jaime wrapped her arms loosely around his neck, fingers wrapping around the ends of his hair. "You'll get your gift once everyone else is asleep."

Anxiously Jaime's fingers toyed with the pearl that hung on her chest, the smooth ball offering little relief to the anxiety that she was consumed by though. Not far from El's cabin she had managed to hitch a lift from a middle aged couple, however unlike Billy it seemed the man driving liked to abide the set speed restriction and it was doing nothing for Jaime's stress. She needed to get home as quickly as possible, speed limit be damned, because if Billy had upped and gone by the time she got there she wasn't sure what she would do.

Already it felt like she was steadily losing all her sanity and another blow could send her over the edge.

"Could you drive faster? I can walk faster than this." Jaime snapped.

"We're going plenty fast. You'll be home soon enough." The man answered in a cheerful voice, briefly turning to flash an honest smile in Jaime's direction.

God she hated him. She didn't even need to know him to hate him. Only someone with a perfect little life could be that happy all the time and it made Jaime sick. "Stop the car."

"What? We're not at your house yet, why would you-"

"I said stop the fucking car!" Jaime yelled any patience she had had for the couple gone. If they weren't going to pick up the pace then she had no desire to remain in the car. Her shouting must have worked because the car pulled to a stop at the side of the road shortly after her outburst, and Jaime wasted no time all but throwing herself from the car.

Not giving the couple a second glance Jaime took off down the darkened road, her feet pounding against the concrete as she ran as fast as she could in the direction of her house. She couldn't miss this moment, she couldn't let Billy slip through her fingers again, it was that alone that pushed her on as the air she sucked in burned her throat and her legs tired beneath her. Billy would save her, she knew he would, and Jaime was damned if she wasn't going to do the same for him. They were going to get out of Hawkins, they were going to leave Neil far behind them. They were going to be happy for the first time in years.

Taking a right turning Jaime almost cried in relief when she saw the outline of her house a short distance down the road. She was so close now. Mustering up all the energy she had Jaime pushed herself to run faster still until the front door came into sight.

"Billy?!"

The Hargrove-Mayfied house was dark and silent, none of which

eased any of Jaime's anxiety. It came as no surprise that Neil and her mom weren't home, it was July fourth after all, but it seemed too dead for Billy to still be there.

"Billy?" Jaime called out again even though she knew deep down even if Billy was home he certainly wouldn't answer.

Flicking on the lights as she moved through the house to try and expel some of the creepiness that was consuming the Hargrove-Mayfield home, Jaime finally reached the closed door to Billy's room. Inside her chest her heart was pounding so hard she could feel it in her ears and a thin film of sweat had begun to coat her body. Suddenly the thought of Billy not being there wasn't the biggest of her worries. What if he was there but there was none of him left? If the Mind Flayer had full control of Billy what would he do to her? Would he kill her? Would she end up like Heather and her dad?

"Fuck." Jaime whispered to herself. *"Don't be a fucking pussy."* Hesitantly she raised her hand and touched the palm to the wood of the door, again her heart rate spiked. *"Come on, come on..."* She had to do this. She had to. Throwing caution to the wind Jaime threw the door open so hard the handle banged against the wall as she stepped into the dimly lit bedroom.

There he was. Sat on his bed exactly how El had described to her, unmoving, and expressionless. Letting out a breath she hadn't realised she'd been holding it suddenly dawned on Jaime that she had no idea how to approach the current situation. Who would she even be talking to?

"Billy," Jaime began in a stronger voice than she had expected. "I'm going to help you, okay? You are not leaving me in this shitty town." Keeping her gaze exclusively on Billy, Jaime closed the distance between them until she was crouching on her knee's in front of him. Part of her expected him to make some comment about liking her in the position, it never came, and he still hadn't even so much as looked her way. If she was honest with herself the lack of any acknowledgement was starting to chip away at the initial fear she had felt. Who the fuck did he think he was ignoring her? Flayed or not she would not be ignored by Billy Hargrove.

Driven purely by her growing annoyance Jaime grabbed hold of Billy's face, forcing him to look at her. That got his attention. Quicker than Jaime could prepare for a deathly grip squeezed at her throat and Billy's eyes ,which usually looked at her with a mixture of lust and anger, pierced her with such hatred her body began to shake.

"You do not know when to quit, do you?"

A/N/ I am sorry for the huge delay in this chapter. First I got sick again, and then it just took me several attempts to do this lol. I so want to do it right and well that I must have restarted about ten times. Now I know this doesn't include when El goes into Billy's memories and I will be doing that and it was supposed to all be one chapter but I desperately wanted to get something up for you guys so I decided to split this into two chapters instead. I hope I have done a good job so far and that you enjoy it :) Part two will be coming soon I swear.

46. Chapter 46

Chapter Forty Six

Earlier...

Max needed to know that Jaime was okay. Every fiber in her body was screaming for her to follow her sister back home to Billy, to be there when she found him because there was no way to predict how he was going to react, and it was so obviously a trap. She had let her go though, she had allowed Jaime to leave with little to no resistance and now Max was kicking herself.

"Is she there?" It wasn't the first time Max had asked El and it certainly wouldn't be the last.

"No." El said sadly, removing the blind fold to look at Max. "She'll be okay."

How did El know that? Max had seen how close Jaime and El seemed to have gotten, which she found unspeakably weird, that didn't mean that El could predict what was going to happen to her though. Max wanted to say all the fears that were swimming around her head, she wanted to let it all out, but none of them would get it. Yes Will had been Flayed and gone missing but this was different. Jaime could be killed by their step brother, by a person who was technically flayed but still a person. If everything went wrong Max could end up losing Jaime and Billy and that scared the shit out of her.

"I think there's another way." Spoke El her gaze fixed on Max. She was the first true girl friend she had ever had and she was determined to help her no matter the cost. "We can't go to Billy, but I think there's a way for me to see where he's been."

Before Mike even spoke Max knew he was going to have some kind of problem with El's idea. He was so concerned with El's well being it bordered on neurotic and it was getting on Max's last nerve. Did Mike really not understand the danger that her family were in? Did that mean nothing? El was Max's friend and of course she didn't want her

to get hurt but Jaime was her sister and Billy was, well Billy, as far as she was concerned they were number one priority.

"You don't have to do this."

The cold scoff left Max's mouth before she even realised it had come from her, instantly drawing both Mike and El's attention to her scowling face. "What about my sister?"

"She didn't have to leave. She knows he's dangerous." Mike shot back a scowl of his own forming.

Max's eye widened in disbelief. Was Mike really saying that if anything happened to Jaime it was her own fault? "So she deserves to get hurt? To die? Is that what you're saying, Mike?"

"That's not what I mea-"

Max didn't care what Mike did or didn't mean though and before he could even finish she had moved to the furthest point of the couch ignoring him all together. The pair of them had been butting heads all summer it felt like and Jaime had been right, it was beginning to give Max a migraine too.

"I can do this. He can't hurt me in there."

A beach. As the Void disappeared around her falling body El realised she had landed on the soft, wet sand of a beach. The sound of waves curling up the shore line filled the air, dotted with the soft squawking of the many gulls that were spread up the beach.

"Are you okay?" Mikes voice said piercing the otherwise quiet beach.

"I'm okay..."

"What's going on?"

"I'm on a beach."

Getting to her feet El looked around her confused why Billy had taken her to a beach. So far it made no sense, and it definately wasn't

the source.

"What else do you see?"

This time it was Max's voice that carried through and it pushed El to investigate further. Taking a few steps down the shore line something came into view that she hadn't noticed at first. Within a large flock of gulls there was a woman, a beautiful woman in a white dress, her hair billowing in the salty breeze. "There's a woman. She's...Pretty. I think she's looking at me."

Infront of El the woman had began waving wildly, a wide smile on her face, she looked truly happy. "Woo!" She cheered, clapping her hands together even though she was holding her sandals in them.

No this woman was not looking at her, there was someone else here with them. Following the womans line of sight El turned to look behind her just as a boy carrying a surf board ran past her, making all the gulls fly upwards in a flurry. "There's a boy."

The boy ran up to who El assumed was his mother practically bursting with excitement. "Did you see that?" Dropping the board onto the damp sand he ran into his mothers awaiting arms, his eyes shutting when she pressed a kiss to the top of his head. "That was at least seven feet."

"I don't know what it was, but it almost gave me a heart attack."

As El watched the little boy beg his mother for ten minutes more she still wasn't any closer to figuring out why she had been sent there. Maybe the Mind Flayer was trying to throw her off? Maybe it wasn't Billy who had sent her there at all? Nothing about it made any sense, up until the woman said the boys name.

"It's Billy."

"It's California." Max said. *"It's a memory."*

A distant rumble distracted El from watching little Billy running back into the waves and drew her attention further down the shore line. How had she never seen it before? The darkened sky filled with ominous crackles of light could only be the source. "I think I see it."

The source." She might not have been able to see her friends face but she was certain they would be full of relief and fear. They needed to find the source to save Billy, and possibly Jaime, but at the same time destroying the Mind Flayer was going to be anything but simple.

Taking a deep breath El began her long walk down the beach towards what she was sure was the source. It wasn't long before the delighted laughter and squeals from a young Billy disappeared into nothingness and the once tranquil atmosphere was replaced with a dark one. Above her head electricity cracked, and the salty breeze from further up the beach was replaced by a sand filled gust. If there had been any doubt in El's mind that this was where the source was they were now definately gone. There was nothing good about this place.

"Hey! Billy, stop!" A man shouted angrily from the heavy cloud of sand. "What the hell is wrong with you? What did we talk about, huh?"

Walking closer still El could make out the baseball uniform that a young Billy was wearing, and the matching yellow caps both he and the man were wearing. Without a shadow of a doubt it was Billy's dad, and he was nothing like his mom. There was an anger in his voice that even frightened El, it was nasty and cold. Hopper had shouted at her before, they had had more arguments than El could count, but he had never sounded like Billy's dad did.

"What did I raise, a pussy for a son?"

As Billy's dad yelled at him it suddenly dawned on El that Max had never mentioned her step dad to any of them. They all knew each others parents except for Max's, and El was beginning to understand why. When she had slept over at Max's this hadn't been the Neil she had seen, in fact he hadn't looked away from the television set for longer than a few seconds, she never would have guessed this was what he was truly like.

"Leave me alone!" Screamed Billy, running into the turbulent sand storm.

Not wanting to lose him El broke into a run and headed into the storm without stopping to think whether it was a bad idea or not, all

she knew was she needed to find the source and she wasn't there just yet.

A whirl wind of sand surrounded her, whipping at the skin of her face and arms as blue and red lights flashed with loud cracks around her. Just ahead of her El could see Billy again, this time he was sat at a table and both his mom and dad were with him.

"Where were you last night? Where were you?"

Billy's dad's voice dominated everything around them, it boomed over the lightening and wind, making everything around it insignificant. As she watched the memory play out before her El realised that it must have been exactly how Billy felt; his dad was exactly like the storm she was currently walking through except she couldn't get hurt. Billy had been living like this since he was young, and then Max and Jaime had had to endure it once their mom had married him and none of them had known what was going on. All three of them had hidden it so well and the ugly truth she was being presented with had El aching with guilt and pity for all of them. How had none of them known?

"Is he bothering you?"

Moving further through the storm El was presented with an older looking Billy, the kindness that had once brightened his eyes completely gone as he flicked his attention between a faceless boy cowering on the floor and a red haired girl. Before she could get a closer look at the boy on the ground Billy had leapt on him and was hitting at him wildly as the red haired girl looked on. She looked so familiar especially as her lips curved into a smile.

"What's your name?" Billy asked, getting off of the faceless boy before he dealt one last kick to his ribs.

"Jaime. Jaime Mayfield."

The memory faded away as El mentally kicked herself for not instantly recognising Jaime. The red hair was a dead give away, and if it hadn't been the smirk she had worn as Billy hit the faceless boy should definitely have been. Max had said that Jaime and Billy had

known each other before their parents got married but El hadn't realised just how long they had known each other, no wonder they were so close.

In the inky blue haze another memory began to form just as Billy's dad's voice pierced through the wind. "Billy, come over here, I want you to meet these two." Out of the blur walked the same red haired girl from the previous memory and an even younger red haired girl. "These are your new sisters. Their names are Jaime and Maxine."

"Max." The older of the two girls corrected without hesitation. "She likes to be called Max."

El was obviously witnessing the first time all three of them had been formally introduced, what she didn't understand was why Billy and Jaime were acting like they didn't know each other. Neither of them looked at each other, both opting to stare blankly ahead, and Jaime had Max's hand held tightly in her own. Did Jaime already know what Billy's dad was like?

Without warning the memory was gone giving El no chance to try and make further sense of it and another had popped up in its place. This time there was only two figures, a boy and a girl sat closely together.

"Stay still."

There was no second guessing this time, that voice one hundred percent belonged to Jaime and as El crouched down beside the two it became clear that the memory was somewhat recent. Jaime and Billy looked just as they did presently, Billy was even wearing the leather jacket that Jaime had left her house in, upon closer inspection though El noticed the dark crimson blood splattered down the leather.

Gently tilting Billy's chin upwards with her left hand Jaime dabbed delicately at his nose with the other, making him flinched every few seconds. "I said to stay still." She said pointedly but the hand she was nursing him with remained gentle.

"I am still, Mayfield!" Billy snapped.

With a roll of her eyes Jaime paused her clean up job, sitting back on her heels so she could look at Billy properly. "You want me to fix this or not, Hargrove? I don't care either way."

That was the Jaime that El was accustomed to, the harsh, bitchy girl who bit at anyone who came too close to her, but she had seen the softness. Not only had she just seen it with the way she was cleaning up Billy but she had also seen it directed at her. Jaime didn't know El but she had shown her a lot of kindness, and now she felt like she was seeing more of what Jaime was really like.

Returning to Billy's battered and bloody face Jaime went back to wiping away the blood. "It wasn't your fault." She whispered, her eyes flicking from her task to Billy's eyes.

A lump caught in El's throat and an overwhelming urge to wrap her arms around the two of them consumed her. Billy's mom had left him, abandoned him with his monster of a father, he had had no one to turn to, and then alone came Jaime. The entire situation reminded her so much of she and Hopper; he had stepped in and shown her what love was when she had most needed it, and Jaime had done that for Billy whether she realised it or not.

"I hate him." Again Jaime whispered, but this time her eyes refused to make contact with Billy's.

Taking a quick swig from the bottle of beer he was holding Billy let out a sad sigh. "Me too."

"Who's there?"

The sound of Billy's voice coming from behind her had El turning away from the memory and squinting into the dark storm.

"I said, who's there?"

Pushing through the powerful winds El followed the sound of Billy's voice. It wasn't long before she could just about make out the shadowed silhouette of a building and the round orbs of lights. She had made it this was the source, she could feel it. As she got closer still Billy's voice turned into pained screams that had the hairs on her

arms standing on end. This was where it happened. This was where he had been flayed. This was where the Mind Flayer was.

The wind abruptly stopped. Suddenly all the mania of the storm was gone and El was in a clearing, just like a hurricane she was in the eye of the storm.

"I think I found it. The source."

"Where, El? Where are you?" Asked Max.

Just beyond Billy's car was the literal sign they had all been waiting for, this was why El had wanted to try her plan. "Brimborn...Steelworks."

A/N/ The chapter I've been struggling so much with is finally here! I desperately wanted to do this justice and I hope I did (that's why it took me so long, sorry) I just hope you all stuck with me in these long waits and I can't wait to hear what you think, so keep those comments coming in :)